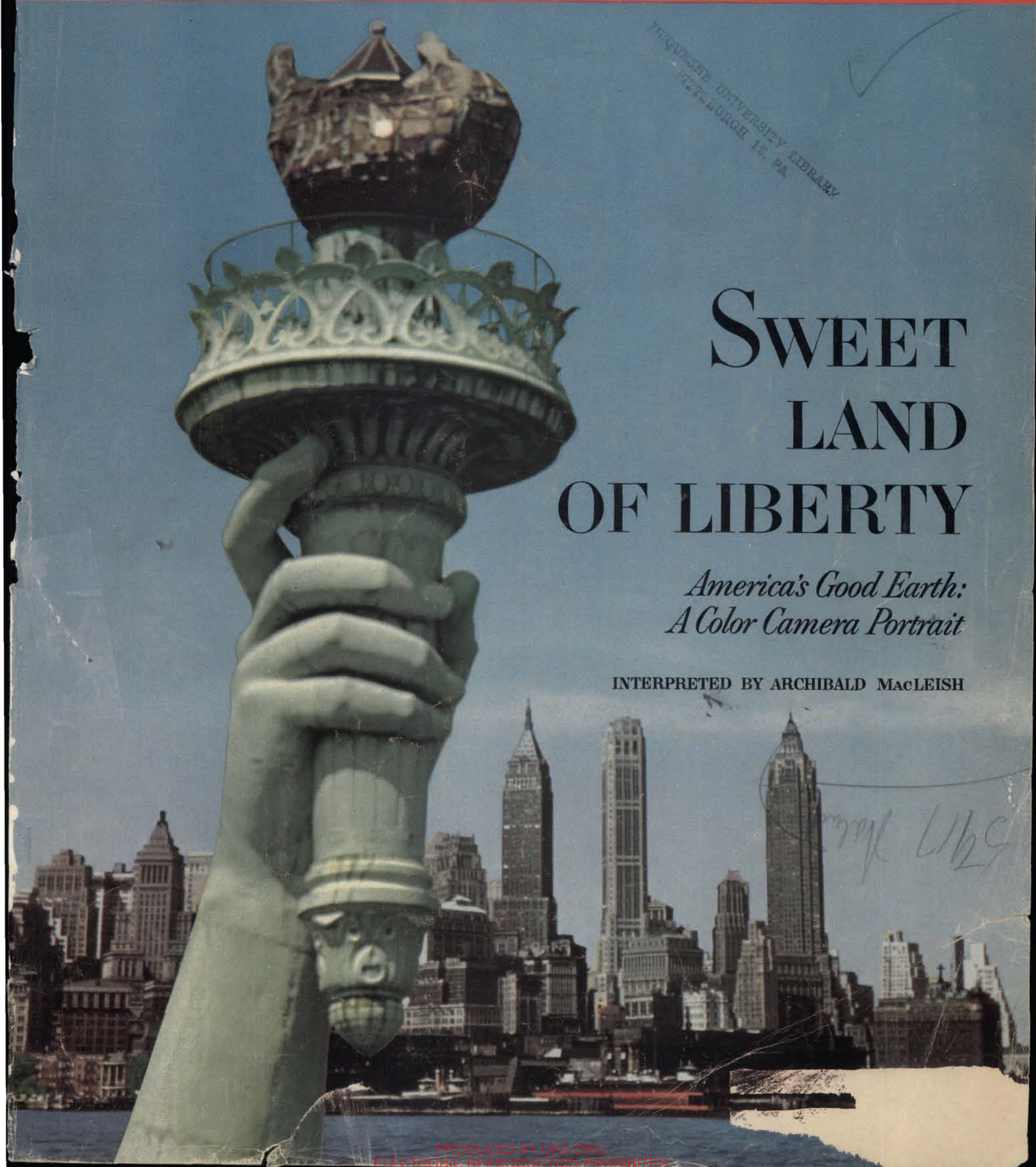
Collier's

Report on the
HOOVER COMMISSION
What Happens Now?

JULY 8, 1955 • FIFTEEN CENTS



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SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY

America's Good Earth: A Color Camera Portrait

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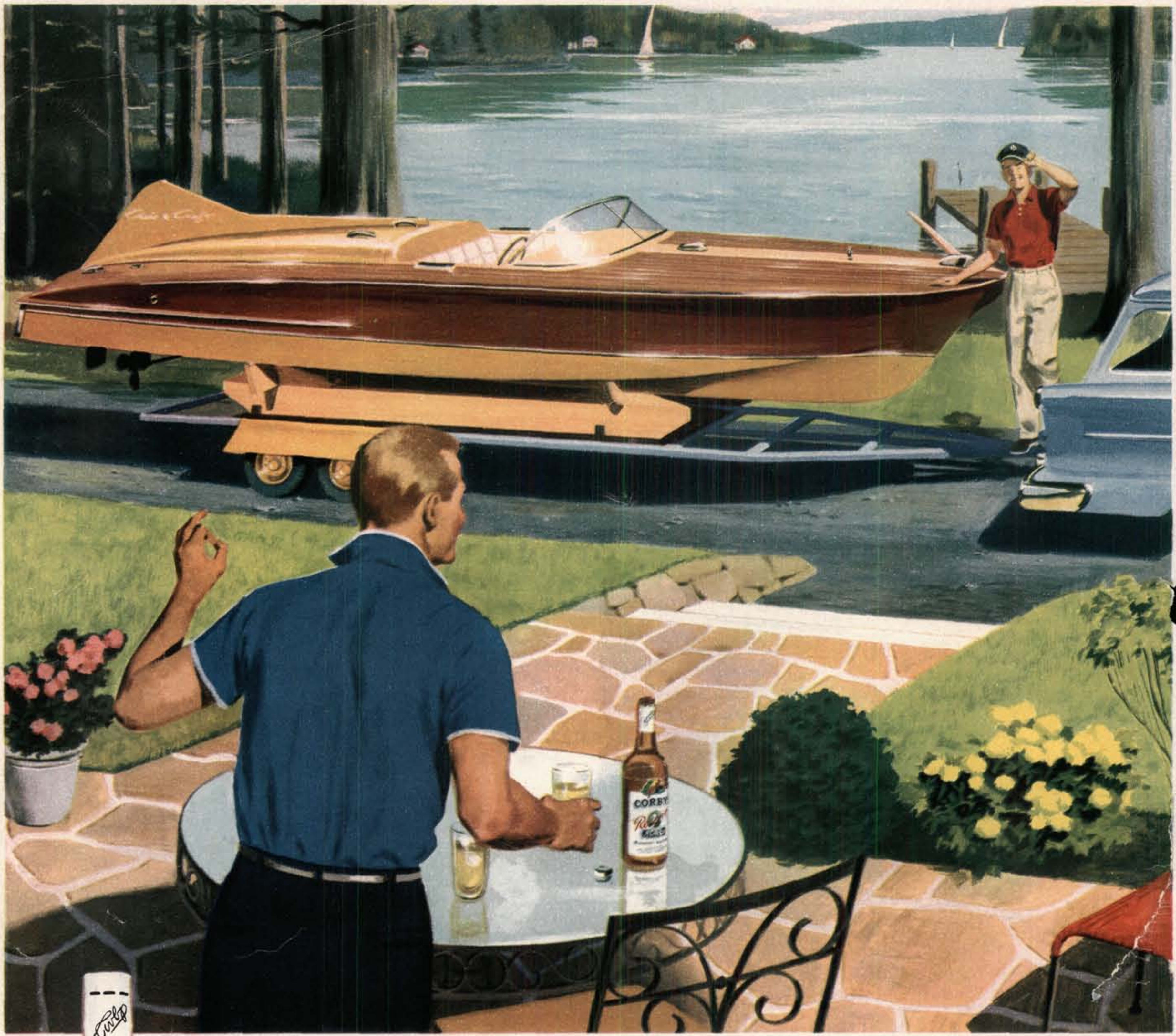

Boat pictured: 21' Cobra by Chris-Craft

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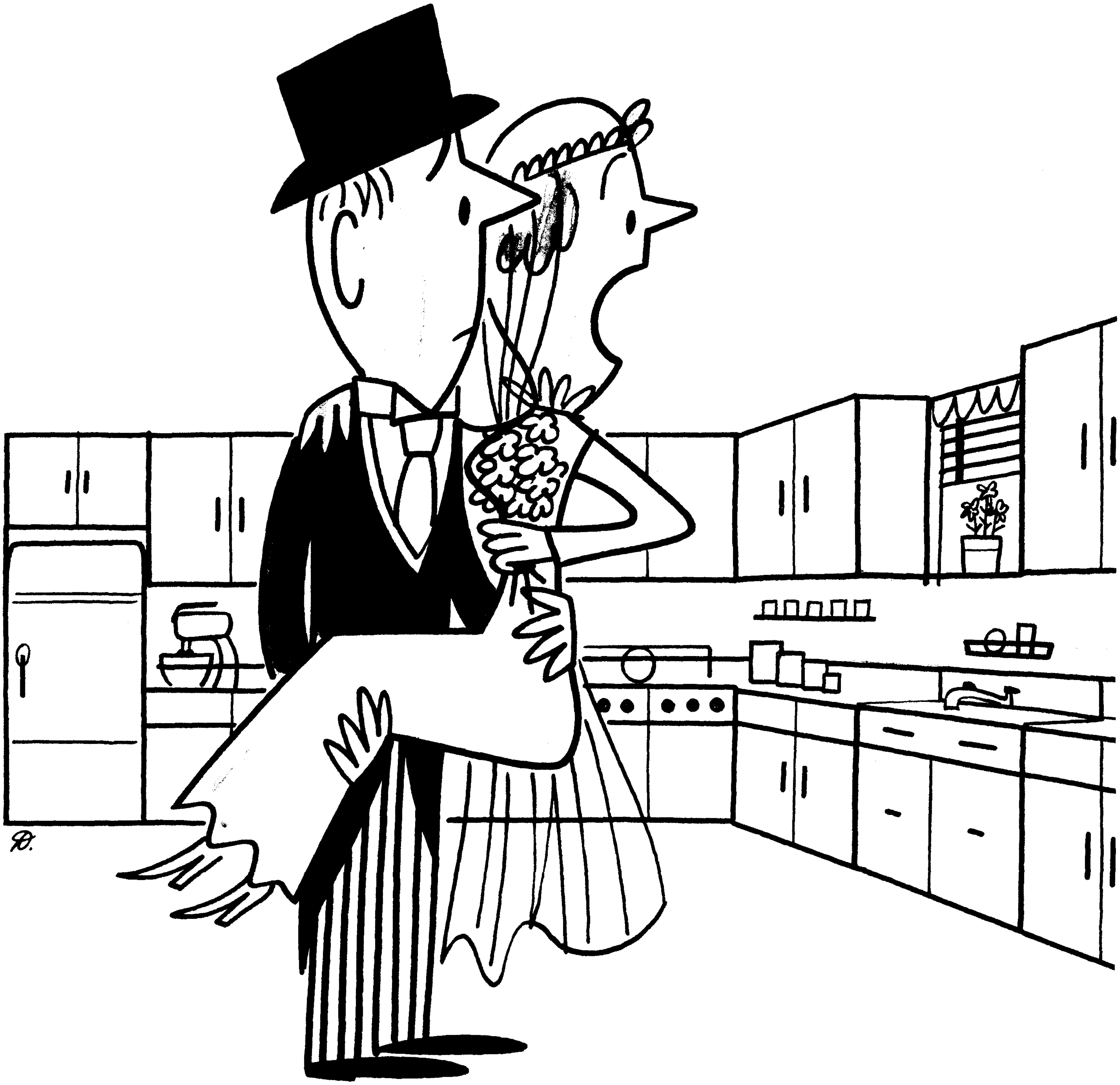

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Collier's

JULY 8, 1955

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The hand on the cover is the hand of the Statue of Liberty and the torch is the torch of Liberty which lights the path of freedom from New York City (in the background) to the Pacific Coast. The picture is a tribute not simply to the initials U.S.A. but to every one of us on the 179th birthday of our liberty. The pride and pleasure we all have in our nation are further celebrated on page 44 in words and photographs more meaningful than many speeches and brighter than fireworks

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Published by THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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PUBLISHED every other week by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Clarence E. Stouch, Chairman of the Board; Paul C. Smith, President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

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COLLIER'S, Vol. 136, No. 1.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, also Canada, 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds.

ADDRESS all subscriptions and correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

TITLE "COLLIER'S" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

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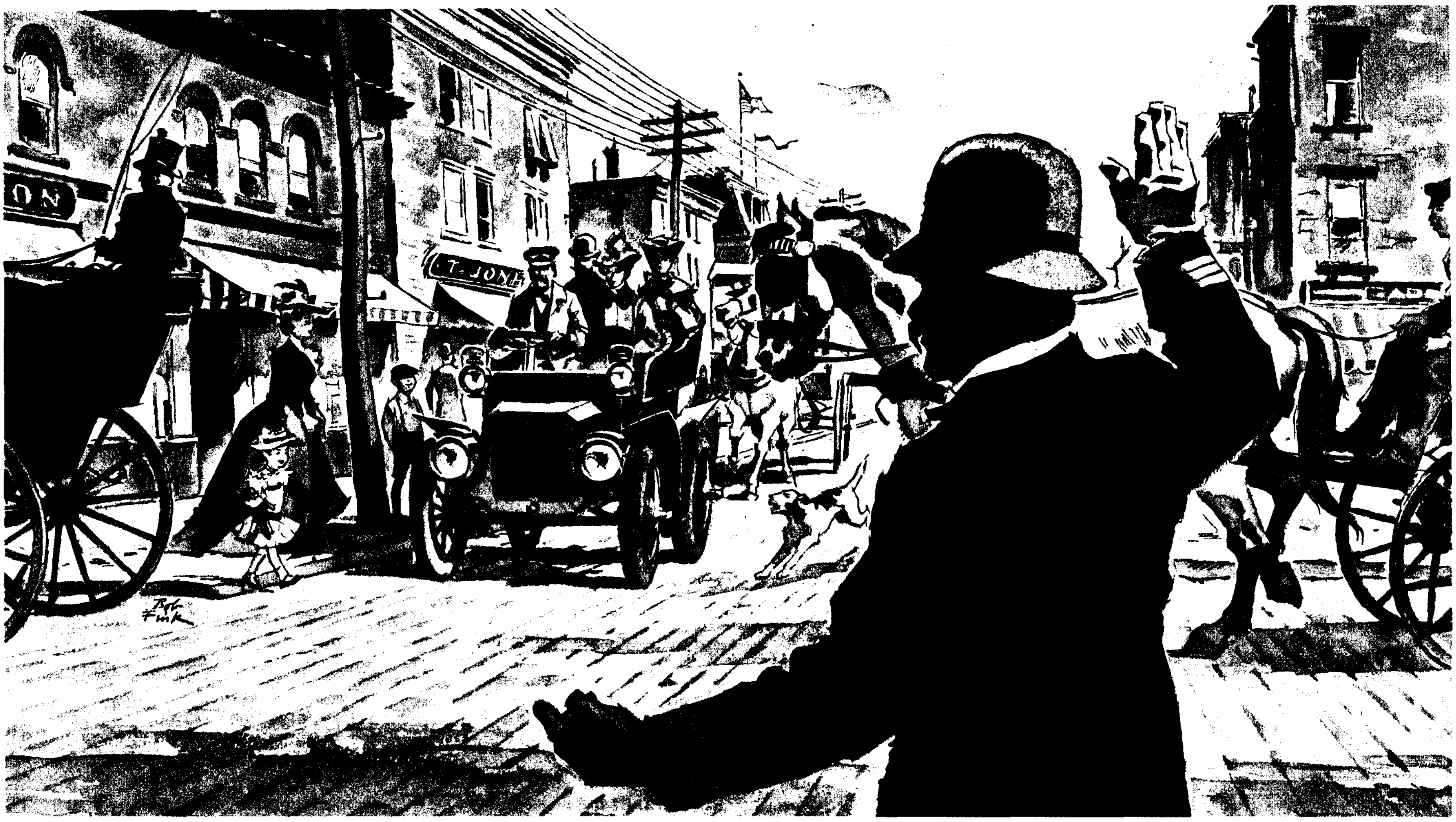

SAFETY is a far greater problem now!

MAYBE you have memories of scenes like the one above when the "horseless carriage" was just beginning to roll along our roads and streets. You may remember, too, how careful the drivers were . . . and how everyone took precautions to avoid accidents with the new and wonderful machines.

Automobile safety was important then, but it is far more so now. This is because the modern car is such a sensitive and powerful machine . . . and because today our streets and highways are crowded with over 58 million registered motor vehicles. Furthermore, most city streets were laid out when horse-drawn vehicles were the principal means of transportation.

Safe motoring is, of course, vital the year round if the toll of lives from motor vehicle accidents is to be reduced. That toll now amounts to more than 36,000 fatalities a year.

During the summer, motorists on weekend outings or long distance touring are especially tempted to be careless. Such drivers are frequently in a hurry to reach their destinations, and often try to crowd too much mileage into too little time.

This get-there-quick urge may lead to dangerous situations . . . and rob motoring of its fun. So, before you get behind the wheel this summer, would it not be a good idea to take a look at your driving habits? Here is a quiz that you can take. Your score may determine how safe you, your family and others on the road will be.

	Perfect Score	Your Score		Perfect Score	Your Score
1. Are your brakes in proper working order?	10		**6.** Do you keep in line when nearing the top of a hill or a sharp turn?	10	
2. Do you carefully observe all traffic regulations, particularly about speed?	10		**7.** Do you lower your speed as darkness approaches so you can stop within the distance illuminated by your headlights?	10	
3. Do you watch movements of other cars and try to anticipate what their drivers will do?	10		**8.** Do you have your car checked before starting on a long trip?	10	
4. Do you always stop driving when you feel fatigued or ill?	10		**9.** Do you warn other motorists by signaling in ample time before stopping or changing direction?	10	
5. Do you drive with extra caution when pedestrians, especially children, are about?	10		**10.** Are you familiar with the distances required to bring your car to a stop at various rates of speed?	10	

Every time you are behind the wheel . . . remind yourself that your driving is, at the moment, your most important responsibility. Then you will be a better driver, a safer driver. Most importantly, you will be doing your part to make our streets and highways less hazardous for everyone.

[illegible]

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HOW'S YOUR DRIVING?

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A SINGLE SHAMPOOING with new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo will brighten your hair up to 35% ...remove loose dandruff and recondition hair at the same time.

FOR CLEANER SCALP, dandruff-free hair, use Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. The only shampoo *guaranteed* to remove ugly dandruff with just *one* lathering or money back.

Only FITCH guarantees cleaner, brighter hair... free of ugly dandruff!

Think of it! Scientific "Reflectance" tests prove new milder Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo brightens hair up to 35%! Yes, brightens hair up to 35%—and it's guaranteed to remove every trace of dandruff too, with just *one* lathering or your money back!

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What's more, its remarkable reconditioning action leaves hair softer, easier to manage, inclined to wave.

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Also ask for a Fitch shampoo at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

IMPROVE HAIR LOOKS *or money back!*

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

DOES it surprise you a little when you read that the broadcasting companies have discovered, or rediscovered, radio? In the present decade, which I like to call the Fidgety Fifties, the emphasis has been so much on television that it has been easy to imagine a radio studio as remote and all but forgotten, like the beautifully conceived vault in which Jack Benny pretends to keep his money. Radio, we had been led to believe, was to television as the naphtha launch is to the atomic-powered Nautilus, as Aristides is to Swaps, as Francis Ouimet is to Sam Snead, as the Jordan is to the Jaguar, as Maine goes so goes Montpelier.

A home without TV antennas was like a man without a woman, a ship without a sail and an anachronism without a doubt. Without reference to his *embonpoint,* Jackie Gleason was big business and the brightest ball of fire was Lucille. (Isn't that cute, how I got that in about Lucille?)

Radio was getting the X treatment. In the Victorian novels, or the post-Victorian Victorian novels of Miss Du Maurier, a familiar character was the sister we don't talk about, who lives in the north tower and has her meals on a tray. Sometimes she turned out to be perfectly nice or even a Joan Fontaine type, but for many, many pages she is stashed away in the upstairs looney-bin and not allowed to see strangers, until David Niven takes over. They wash her face and doll her up in something by Balenciaga—and there will be a forty-minute wait for seats on the main floor.

Thus radio.

The parallel is not exact, but it is usefully close, for it almost always turns out that the incarcerated incompetent in the attic is really a rich heiress as well as a pretty one. Give her a facial and perhaps an hour with the dentist and carte blanche at Hattie Carnegie's and the kid is ripe for Rubirosa. (Speaking of whom, the last Porfirio I remember was Díaz, a onetime president of Mexico who died in exile.)

Radio has been released from the north tower by the broadcasting companies. Either in earnest, or to provide light summer reading, they have been doing a lot of talking about how good radio is and announcing splendid plans for it. It just goes to show that the broadcasting companies catch on quick to something the public has known all along: radio is okay. Television is okay, too, but the radio tycoons, never unmindful of a buck, have passed up the chance to improve radio in recent years and instead they have turned their broadcasting time into an endurance contest for disk jockeys.

The O'Hara Foundation Institute Associates, the most reliable poll organization I know of, tells me that during the summer of 1954 the household TV set was a small fraction more useful than the Flexible Flyer. According to the best available information, the same condition will hold true during the summer of 1955. Through the application of scientific methods it was determined that a man who is traveling by motor, train or airplane, or who is engaged in nonsedentary sport, or who is lying in the sun, or who is watching an athletic contest on the scene—that man is more likely to be listening to his radio than watching television. There is also a good chance that the summer offers many millions of citizens a chance to just mope. But here again the radio maintains an advantage; you cannot properly mope with your eyes open.

* * *

AT THIS TIME of year I usually write a song lyric. My song lyrics have none of the taint of professionalism that characterizes the work of Johnny Mercer, Cole Porter, Ira Gershwin or the late Lorenz Hart. I write the lyrics in the spirit of a wealthy art patron, a true amateur of the finer things. So far I have had no trouble answering the old question: Which comes first, music or words? I always write the words first and the tune is bent to fit them.

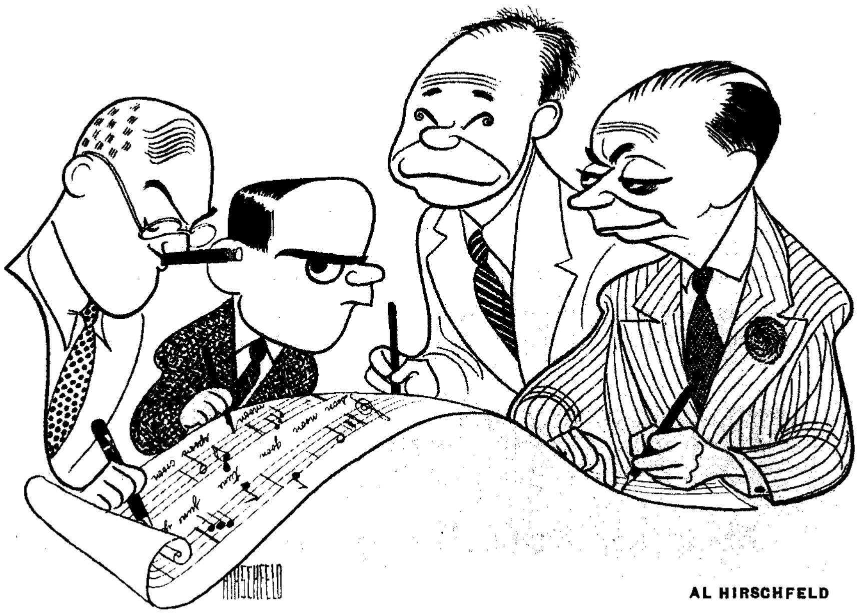
Right now I am giving a home course in the study of songs of the twenties, and it just so happens that my most recent lyric is of the Waring's Pennsylvanians school. I am using the lyric to illustrate a kind of song that was extremely popular in its day, in spite of the efforts of Porter and Gershwin and Hart to introduce what might be called a highbrow, or literate, theme in the then current popular songs. The Porter-Gershwin-Hart lyrics caught on with a few Society people and college graduates, but my new song, although written as an example of what America was singing in 1925, would be just as good today. Shall we try it, then?

She was constant in Constantinople,
She was washing in Washington, D.C.,
She was bossy in Boston
And mean in Minneapolis,
Oh, what she means to me!
She was chic in dear old Chicago
And shy in Wyoming's Cheyenne.
She was portly in Portland, Oregon—
She certainly got around.
(I wasn't with her.)
She certainly etc.

In common with so many of my lyrics, it sort of peters out toward the end, but that is precisely what I mean by true amateurism.

* * *

A FEW Fourths of July stand out in my memory. (A few fifths stand out in my memory, too, but they



AL HIRSCHFELD

My lyrics don't have the taint of professionalism characteristic of the work of Ira Gershwin, Lorenz Hart, Johnny Mercer or Cole Porter

Two great Americans tell how they found better hearing

An important message by the Honorable Charles Edison, Former Governor of New Jersey...

Honorable Charles Edison, son of the late Thomas Alva Edison; Chairman of the Board of Thomas A. Edison. Incorporated; former Assistant Secretary, then Secretary of the Navy; former Governor of New Jersey; officer and/or director in many civic, educational and industrial organizations.

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"For years I had been hard of hearing. And my condition became progressively worse with time. Conversations were difficult, conferences were a struggle, even social affairs lost their pleasure for me.

"And so I had a serious talk with my physician, who told me I could be helped with a hearing aid. It was that week that I started wearing a Zenith.

"Speaking from experience, I say this to anyone who can be helped with a hearing problem: *Don't delay!* I wish I could explain, particularly to younger people with hearing losses, how *important* it is to get a hearing aid the moment your physician recommends one. For better hearing means more opportunity . . . and more enjoyment—of everything that this great nation has to offer each of us."

Prominent author Rupert Hughes speaks from personal experience...

Mr. Rupert Hughes, world-famous author, playwright, producer, poet, biographer, composer; chief assistant editor of the 25-volume History of the World published by Encyclopaedia Britannica; veteran of two world wars; Hollywood writer, Doctor of Letters, director and commentator.

"How you can be young in thought and action about your hearing loss"

"If you need a hearing aid, I hope you are not hesitating because you have the mistaken notion that you might look older.

"Actually, a hearing aid will help you to look, act and feel *years younger.*

"If that seems surprising, have you seen yourself—as others do—with your face showing the strain as you try desperately to hear? Have you noticed yourself growing more tense, moody and irritable with each passing day? . . . losing confidence and enthusiasm? . . . withdrawing deeper into a hollow shell of suspicion and loneliness?

"All this is the tragic result of not being able to hear properly. It places a burden on your family and friends, robs you of happiness, popularity and opportunities . . . *makes you old before your time.*

"Don't let it happen to you! Years ago I brightened my life with a Zenith Hearing Aid, and I have been thankful ever since. If you want to be modern and progressive, I urge you to do the same.

We are grateful to these distinguished Americans for granting us permission to place their important messages before America's hard of hearing.

Mr. Edison and Mr. Hughes are only two of many distinguished authors, statesmen, scientists, executives and millionaires who can afford to pay any price for a hearing aid, but choose to wear the $75 Zenith®.

Some people who do not know the *astonishing facts* about hearing aid prices and quality are surprised when they learn of Zenith's widespread acceptance by those who always buy the finest. They find it incredible that Zenith Aids, selling for $75, $100 and $125, are unsurpassed by others priced at $250 to $300 and more.

Indeed it *does* seem incredible! . . . and yet the answer is so simple:

All makes of hearing aids cost about the same to manufacture. Highest quality Zenith instruments do not sell for $250 to $300—as do many others—because they do not include a high profit mark-up for so-called "selling expenses."

Zenith Hearing Aids are the proud result of the same scientific research and precision manufacturing which makes Zenith world-famous in radio and television. You cannot buy a better hearing aid at *any* price. Anyone who tells you differently is either misinformed or may have an interest in your purchase of a more expensive make.

Zenith's superb line of 5 tubeless, transistor models offers 432 individual power-tone response modifications. Get the one best suited to your hearing loss – no extra charge, no hidden "fitting" costs!

We invite you to try a Zenith Hearing Aid on our 10-day Money-Back Guarantee. Use it at home, work, church, anywhere – you *must* be satisfied! Full-Year Warranty. Five-Year Service Plan. Easy Time Payments. Stock earmold provided; custom earmold or bone conduction device at small added cost. Your Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer is listed in the classified telephone directory. Or send for literature and local dealer list: Dept 2U2 of

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were not fifths of July.) For instance, July 4, 1919, and the Willard-Dempsey fight at Toledo. I was not there, but I was represented by my father, who, along with a lot of other doctors and judges and sportsmen, went to Toledo on a special train as the paying guests of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. Since I was a dead-game sport, aged fourteen, and since my old man was off on a pleasure trip, I figured I was entitled to a bit of a wingding, and since I had not been expressly forbidden to drive the brand-new Ford sedan—I got out the brand-new Ford sedan. With three young ladies and two young gentlemen as my guests I set out for an afternoon in the country. I got as far as the main drag, the radius rod snapped, we pushed the sedan to Mills's garage, and if Willard thought he caught hell from Dempsey. . . .

I may have the distinction of being the only journalist you know who spent a Fourth of July in the boiler of a locomotive (an 1800-type), sleeping one off. At the time I was not a journalist but a laborer in a roundhouse, and part of my job was to fire up, which simply meant getting a fire going in a locomotive that had been in for repairs. I picked out a locomotive other than the one to be fired up, and made myself comfortable on the cotton waste. I had a beautiful sleep, and a good out. I told the boss of the laboring gang that I had been waiting all day at the 1804 and nobody showed up. If the Reading Railway wishes to sue me for a day's pay, they may interview my solicitors.

Ah, yes. Work and play have made equal demands on my observation of Independence Day. As a reporter I have had to cover the dedications of township schools, and semipro baseball games, but I have also flown across the country to attend a Long Island dance. The speeches at a school dedication are all too easy to remember. The one Fourth of July speech I wish I could remember—I can't.

The occasion was a party in London, 1938. We decided to have a Fourth of July celebration in our flat. The cigarettes and booze were American, the flowers were red, white and blue. The invited guests were Americans-in-London, but there were the inevitable crashers and one of them, an Englishwoman, said: "What *is* the Fourth of July." That was all James Thurber needed. He made the best July 4 oration I've ever heard, and I can't remember a thing he said. He can't either.

* * *

GIRLS, would you think any the less of me if you knew I turned down a chance to have lunch with Kirk Douglas? I've been brooding about that. Mr. Douglas was in town, and polite overtures were made by one of his press corps, but I said I wasn't interested. (I was just as polite as anybody, but I wasn't *interested.)* At the moment I am not a hungry writer, I don't drink, and I met Mr. Douglas on the 20,000 Leagues under the Sea set during a trip to Hollywood, so I saw no reason to have lunch with him. In this delightful job you can so arrange your schedule that you practically never have to buy a meal, but I might as well also reveal that I get just as much gastronomic pleasure out of the 60-cent chicken potpie at the Automat as I do out of the $4.50 venisonburger at "21," the difference being that friends of mine own and work at "21," while I never have been able to get cozy with a little glass window. If "21" had a 60-cent chicken potpie as good as the Automat's I'd never go anywhere else.

To get back to Mr. Douglas without altogether taking leave of the Automat, I noticed in his interviews with other people that he mentioned having once worked at Schrafft's. The impression I got was that he was being just a tiny bit democratic about it, if you know what I mean. And you do. The only trouble when an actor says he once worked at Schrafft's is that I think back on some of the places where I, of necessity, have eaten, and in the scale of restaurants Schrafft's is close to Maxim's. Schrafft's throws away better food than some I have eaten. As a matter of fact, I used to *save up* to eat at the Automat. So maybe the real reason I didn't want to have lunch at "21" with Kirk Douglas was my shyness about his finding out that he had been a bus boy at better places than I could afford. I didn't want to be patronized.

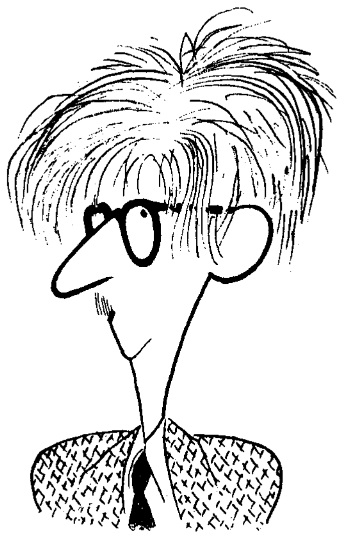
There is another angle, which does not, of course, apply to Mr. Douglas. Sometimes when a terribly democratic actor or actress speaks democratically about the old days as a kitchen mechanic, I sit there thinking: Baby, hold on to your union card; you'll be back there.

As the old vaudevillians used to say, save your money or sleep in the park.

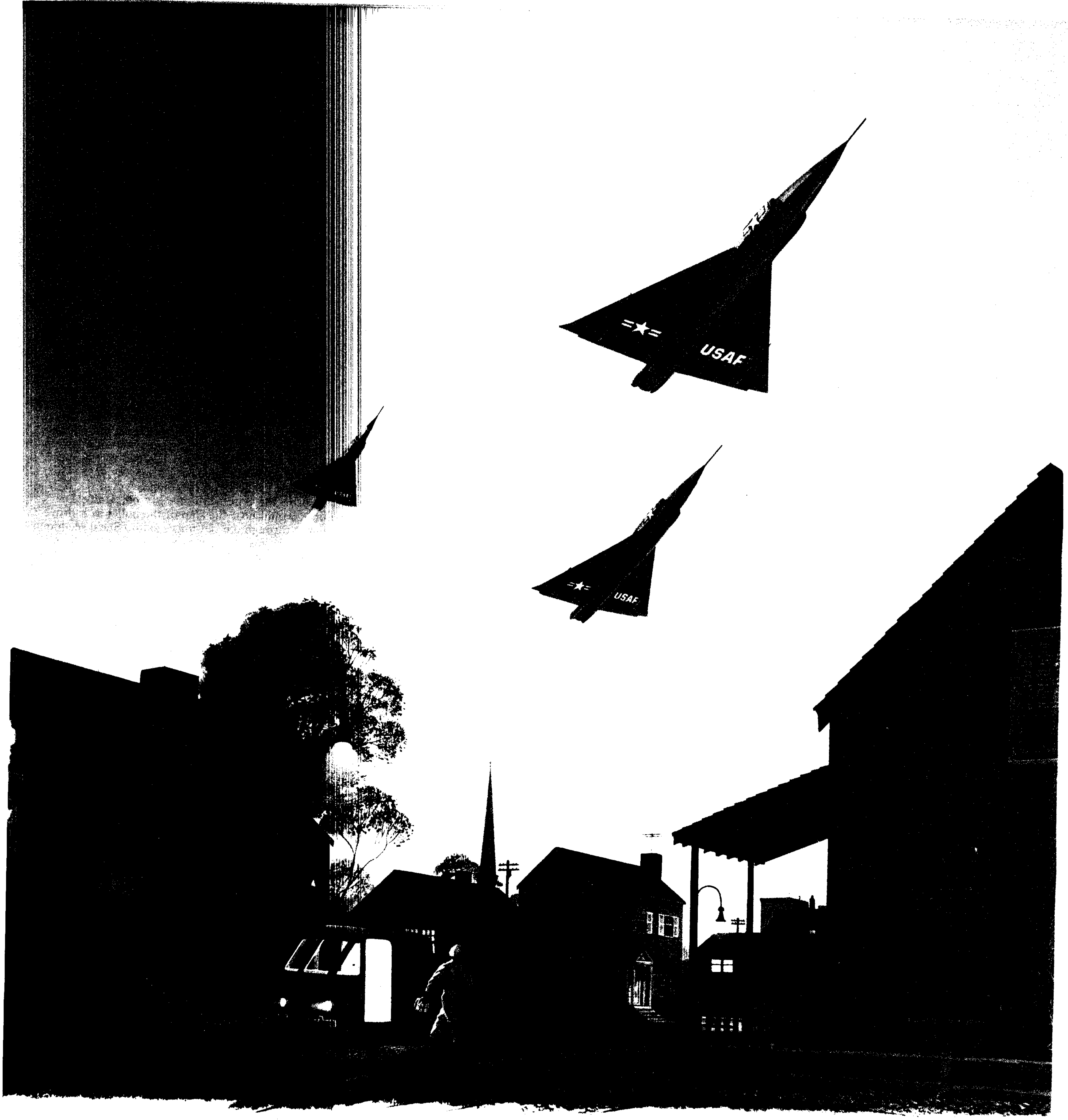
* * *

A MAN I KNOW boarded a Madison Avenue bus just as the light changed, and the driver closed the door so that it hit my friend in the back. Not painfully, you understand, but annoyingly. "You might at least apologize," said my friend.

The driver gave him a long, long look. "*That'll* be the day," he said.



Jim Thurber made the best July Fourth oration I've ever heard



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CONVAIR

A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

Human Target

By GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

MARVIN HARDING stood beside the open grave of Cousin Frank Poe, lined up with the other members of Valley City Post's honor guard. They had come here to do honor to a departed comrade. All but Marvin Harding. Marvin Harding had come here to do murder.

In a few minutes, he knew, the minister would drone to the end of the service. Then old Jubal Tarrant, captain of the honor guard, would give the order to fire three volleys with blank cartridge: "Ready! Aim! Fire!"

But on the third volley it would not be a blank cartridge that Marvin Harding would slip into the chamber of the Springfield rifle he held. Nor was this rifle the one that was registered in Marvin's name on the Post records. This rifle was issued in the name of Bert Logan, his first cousin.

It had been easy enough to pick up Bert's rifle instead of his own as they left the funeral parlor after paying their last respects to Cousin Frank. Bert hadn't noticed. Not absent-minded, easygoing Bert. Marvin stole a sidewise glance at Bert now, standing next to him in the line. His lips curled with faint disdain as he took note of Bert's threadbare uniform, his home-trimmed hair, and the tears that were creeping down his cheeks. Now, grieving for Cousin Frank, Bert was the last man on earth to take note of small details—such as having the wrong rifle in his hand.

Well, when the smart young deputy down at the sheriff's office got through matching the bullet that they'd pick out of the wall behind Great-uncle Daniel Poe against test bullets fired from each of the eight rifles of the honor guard, Bert Logan would be on his way to the electric chair. And Marvin Harding could relax and enjoy the fruits of his well-laid plan—about half a million dollars' worth.

Marvin looked across the road and up the hill to where his Great-uncle Daniel sat, on the porch of the house that faced the churchyard. Old Daniel had sat there in his wheel chair nearly every daylight hour these last two years, since paralysis had taken away the use of his legs. His mop of white hair, defiant in the sunshine above the cocoon of quilts that swathed his body, would make an excellent aiming point. Dead center and about three inches below the hairline . . .

It had been a chance remark of Doc Carradine's that had first given Marvin the idea. When it was known that Uncle Dan's only son Frank was sinking fast, somebody had asked Doc whether the old man could come to the funeral, and Doc had said, "No, he'll just have to watch from the porch. I won't risk trying to move him even that far. After all, he's ninety-one years old."

Instantly there had flashed into Marvin's mind the thought of standing where he stood now, just across the road from that porch, with a rifle in his hand. The rest had been just a matter of working out the details.

THE routine prescribed by Jubal Tarrant was that each of the three rounds be loaded separately. Nothing simpler than to load a live cartridge instead of a blank for the third round. Even with a snap shot, fired at the word of command without much chance for careful aiming, Marvin knew he couldn't miss at this range. His eye was as clear, his hand as steady as back in his Army days, when he'd made "expert" on the range.

Up on the porch, Mamie Myron, Uncle Dan's nurse, would hear the slap of the bullet as it drove its way through the old man's skull. She'd see him collapse in his chair, maybe fall out of it. She'd scream and she'd keep on screaming, and all these fools in the churchyard would hear her and go rushing across the road to see what was wrong. Bert Logan would be in the forefront of that rush; excitable as always, he'd drop Marvin's rifle and run as hard as he could, thinking only of getting to his great-uncle's side as quickly as possible. Of course Marvin meant to run too—taking care to drop Bert's rifle a few feet farther along, just about where Bert might have dropped it. Nobody would have eyes just then for such small details.

Afterward, all Marvin would have to do would be to wait until that scientific young squirt of a deputy proved whose rifle had fired the fatal bullet. The white gloves that were part of the honor guard's uniform would take care of the fingerprint angle. Bert Logan would stand condemned by the best of all evidence: the evidence of science. To back it up, there'd be found in the chamber of Bert's rifle a shell from a live cartridge, quite different from the crimped-end shell of the blanks they were using.

Folks would shake their heads and say they'd never have thought it of Bert Logan: "Such a nice, easygoing, kind-seeming fellow, but—" And then they'd start remembering how Bert was always in debt, trying to support a wife and three kids on his small grocery business, always being pestered by creditors, house plastered with two mortgages—and too proud to ask grim old Daniel for help. "Guess he just got so he couldn't wait and thought maybe this shooting would be taken for an accident—daydreaming to the end."

Unlucky Bert, Marvin thought. The judge might let him off with a life sentence, of course. But the law provides that a murderer can't profit by his crime. And so Great-uncle Daniel's half million wouldn't come to Bert Logan after all, as the old man meant it should now that Frank was dead. It would pass to the next of kin, Marvin Harding, to whom Great-uncle Daniel wouldn't knowingly have left a plugged nickel. . . .

People around Valley City thought it was fair enough for old Daniel to will Bert his money. Goodness knows, they said, Marv Harding doesn't need it the way Bert does. Marv's well fixed. He looks out for himself.

Nobody had an inkling that Marvin had tried a little too hard to look out for himself; nobody guessed that his occasional business trips often included a clandestine visit to a city in the neighboring state, and one more attempt to get even with the market. Nobody would have believed that a careful audit of the books of the Valley City Building & Loan Association, of which Marvin was treasurer and the dead Frank had been president, would

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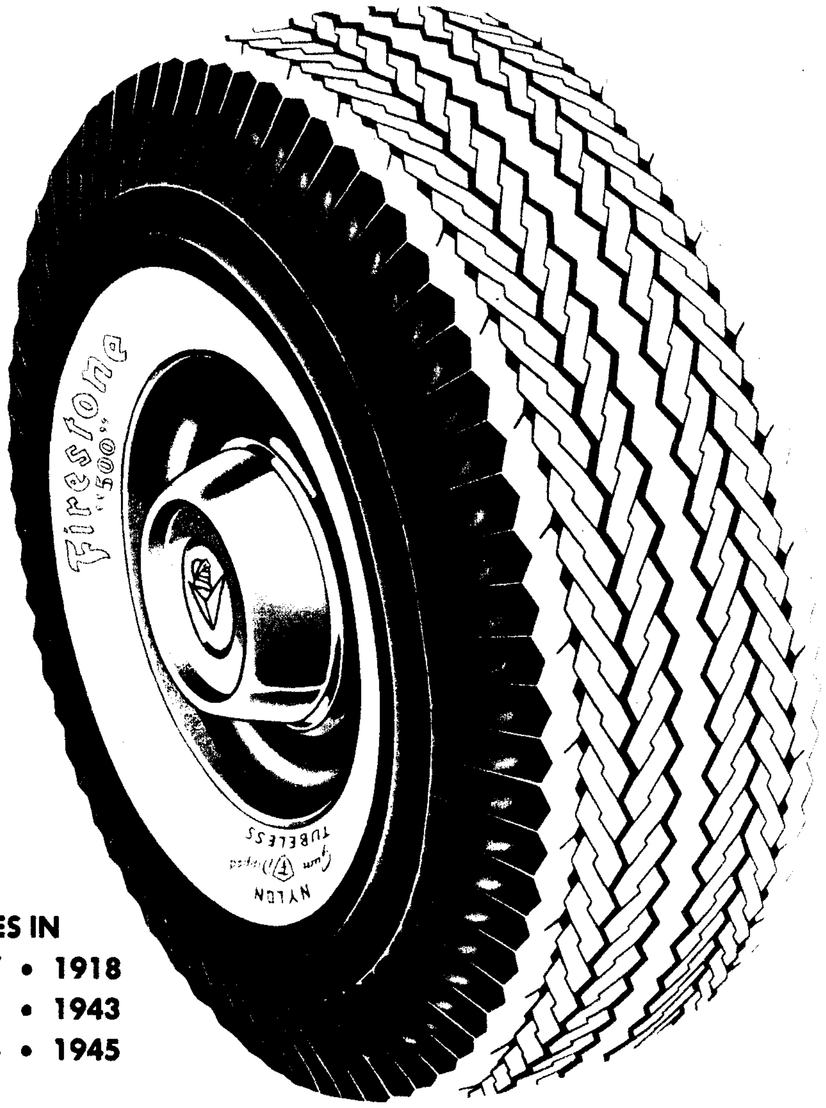

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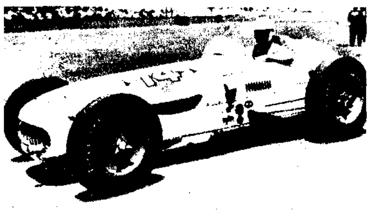
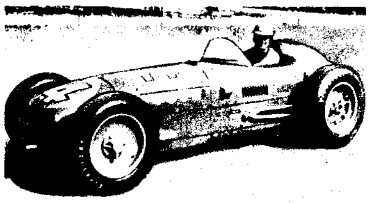
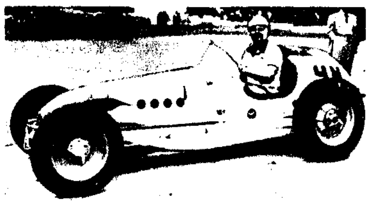
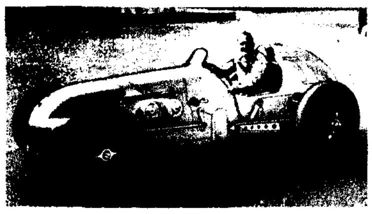
1944 • 1945

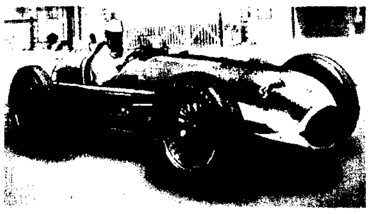

1954 130.840 M.P.H.
BILL VUKOVICH


1953 128.74 M.P.H.
BILL VUKOVICH


1952 128.922 M.P.H.
TROY RUTTMAN

1951 126.244 M.P.H.
LEE WALLARD


1950 124.002 M.P.H.
JOHNNIE PARSONS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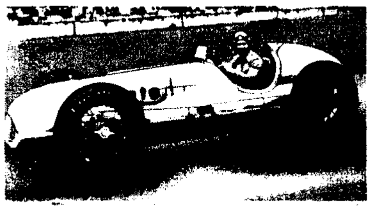
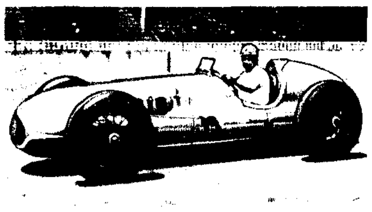
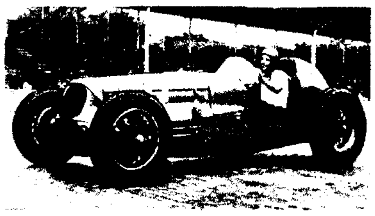

1948 119.813 M.P.H.
MAURI ROSE


1947 116.33 M.P.H.
MAURI ROSE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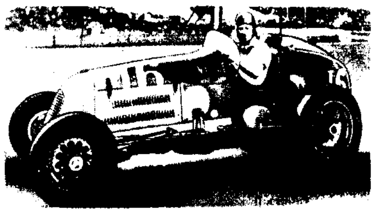
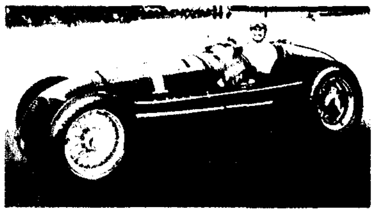
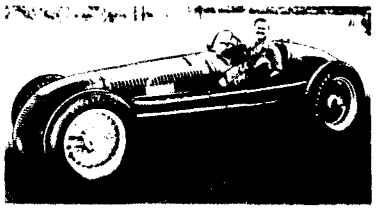
GEORGE ROBSON


*1941 115.117 M.P.H.
MAURI ROSE, FLOYD DAVIS


1940 114.277 M.P.H.
WILBUR SHAW


1939 115.035 M.P.H.
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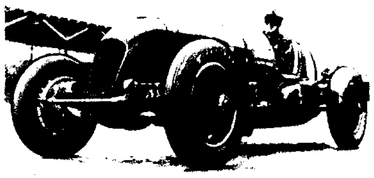
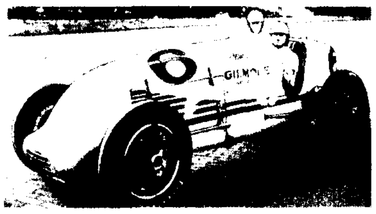
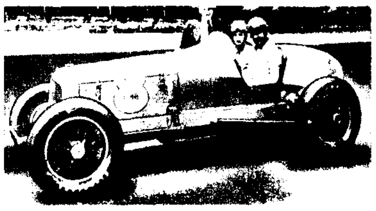
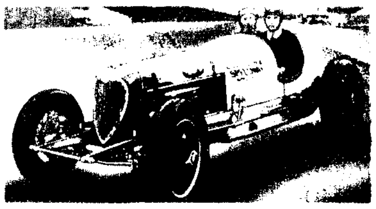
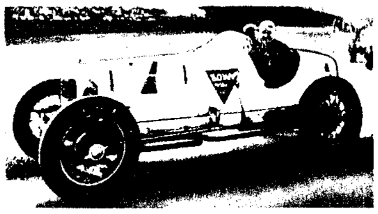
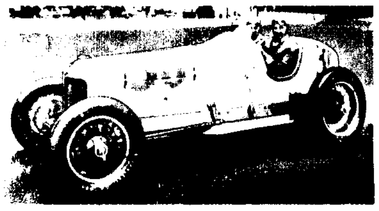

1938 117.20 M.P.H.
FLOYD ROBERTS

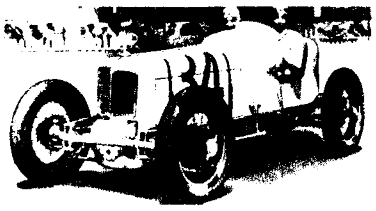

1937 113.58 M.P.H.
WILBUR SHAW

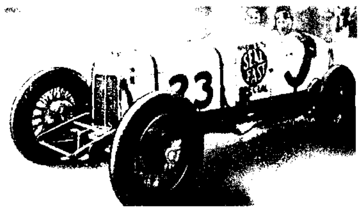

1936 109.06 M.P.H.
LOUIS MEYER

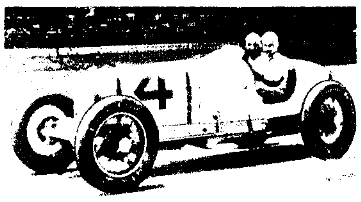

1935 106.24 M.P.H.
KELLY PETILLO

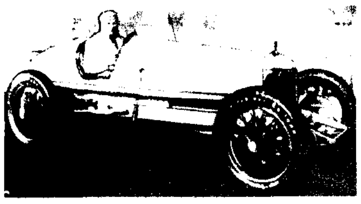

1934 104.86 M.P.H.
WILD BILL CUMMINGS


1933 104.16 M.P.H.
LOUIS MEYER


1932 104.14 M.P.H.
FRED FRAME


1931 96.62 M.P.H.
LOUIS SCHNEIDE


1930 100.44 M.P.H.
BILLY ARNOL


1929 97.58 M.P.H.
RAY KEEC

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1955 128.209 M. P. H.
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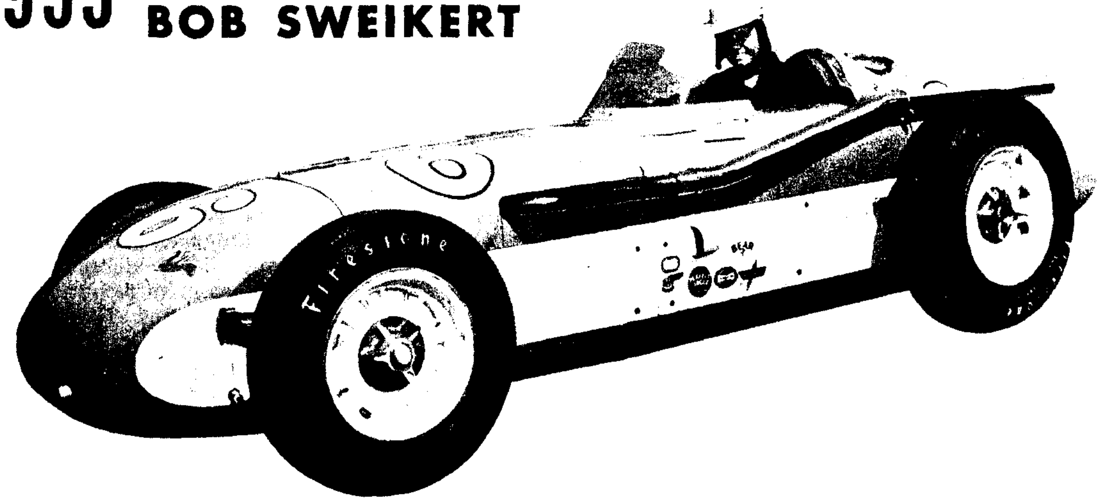

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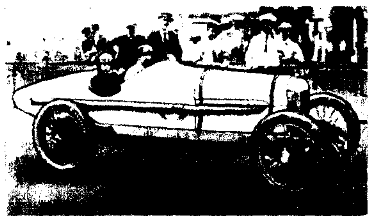
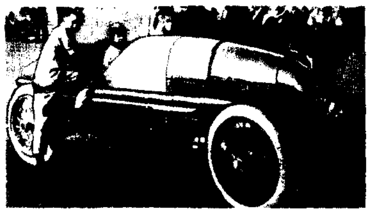
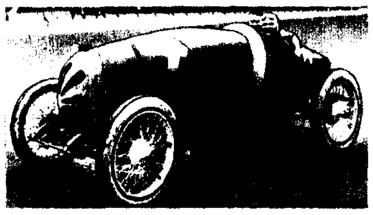
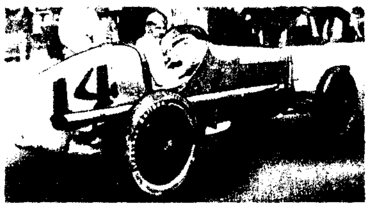
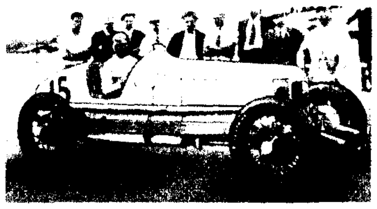
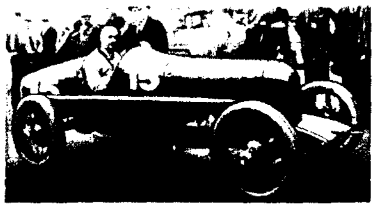

1922 94.48 M.P.H. JIMMY MURPHY

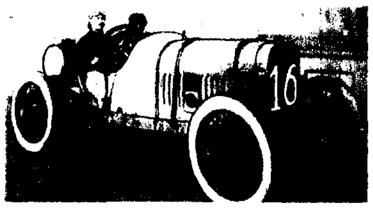

1921 89.62 M.P.H. TOMMY MILTON

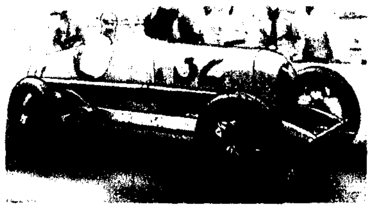

***1920** 88.62 M.P.H. GASTON CHEVROLET

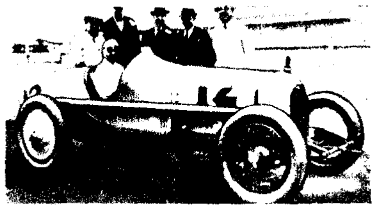

1928 99.48 M.P.H. LOUIS MEYER

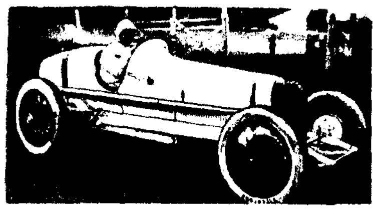

1926 95.9 M.P.H. FRANK LOCKHART

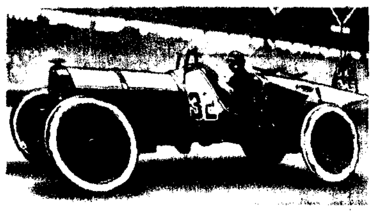

1924 98.23 M.P.H. JOE BOYER, L. CORUM


***1913** 75.93 M.P.H. JULES GOUX


1927 97.54 M.P.H. GEORGE SOUDERS


1925 101.13 M.P.H. PETE DE PAOLO


1923 90.95 M.P.H. TOMMY MILTON


1911 74.59 M.P.H. RAY HARROUN

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COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT *continued*

show a shortage of more than ten thousand dollars.

Marvin was clever with figures, and, so far, he had been able to cover his tracks. But now he was on the spot: for already people were saying that he was the logical man to succeed Frank as president of the building and loan, and Frank—damn him—had established a precedent that Marvin would have to honor. When Frank had been elected to head the association, he'd insisted on the state auditor's making a thorough investigation of the books; and that was something Marvin Harding couldn't face.

He could put it off for a while, say he was in no rush to step into a dead man's shoes. But in the end he couldn't refuse the promotion without exciting suspicion. Nor could he accept without honoring Frank's precedent. Either way, Marvin was done for; suspicion once aroused would be as disastrous as the formal investigation. But now Great-uncle Dan's death would bail him out. It would provide him an additional excuse for seemly delay in taking over the presidency, and by the time he finally had to face the music he'd have his hands on the money to cover up his embezzlements. He would have time to work on the books before opening them to the auditor—his last act as treasurer, Marvin thought wryly—and by then absolutely no one would be able to tell that he had "borrowed" $10,000 for a time.

The drone of the minister's voice, which had formed the background to Marvin's thoughts, suddenly stopped, and Marvin's attention came back instantly to the task at hand. Swiftly he reviewed once more the details to which he had given so much careful attention. There was still time to—no! Nothing could go wrong.

"FIRING party! Atten—shun!" It was Jubal Tarrant's voice, cracked by age but sharp with the snap of command. ". . . Ready!"

Up jumped Bert Logan's Springfield in Marvin's hands. From his belt he took a blank cartridge, saw the bolt drive it home into the chamber.

"Aim!"

Eight rifles were lifted to eight shoulders, pointing skyward. Forty-five degrees, said the drill regulations, but unpracticed hands were no longer capable of such precision. The alignment of the eight barrels would not have made any sergeant very happy. That, too, Marvin had counted on. By the third volley the alignment would be even worse. The slight shift of one rifle, necessary to aim directly at that white-crowned target, would neither be remarked nor remembered.

"Fire!"

The eight blank cartridges crackled raggedly. Marvin's rifle came down with the others; his bolt clattered as he reloaded with another blank.

"Fire!"

Once more the ragged volley. The smell of gunpowder was in Marvin's nostrils as he took the third cartridge from his belt, the cartridge from which the deadly pointed end of a bullet protruded. Hiding it in his hand, he slipped it into the receiver of the Springfield and closed the bolt on it.

". . . Aim!"

Marvin's finger was steadily taking up the slack of the trigger as the rifle came to his shoulder. He brought the tip of the front sight into the notch of the open rear sight: above that tip he could see the white hair of his Great-uncle Daniel, clear and plain.

He gripped the rifle hard, holding it firm against his shoulder, braced to absorb the shock of the recoil. He hadn't forgotten even that small detail: a loaded round, of course, kicks a lot harder than a blank.

"Fire!"

The white-maned head jerked back, then dropped slowly forward. An instant later a woman's scream, shrill and edged with horror, ripped through the last echoes of the final volley.

THE eight men of the honor guard, still in their uniforms, stood in the back room of the sheriff's office. Seven of them were looking at Bert Logan, who stared with unbelieving eyes at the brass cartridge case that lay, a little apart from seven others, in the center of the table.

"That's a thirty-caliber cartridge shell, Bert," Sheriff Lane said grimly. "It was in your rifle. All the others had blanks in them. Looks bad for you, Bert. I just can't believe it."

"We can make sure when I get through running ballistic tests on all these guns," put in the young deputy, Farris. He gestured toward the eight Springfields, standing in a row against the office wall, each now tagged with the name of its owner according to the Post records. Every one of them had been picked up from the grass of the churchyard where excited hands had dropped them.

Marvin Harding listened, inwardly amused. He said nothing.

Bert Logan was quivering with fright and bewilderment. "But—but I didn't fire any live cartridge! They were all blanks—I know! I haven't even *got* a thirty-caliber shell."

"Just the same, that shell was in your rifle, Bert," the sheriff said.

"If it was, I didn't shoot it! Somebody else must've had my gun!"

Marvin froze. What had given the fool that idea?

"In that case," said the sheriff, "you must have had somebody else's rifle in *your* hands, Bert. Any idea whose?"

"No. I—of course I don't. I didn't notice—" Bert rubbed at his eyes with his gloved hands, as though that would help him think more clearly. Slowly he lowered his hands from his face. "Wait a minute," he said in a low, strained voice. "Wait—what about fingerprints? Won't they show on those shiny gunstocks?"

"Through gloves?" Farris demanded scornfully.

Bert shoved out his big right hand. "Seems to me," he said, "there ought to be a print on the stock of the gun I was holding—from this. I—I've been meaning to get new ones, but it slipped my mind . . ."

Every eye in the room could see the ball of his right thumb showing plainly through the hole in his worn glove. Absent-minded Bert.

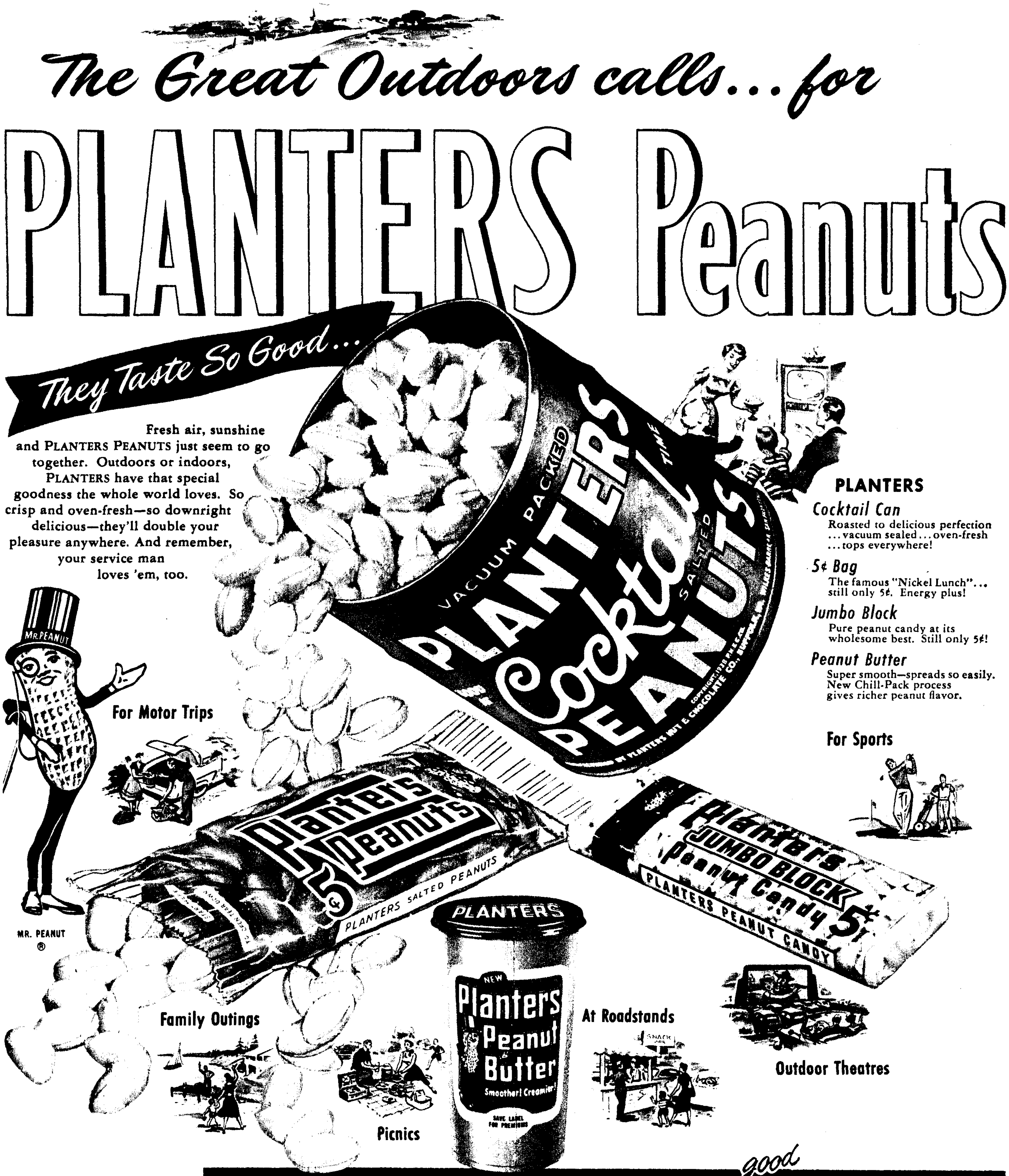
"On the stock," said the sheriff, "where you hold her—Farris! Check those Springfields for thumbprints! If Bert's is on somebody else's gun, then whoever that gun belongs to has got some explaining—"

Marvin felt a surge of wild panic. He might have made it out the door if Farris hadn't tripped him.

—GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

The Great Outdoors calls... for

PLANTERS Peanuts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The famous "Nickel Lunch"... still only 5¢. Energy plus!

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Super smooth—spreads so easily. New Chill-Pack process gives richer peanut flavor.

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...and you'll drink

Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest *beer* you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale! Next time you're thirsty, think— and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

I am thinking . . .
so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .
Carling's **RED CAP** *Ale*

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

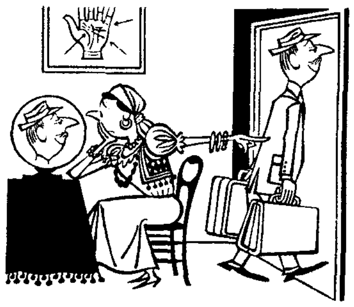
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It was while Miss Beryl MacIntyre was on a picnic near Memphis, Tennessee, that she met a wolf. She says: "He was well over six feet in his stalkings." Don't quit reading. We'll do better in a moment.

★ ★ ★

Lady in West Plains, Missouri, filed a petition for her third divorce. Note of monotony about it, though, because she seeks freedom from the same man she divorced twice before. Just can't help marrying that man. But Mrs. Margaret Crane tells us it's even worse than that. The lady gave her profession as "fortuneteller."


IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Being a simple-minded guy, the echoes from Nevada's desert got old 48 to thinking of those hundreds of Yankee farmers reporting to George Washington some years ago to fight for something we, their heirs, now take for granted. A few had muskets but no powder. Most of them came with spears fashioned from scythe blades. Old Ben (Hang-together-or-hang-separately) Franklin was urging a penniless Congress to find bows and arrows for them. Somehow they won. What they fought for was a more powerful weapon than what they fought with. The echo of the clash of their homemade spears almost drowns out the din from the Yucca Flats. Just a random thought as we approach the day on which we commemorate the thing their devotion gave us—a thing called freedom.

★ ★ ★

In spite of the earnest entreaties of several professors at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill's aldermen stonily refuse to repeal a town ordinance barring jackasses from the public streets. One professor went so far as to beg the aldermen remember they were once young themselves.

★ ★ ★

Unless Washington comes up with something handsome soon, the sensation-soused people of America will be too busy tuning in on an investigation in Akron to pay any attention to Congress. Twelve thousand lollipops are missing from the city health department, and Mayor Leo A. Berg is in no humor to leave any stones unturned. The lollipops were meant to solace school children as they were being vaccinated. Lots of children to vaccinate but, suddenly, no lollipops. Several health-department employees seen trying on the Fifth Amendment for size.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Dave Striplin says he's feeling better now that Ohio State astronomers have announced locating the precise center of the galaxy composed of the sun and all the planets. It is at galactic longitude 377.79 degrees, latitude 1.39 degrees minus. "So stop worrying," Mr. Striplin writes us, "and start turning out something fit to read."

★ ★ ★

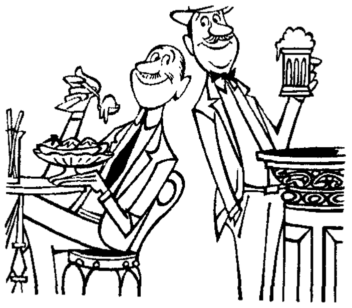
Should you be driving toward Bumble Bee, Arizona, on your roundabout way to the thriving towns of Cactus, Cowlic and Schuchk, keep a sharp outlook for a store just north of Middling. By doing so, says Mr. Ted Adjoe, you will see a store flaunting the invitation to: Deal Here. Try Our Easy Payment Plan: 100 Per Cent Down.

★ ★ ★

It was morning in Houston, Texas. Mr. Carl Stimson says that the gentleman was dressing preparatory to going forth to bring in a few new gushers. His wife, still abed, was half asleep. "Golly," said this gentleman, "I was dreaming you'd run away and eloped with another man." Drowsily his wife sighed: "Anyone we know?"

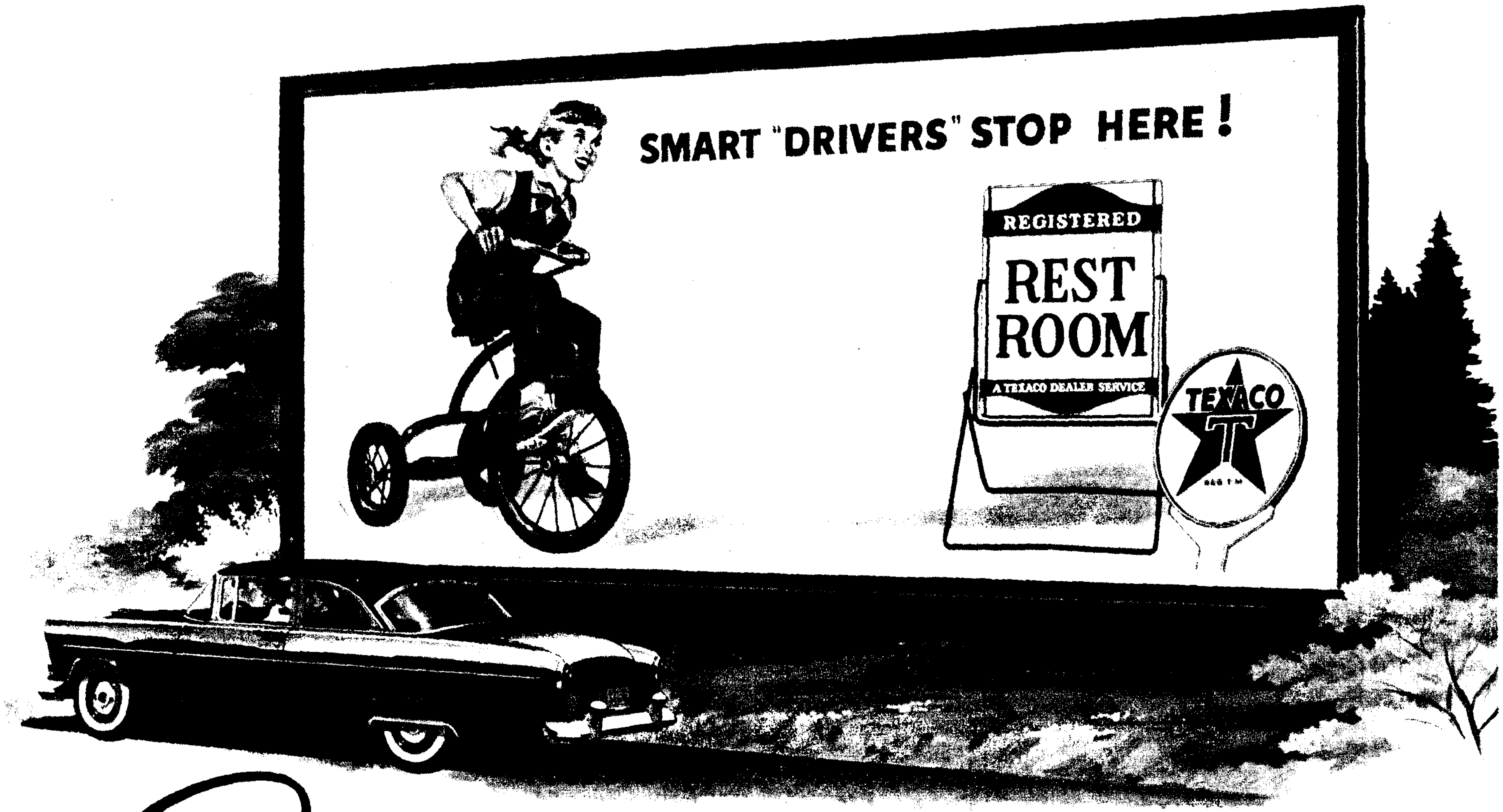
★ ★ ★

Belatedly we bemoan the passing of Cy Bischel's tavern in Dousman, Wisconsin. Mr. Bischel has retired, taking with him the gaiety that made his tavern one of the last bastions of unaffected camaraderie. You entered Cy's place through a screened-in porch. To the left you were in an ice-cream parlor. On the right you drank beer. And there was never a more delicious banana split nor a better seidel of brew. Take it easy, Cy. And thanks for the memories.



★ ★ ★

And that's about all we can think of this week, except that a lady in Miami, Florida, reports her psychiatrist has had his offices done over. Interviewing room—the one with the couch—"in nutty pine." ▲▲▲



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TOURING SERVICE all over America! *Before* your trip, tell your Texaco Dealer *where* and *when* you're going and *what* you want to see. He will gladly get for you maps with routes indicated. *During* your trip, Texaco Dealers all along the way will add a lot to the success of your trip!

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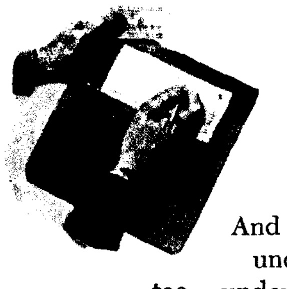
REST ROOM

REGISTERED REST ROOMS wherever you drive! Smart drivers stop where they see this familiar green and white sign. It is a symbol of *cleanliness* you can count on wherever you drive. Motoring families constantly write and tell us how they appreciate Registered Rest Rooms — a Texaco Dealer Service — clean across America!

THE TEXAS COMPANY



CREDIT CARD CONVENIENCE nationwide! More than a million motorists find their Texaco National Credit Cards mighty convenient. It's the perfect way to conserve cash, and to keep track of their trips. And — it's the *only* petroleum credit card honored under *one* sign from coast to coast. Good in Canada, too — under the same sign . . . the red star with the green T.

TOP CAR PERFORMANCE coast to coast!

CUSTOM-MADE
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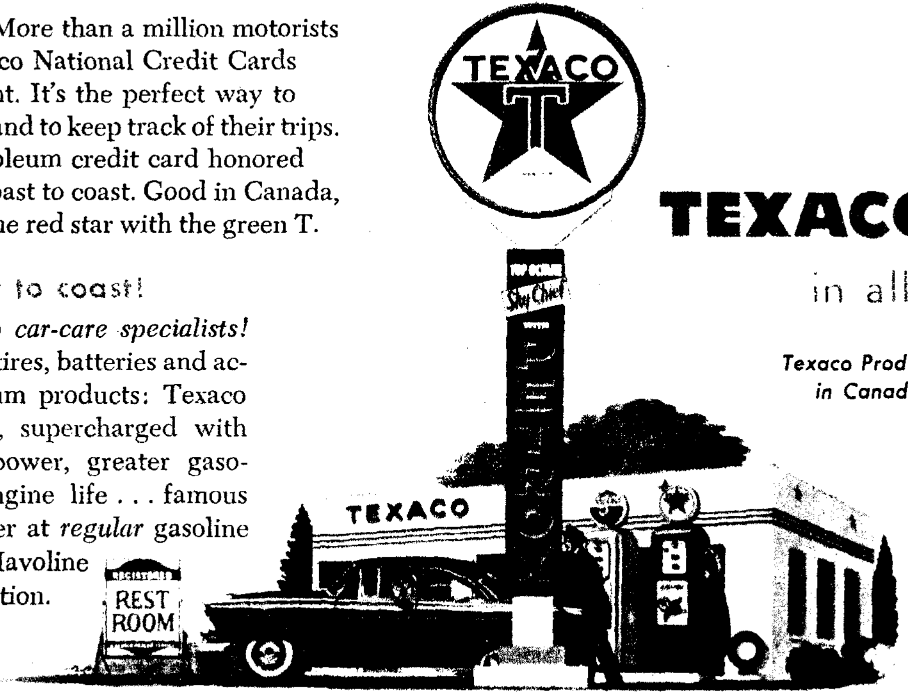

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Baby Ruth Nuggets
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Look for them on the bright new packages of CURTISS BITE-SIZE CANDIES at your store now!

You'll also enjoy Curtiss Milk Caramels, Coconut Nibbles, Caramel Nougats, and Dip Bits . . . in new colorful "Curtiss Kids" boxes. Get them today!

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NATIONALLY ADVERTISED • GUARANTEED
UTICA CLUBWARE only $1.00
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Fully guaranteed . . . Hollow-ground Stainless steel blades . . . High-impact Styrene Unbreakable handles. Set includes 7½" slicer, 6½" butcher, 5" utility, 4½" meat, 3" paring knives.

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LETTERS

Frogboys

EDITOR: Enjoyed your article Navy Frogmen—Top Skin-Divers of Them All (May 27th). It's about time they received publicity. We are growing frogmen here in Roslyn, too—junior grade, of course. The Roslyn High School has a Five Fathoms Club that does skin-diving and spearfishing in Long Island Sound in summer, and the Florida Keys over Easter vacation. The youngsters save their money from lawn mowing and baby sitting for the Florida trip. Above (top) is an underwater shot of one of the club members. It was taken with a $5 camera enclosed in a rubber glove with a Plexiglas window (circled, bottom).

MRS. A. A. CHESTER,
Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

Me and the Set

EDITOR: John Crosby's Me and the Set (May 27th) is not only food for thought, but a full-course dinner. And a good one. MRS. BEN GOTTER,
North Hollywood, Cal.

. . . John Crosby says the McCarthy hearings may have undone Senator McCarthy as a political force. How come, then, that as a result of the hearings, fan clubs backing this terrible man have sprung up all across the country, and that the senator has more speaking engagements than he can fulfill? It's amusing that the very liberals who worked to get the hearings televised started yelling their crazy mixed-up heads off the minute McCarthy looked great and everyone else looked red, pink or just plain yellow . . .

MRS. CATHERINE BUERHAUS,
West Quincy, Mass.

Social Security

EDITOR: I am sure that many people have benefited from your article Social Security (May 13th).

CHARLES N. REINSEL, Clarion, Pa.

. . . The chief result of Social Security, like all other socialistic programs, is that people become more selfish and less concerned about the welfare of their fellow men. (Note how often Mrs. Miller talks about "benefits.") The answer to the question "Who's left out?" should have been: "Mostly those whom the government has not yet compelled to be covered." . . . KARL E. BRANDT,
Wilmington, Del.

. . . Mrs. Miller states that I, as a Social Security slave, own a valuable property, which amounts to between $7,000 and $30,000. I am willing to sell my interest for one nickel. The most damning thing about the act is that it takes away the priceless American heritage of free choice to plan our own security. I am not against Social Security on a voluntary basis. I am very much opposed to *compulsory* membership in something that is only for the goats . . . W. R. EGG,
Meyersville, Tex.

Still Champion

EDITOR: Your article on a great champion and a great person (How It Feels to Be Champion of the World, May 13th) reaffirmed our faith in the fine American sport of boxing. In January we of the Youth Alliance chose Rocky Marciano American Athlete of 1954 because in our minds he stands for all that is clean and good in American sports. H. ROBERT SEKULER, President,
Youth Alliance of Rego Park,
Rego Park, N.Y.

Bobbled Decimal

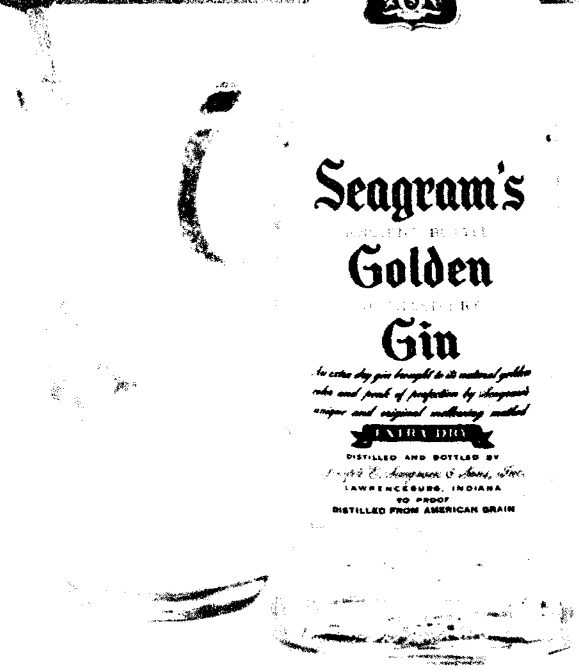
EDITOR: Tom Meany may know his baseball (Best Infielder in the Majors, May 27th), but the Federal Reserve Bank would question his method of computing interest. The more than $100,000 that Roy McMillan indirectly netted the Cincinnati Reds is 40,000 per cent—not Meany's 400 per cent—on the Redlegs' $250 investment in their shortstop. WM. H. BEST, JR.,
Narberth, Pa.

Tom Meany batted .500. In a second reference to the deal, he says: "The price . . . was $100,000-plus—or better than 400 times what Cincinnati paid for McMillan."

Look like Ike

EDITOR: In Letters, May 13th, you printed a picture of a boy who resembles President Eisenhower. Here's our son, Vernon Edward, at eleven months. How's this for a resemblance?

MRS. V. E. QUEEN, Tampa, Fla.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EXTRA DRY
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It's America's Perfect Gin and Tonic made only with

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IT'S DELICIOUS...1½ oz. dry Seagram's Golden Gin over plenty of ice...add tonic water and a slice of lemon or lime.

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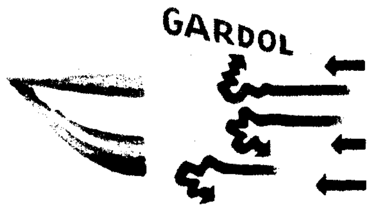
I BRUSH MY TEETH ONCE A DAY!
I BRUSH MY TEETH TWICE A DAY!
I BRUSH MY TEETH 3 TIMES A DAY!

EVEN IF YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH ONLY ONCE A DAY

Colgate Dental Cream Gives The Surest Protection All Day Long!

Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate Dental Cream —Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol*

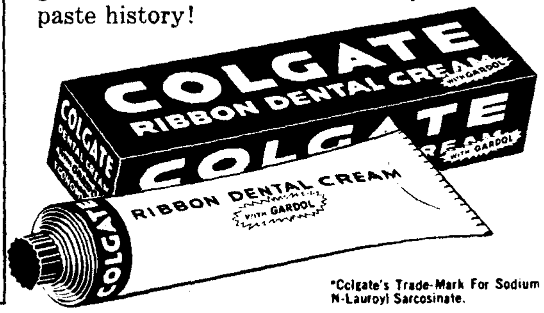
To Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer—Stop Bad Breath Instantly!



Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol fights tooth decay 12 hours or more!

ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH!

But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!


COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM WITH GARDOL
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM WITH GARDOL

*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

Every Time You Use It... New Colgate Dental Cream CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

THE feeling of Sweet Land of Liberty is conveyed not only by the work of 17 of the best landscape photographers who contributed to our feature, but by the words of Archibald MacLeish, who tells us, "My whole life from beginning to end has been a kind of conspiracy to get some poems written in spite of the times and without running out on them."

A graduate of Yale and of Harvard Law School, holder of a score of honorary degrees and awards, twice winner of the Pulitzer poetry prize, gentleman-farmer, former Librarian of Congress and Assistant Secretary of State, author of many books and plays, and now Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard—the historic chair first held by John Quincy Adams—MacLeish seemed to us the proper interpreter for Sweet Land of Liberty.

"I've seen most of the Republic in the past," he says, "including almost all the parts these magnificent photographs present. The aerial views make my stomach drop. I saw them first from the windows of crates which wouldn't be allowed in the air these wiser days. People ride across the continent now without so much as looking out the window. We used to look. What we saw was the pattern of a changing country. You could learn a lot then looking out the window. Maybe you still can.

* * *

WE ASKED Sloan Wilson how it felt to have The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit selected by the Literary Guild. That's the new Simon & Schuster novel which we are serializing starting in this issue.

"I was in Bitterman's, a small saloon across the street from the University of Buffalo, having lunch with the basketball coach and the assistant alumni director. As the university's head of public relations, I was helping them figure out how to get more sports publicity. Then, believe it or not, a phone call came to me from Paris. It was my publisher, Dick Simon, relaying the news about the book selection.

"I was, in my own mind, nothing but a smalltime public-relations man with an eccentric yen to write. After the call came I was a guy who'd fulfilled his life's ambition. I rushed home to tell my wife. We telephoned my mother in New York, and Elise's parents in Boston. I called Ken Kempton, who taught me English at Harvard. He offered to get drunk with me, though we were 600 miles apart. I was already quite drunk from happiness."

A phone call from Paris to Bitterman's was just one of the exciting events in Sloan Wilson's life since he finished what everyone predicts will be a highly successful book. For one thing he has obtained a year's leave from the university, sold the Buffalo house and moved to Boston to take up his duties as newly appointed New England representative of the White House Conference on Education, which will study the educational needs of the nation and report to the President.

In the splurging department, Wilson has bought his wife a new black convertible with red seats and hired a maid. "In fourteen years of marriage," he says, "it's the first time we've been luxurious."

* * *

IF a fellow's been a newspaperman most of his life—as Bob Donovan has been—you find that the story of his career is inextricably linked with the stories of famous people.

After having finished writing our piece on the Hoover Commission, which meant an interesting interview with the ex-President, among others, Donovan sat back and recalled a milestone of *a more traditional flavor:*

"In 1937, I joined the Herald Tribune in New York and became city-hall reporter under La Guardia—a boisterous assignment in those days. While I was trying to force an interview on Fiorello one night, he slammed the door of his car so fast I couldn't duck and wound up with my cheek torn open. Relenting, he gave me an exclusive story which got me a $15 bonus—munificence in those days."

Another high light came when Donovan—then as now with the Herald Tribune Washington office—was on his way to the White House on November 1, 1950, and two killers tried to shoot their way in to assassinate President Truman. Being among the first on the scene, Donovan became interested in assassins and would-be assassins of our Presidents. The result is The Assassins, just published by Harper & Brothers and a book you will want to read. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

DON JAY

The Wilsons with (left to right) David, Lisa and Rebecca. The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit has made quite a difference

Stands alone!
first as a book...
now as a motion picture!

STANLEY KRAMER Presents

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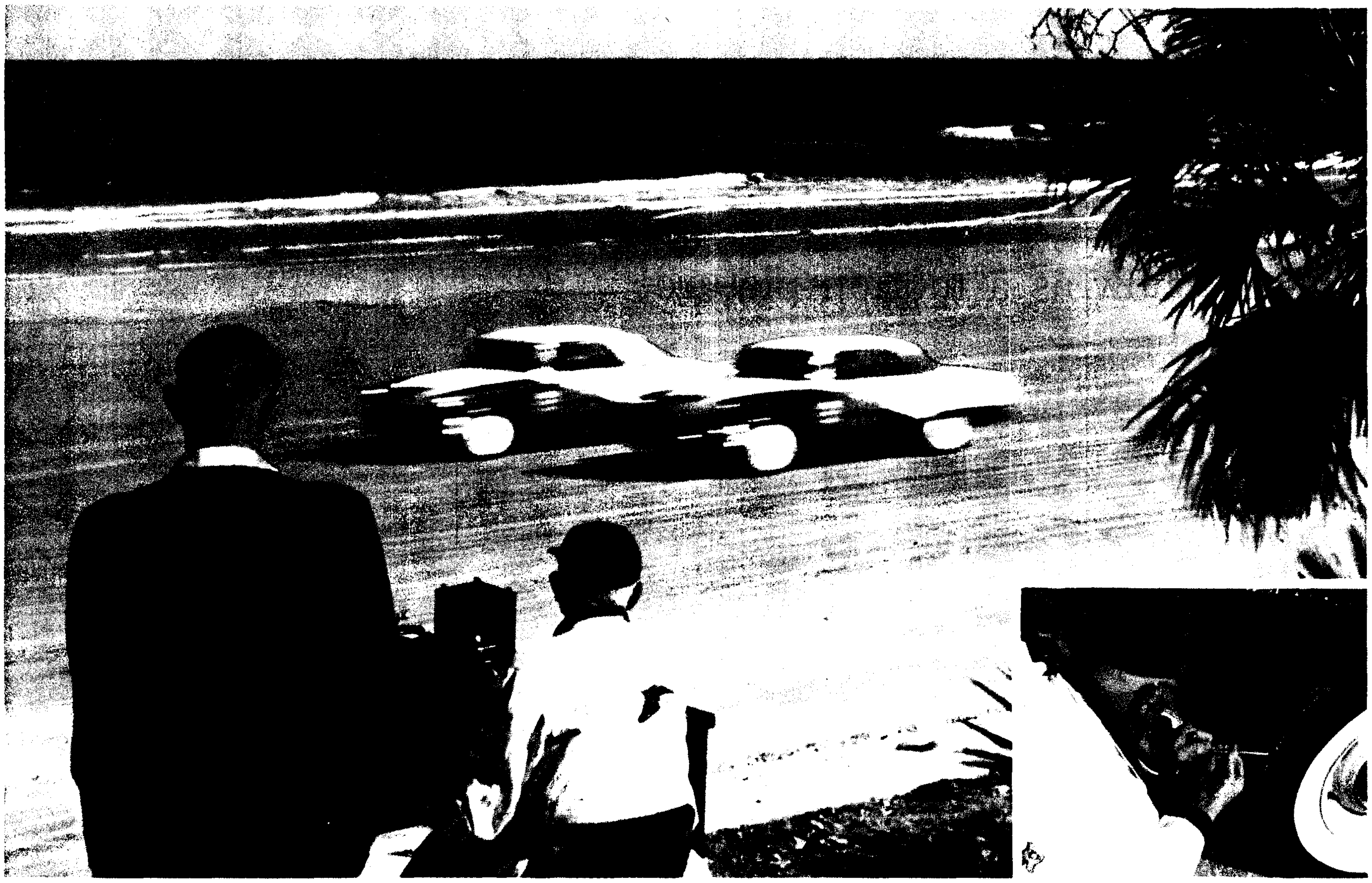
Based on the Novel by MORTON THOMPSON · Music by George Antheil · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS · Produced and Directed by STANLEY KRAMER

Coming! – Watch for it at your favorite theatre!

All-New Tubeless Super-Cushions give you

MORE MILES OF WEAR!



Two Death Dodgers put conventional tires and tubes and new Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushions through 100 m.p.h. speed runs on Daytona Beach—to see how they would resist a tire's worst enemy—*heat.*

When the cars stopped, we jabbed special thermometers into the tires: 228 degrees for the tire and tube—only 199 degrees for the Tubeless Super-Cushion—dramatic proof that Goodyear's great new tubeless tire builds up less mileage-robbing heat.

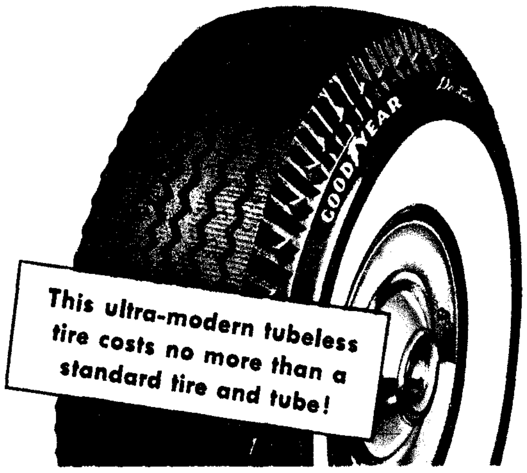
Goodyear's exclusive 3-T Cord and Grip-Seal construction make possible the ultra-modern tubeless tire!

You're miles ahead with the new Tubeless Super-Cushion. This great new tire is lighter, runs cooler, wears longer.

And underneath this advanced design tread is the stoutest heart on the highway—3-T Cord. In its exclusive 3-T process, Goodyear triple tempers tough cord sinews and integrates them with improved rubber compounds under Tension, Temperature and Time to produce the most durable tubeless tire body made!

You get greater protection against blowouts, too! Any tire may blow out if it is cut through or severely damaged. But naturally the tire with the strongest cord offers you the greatest protection against cuts and bruises. 3-T Cord is so tough that breaks grow slowly—you get a gradual, harmless loss of air.

These new Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushion tires will fit your present wheels. See your Goodyear dealer. He'll buy all the unused mileage in your present tires. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



This ultra-modern tubeless tire costs no more than a standard tire and tube!

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

GOODYEAR TIRES

Look for this sign; there's a Goodyear dealer near you.

TUBELESS DELUXE SUPER-CUSHION

by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

What's behind the headlines stirred up by the Hoover Commission? That distinguished group, led by the former President, has challenged the government's ownership of a wide assortment of enterprises, ranging from the Army's bakeries to the multimillion-dollar Tennessee Valley Authority. What prompted these controversial proposals? Here's the background—and what may happen next

REPORT ON THE HOOVER COMMISSION

By ROBERT J. DONOVAN

A COMPREHENSIVE and coldly critical examination of the federal government is now nearing completion. It promises to be only the beginning of a new debate on many basic concepts of the government's role in American life today.

There have been other reappraisals of the government, ordered by past Presidents or Congresses or both, but for scope and depth nothing that has gone before compares with the examination just being completed by the second Hoover Commission and its big-name task forces, which scrutinized not merely the intricate organization of government, but its very philosophy.

Indeed, the commission has gone so far as to question whether the trend of government since the depression of the 1930s shall be reversed and many functions—industrial, commercial and financial—which are now deeply imbedded in federal operations shall be turned over to private enterprise. Already the political time bombs are starting to sputter. Even before the current session of Congress ends this summer the explosions may begin, and by politically crucial 1956 the real bombardment should be on.

All this contention comes as no surprise to former President Herbert Hoover, head of the commission. "It was clear from the beginning that we would have to step on a lot of toes," Mr. Hoover, who is called "the Chief" around the commission, told me recently. "Whenever you scrutinize government functions you run up against people with a stake in things as they are. But that didn't deter us. We had a job to do, and the only instructions I gave the task forces were: 'Come in with all the facts and the truth of the situation.' "

Like the original Hoover Commission of several years ago, the second one—officially, the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government—has been sleuthing after federal waste, extravagance and duplication. According to its reports, it has found too much of each, and various measures it has proposed for eliminating them will, if they are ever adopted, be rough on many people with vested interests in government jobs, loans and services of one kind or another.

But far more fundamental are its recommendations for sweeping changes in such sensitive fields as public power, foreign aid, veterans' benefits and federal loans for housing, rural electrification, public works and other enterprises.

Above all—and this is where the fur is flying—the commission has challenged the function of government in providing certain goods, services, transport and capital which might otherwise be provided by private industry and private investment.

In the Defense Department alone the commission proposed that 1,000 commercial- and industrial-type facilities which compete with private industry should be closed out. These facilities include bakeries, meat-cutting plants, laundries and clothing manufacturing and dry-cleaning plants.

Post Exchanges vs. Private Business

The commission wants post exchanges to raise their prices to cover all costs, and to cut out selling sporting goods, jewelry, cameras and other luxuries which private business could supply.

It recommended that Congress appoint a new commission to consider whether the Navy should not transfer ship construction and repair to private shipyards.

"A destructive intrusion into the private shipbuilding industry of this country" was the way the commission's Subcommittee on Business Enterprises characterized the Navy's operation of 10 of its own shipyards.

The commission proposed that the Tennessee Valley Authority get out of the business of research on chemical fertilizers and leave that to private industry and the Department of Agriculture. It urged that the Department of the Interior reconsider leasing or selling its helium plants to private enterprise. It recommended gradual liquidation of the costly Postal Savings System, and a raise in Parcel Post rates, if necessary, to eliminate the $29,000,000-a-year deficit in that service. It also asked the government to consider letting out more of its annual $370,000,000 printing jobs to private firms. These are but a very few samples of its proposals.

In calling on the government to step aside and let private business do the job in one field after another, the commission did not overlook the important areas of lending and transportation. To the Defense Department it said in effect: Get out of the business of transporting dependents and others around the world in government ships and planes and let private carriers handle this traffic.

And as for lending, it pointedly questioned whether the U.S. Treasury should compete with private credit agencies in financing nonessential projects for which money might be obtained elsewhere.

In a flow of reports the commission lambasted what is called "hidden subsidies." For example, the commission found that the government pays the administrative costs of veterans life-insurance funds, and it recommended that these programs be made completely self-sustaining—a politically unpopular suggestion that would probably mean lower GI insurance dividends. The commission didn't win any popularity contest, either, in proposing that the Small Business Administration boost its loan rates to cover all its expenses.

A great many sacred cows traditionally unmolested by elected officials have been whacked all over the pasture during the commission's study, and even before the final report is in, the howls have been piercing.

"Hoover is trying to repeal the New Deal," cried the Democrats.

"Great shock . . . disappointment . . . disapproval," thundered the American Legion's National Rehabilitation Conference.

"Compulsive reflex to return to old ways," said

GEORGE TAMES

The White House has been treating the controversial proposals gingerly. They could become an explosive election-year issue

an official of the liberal Americans for Democratic Action.

"Abominable outrage!" exclaimed a spokesman for the National Rural Electric Co-operative Association. The organization is battling the commission's recommendations that the Rural Electrification Administration, a politically potent institution in many farm areas, be reorganized to eliminate what the commission considered unjustified subsidies. What this means in plain English is that families benefiting from REA would have to pay more for electricity.

"Old . . . not factual . . . misleading," charged Secretary of the Navy Charles S. Thomas, snapping back at a commission report alleging that the Navy had accumulated a 60-year supply of canned hamburger. This hamburger became celebrated in controversy from one end of Washington to the other. In a Congressional hearing Thomas came around to admitting that the report was factual. But then President Eisenhower at a press conference sided with the Navy. Generally, he defended the size of the hamburger supply as a necessary emergency reserve. If the Navy wanted it, he said, it could eat up all its hamburger in five days, not 60 years.

Probably the angriest outburst followed a well-authenticated news leak that the task force on Water Resources and Power had recommended to the commission that the TVA be required to relinquish the multimillion-dollar steam and hydroelectric plants which are at the heart of its power system. The authority, it was reported, would be asked to deed to the Atomic Energy Commission such plants as were needed to supply atomic-energy requirements and then hang a "For Sale" sign on the rest.

There was a roar of protest by public-power Democrats and others. Senator Estes Kefauver, again a potential contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination, alleged on the Senate floor that the task force, whose report the commission was free to accept or reject, was "stacked" in favor of private utilities. And Representative Ross Bass, another Tennessee Democrat, capped this wave of exasperation by introducing a bill to abolish the Hoover Commission forthwith. When President Eisenhower was asked about the recommendation, he said that the administration "will never wreck the TVA."

The reaction to the Hoover Commission has not been all hostile by any means. The newspapers of the country, in particular, have overwhelmingly supported the commission. More than 90 per cent of the editorials he has seen have been favorable, Mr. Hoover told me. And Mr. Eisenhower told a news conference:

"I think that the Hoover Commission has served a very useful purpose for this country. As its subcommittee (task force) reports come up to the commission itself, they all will be studied by the combined brains of some very great Americans."

"Congress has been handed a hot potato," commented the Washington Star. "But the bipartisan Hoover Commission has shown no reluctance to tackle politically explosive subjects in the past. It has gained prestige and public respect for that very reason. It would be refreshing if Congress showed comparable objectivity in considering the recommendations of the commission."

When the Knife Cuts So Many Ways

Yet it is an indication of the controversial nature of many of the proposals that in the midst of these expressions of approval an undertone of dissent has been audible even in some sectors of the conservative business community. Exporting industries and cotton growers who benefit from the short-term loans of the Export-Import Bank, for example, have not taken kindly to the commission's recommendations that this lending be discontinued. Neither is the National Association of Home Builders happy about the commission's recommendations for reorganization of the Federal Housing Administration, a step the home builders fear would restrict new construction. The knife, in other words, is cutting many ways.

Perhaps the most revealing reaction of all has been the evident anxiety of the White House to keep its skirts clear of recommendations that strike hardest at various well-established social-welfare and federal-aid services. The Eisenhower administration is well aware that the Democrats will try,

The Hoover Commission is the ninth government-probing group i

Self-examination is a major function of government in a democracy, and in the last 70 years the United States government has called on special agencies to survey its efficiency no less than nine times.

None of these investigating groups has approached the task with greater zeal or public acclaim—or greater authority—than the two commissions headed by former President Herbert Hoover.

Yet despite the outward similarity of the two Hoover Commissions, their assignments have differed in important respects.

From 1947 to 1949 the first commission studied the structure of government. It strove for improvement through streamlining and reorganization. The second commission, though empowered to take another look at government organization, has been charged with the far more basic task of examining government policy and function. In particular, it has been directed to inquire into what functions the government performs which might otherwise be performed by private enterprise.

The second commission was established by Congress on July 10, 1953. Although July 1, 1955, is its expiration date, its staff has until the end of September to write the final reports.

In establishing the commission Congress declared that its objective was to promote economy and efficiency by such means as:

"1. Recommending methods and procedures for reducing expenditures . . . ; 2. Eliminating duplication and overlapping . . . ; 3. Consolidating services, activities and functions of a similar nature; 4. Abolishing services, activities and functions not necessary to the efficient conduct of government; 5. Eliminating nonessential services, functions and activities which are competitive with private enterprise; 6. Defining responsibilities of officials; and 7. Relocating agencies now responsible directly to the President in departments or other agencies."

The commission's job has been to find how these goals could be met.

The group consists of seven Republicans and five Democrats. Under the law, four members were appointed by President Eisenhower, four by Vice-President Nixon and four by the Speaker of the House—at the time, Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Republican of Massachusetts.

The President's first appointee was former President Hoover, who was elected chairman of the second commission, just as he had been of the first. The group is invariably called the Hoover Commission, even though its official name is the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government.

The commission received its raw material from 14 task forces and several committees—groups of experts who combed the country for the information on which the commission based its recommendations. At its peak, the commission also had a staff of 544 clerks, researchers, accountants and consultants.

with whatever success, to make out that the Republicans are using the Hoover Commission as a Trojan horse of reaction. A clear tip-off came recently from former Secretary of Agriculture Charles Brannan, author of the controversial Brannan farm plan, when he told a Democratic audience in Dallas, speaking of the 1956 elections: "We will be aligned against the same type of philosophies. They are the same as they were in the days of Herbert Hoover, and he is, in fact, still helping to formulate them."

While it might be extreme to say that the White House is dismayed by some of the commission's reports, it is a fact that the President's staff is taking the position that all recommendations must be given the same glassy-eyed banker's look that the commission itself took and that nothing is to be hastily embraced simply because it bears the Hoover group's imprimatur.

The President himself spoke up quite sharply when reporters asked him about the commission's recommendations that PXs and commissaries be so confined as not to compete with local private business. Although Old Soldier Eisenhower said he did not believe in the "uncontrolled spread" of military stores, he added: "But I believe that to take away the commissary privileges and the Post Exchange privileges from military uniformed personnel, wherever they may be, when those are really needful things in order to give them the normal business of living and giving it to them at a decent price—I believe it would be a terrible injustice to those people."

At almost the same moment that the commission was recommending that the Farmers Home Administration be required to tighten its lending programs, the President proposed to Congress that the lending authority of the agency be increased by $30,000,000 to help poor farmers. And as the commission was proposing that the Federal Housing Administration be reorganized to provide its own financing without having to call on the government for funds, an Eisenhower housing bill was introduced to expand the FHA mortgage-insuring program by $4,000,000,000.

While these positions may not prove so contradictory as they appear on the surface, still they emphasize the inflammatory nature of the commission's proposals. And if more evidence were needed, it was supplied recently by an important member of the Eisenhower administration—Housing and Home Finance Administrator Albert M. Cole—when he stood up before the annual meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington and rapped the commission's proposals on FHA reorganization. These could, he charged, "remove a keystone from the very structure of federal housing policy itself and render inoperative a vital part of the President's program."

Who's Who on the Hoover Commission

The body that has set off these fireworks is composed of 12 men—five Democrats and seven Republicans—who meet regularly in the General Accounting Office Building in Washington under the firm hand of their chairman, one of the two living ex-Presidents, who will be eighty-one years old on August 10th.

The administration is represented on the commission by Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., and Director of Defense Mobilization Arthur S. Flemming. Congress is represented by Senator Styles Bridges, of New Hampshire, and Representative Clarence Brown, of Ohio, Republicans, and Senator John L. McClellan, of Arkansas, and Representative Chet Holifield, of California, Democrats. The other members are former Democratic National Chairman James A. Farley; Joseph P. Kennedy, a New York financier and former Ambassador to Britain; Sidney A. Mitchell, executive director of the first Hoover Commission; Robert G. Storey, dean of the Southern Methodist Law School; and Solomon C. Hollister, dean of the Cornell College of Engineering.

The political orientation of the group is distinctly conservative, except for Representative Holifield, a liberal, who has written brisk dissents from many of the reports. Mr. Holifield challenged—but without success—the commission's authority to recommend wide-ranging changes in government policy and function. The majority of the commission overrode his contention that the Congressional mandate limited the group to a study of organization and operations of federal agencies.

Undoubtedly the reason Mr. Holifield could get nowhere with his argument was that the law establishing the commission specified "functions" five times in outlining what Congress wished the commission to consider. Among the fields explicitly set forth for study was "eliminating nonessential services, functions, and activities which are competitive with private enterprise."

The task forces, whose members were appointed by Mr. Hoover, are a veritable roster of VIPs. General Mark W. Clark heads the group on Intelligence Activities. The task force on Personnel and Civil Service is under Harold W. Dodds, president of Princeton University. General Robert E. Wood, a top official of Sears, Roebuck and Company, is chairman of the task force on Use and Disposal of Surplus Property. Charles R. Hook, chairman of the board of the Armco Steel Corporation, heads the Committee on Business Organization of the Department of Defense, a Hoover group co-ordinating the work of several task forces.

Perhaps the most important of all is the task force on Water Resources and Power, which is headed by Admiral Ben Moreell, chairman of the board of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation. This is the biggest task force—26 members. Its budget is the biggest. It has the biggest report. It also presses the trigger of the biggest controversy swirling around the commission's study: public vs. private power.

For nearly two years, the 14 task forces have roamed not only the corridors of government departments but in truth the length and breadth of the land in search of facts. They visited facilities as diverse as power dams and Army warehouses. At the top they usually encountered generous co-operation. As they went down the line, some of them reported, there was often more resistance, notably among lower-echelon Navy officers in command of remote facilities.

With "the Chief" prodding them when necessary to produce their reports on time, the task forces worked with rolled-up sleeves turning out the raw

0 years—and the most powerful. Here's how it was set up

The task forces made voluminous studies. They traveled. They interviewed. They inspected dams and shipyards. One of them held public hearings from coast to coast. They met irregularly and in different parts of the country. When the facts were all in, they filed formal reports, along with recommendations to the commission.

Meeting regularly in Washington, the commission weighed its task forces' reports and then framed its own final reports—19 in all—for submission to Congress. Some of its recommendations require Congressional action. Others can be put into effect by act of the President. A great many more can be accomplished simply by regulations within government departments and agencies.

In any event, before they go into effect most of the recommendations seem certain to cause considerable discussion. The accompanying article tells what the new Hoover Commission recommended—and why.

GEORGE TAMES

A meeting of the commission and staff, chairman Hoover (left side of table) presiding

"The pressure groups are screaming, but I don't agree that we're tryin

material which formed the basis of the commission's study. Task-force meetings were held at irregular intervals and sometimes in different parts of the country, to accommodate members living far from Washington. These forces hired or borrowed experts and researchers in and out of government. The task forces as such never met with the full commission although Mr. Hoover himself attended a number of task-force sessions. Each task force submitted a written report of facts and recommendations. The full commission then took up each report and made its own recommendations to Congress, sometimes adopting and sometimes rejecting task-force proposals.

An example of the complications that task-force members sometimes experienced occurred in Chattanooga during a hearing held by the task force on Water Resources and Power. Admiral Moreell was presiding when into the room stalked the energetic mayor of Knoxville, George R. Dempster, at the head of Citizens for TVA, Inc. As president of the firm that manufactures the Dempster Dumpster, a mechanical contrivance for refuse removal, he not only buys steel from Jones & Laughlin but also sells Moreell's corporation a lot of Dempster Dumpsters.

"I don't want to antagonize a good customer," he told the admiral, "but . . ." And then he launched into a sharp criticism of the task force, claiming it was stacked against public power.

All over the country the task force on Water Resources and Power stirred up the public-vs.-private-power issue with challenging questions like these:

Why should the government be in the power business? Why shouldn't private utilities take over? Why invest more hundreds of millions in damming rivers for hydroelectric power when we already have crossed the threshold of the age of atomic power? What is the justification for using the funds of all the taxpayers for developing the resources of one particular region, possibly to the detriment of another? Should the Tennessee Valley Authority, for example, be expanded with federal funds, as its friends demand, while New England thirsts for power?

The task force and later the commission itself took a clinically cold look at the TVA ledger. They found, for example, 'that the TVA received from its beginning through the fiscal year 1954 appropriations of $1,785,214,581 and took in another $828,633,342 in power revenue—a total of $2,613,847,923. According to the commission's findings, TVA repaid to the Treasury in this period $77,500,000—plus bond redemptions and other returns which brought the total to $101,131,519. Only $101,131,519 paid back after $1,785,214,581 in appropriations looked pretty small to the members of the commission, especially those with a hearty distaste for certain kinds of subsidies.

The public-power advocates had an irate answer. The repayment figure, they said, is meaningless unless one adds the "repayment" the authority has made to the development, the value and the happiness of the vast Tennessee Valley region. As for subsidies, they pointed to one of Mr. Holifield's dissents in another report, in which he said:

"The subsidies involved in the administration of government programs which help homeowners, farmers, small businessmen, veterans and others of modest means pale into insignificance when compared with the subsidies that are doled out to big manufacturers, publishing firms, ship operators, airline companies and the like. The Congress has authorized subsidies of many kinds throughout our history to develop the nation and to keep it strong."

Public power is not the only field in which the commission found the government's role fair game. Among other items, the government has been manufacturing fertilizer, chain, sleeping bags, false teeth, spectacles, ice cream, maps, flags, paint, ammunition, clothing, magnesium, furniture and ships. It provides rail, air and marine transportation, trucking, blueprinting, insurance and warehouses. It operates hotels and moving-picture studios, processes scrap, retreads tires, roasts coffee, washes windows and repairs furniture and typewriters.

"Indeed," says Budget Director Rowland R. Hughes, "the government is, among other things, the largest electric-power producer in the country, the largest insurer, the largest lender and the largest borrower, the largest landlord and the largest tenant, the largest holder of grazing land and the largest holder of timberland, the largest owner of grain, the largest warehouse operator, the largest shipowner and the largest truck-fleet operator. For a nation which is the citadel and the world's principal exponent of private enterprise and individual initiative, this is a rather amazing list."

U.S. ARMY

Commission said military meat-cutting is one of 1,000 functions in armed forces that should be turned back to private enterprise

To this conclusion the Hoover Commission's reports chant a solemn "amen."

No other note in the commission's entire study has sounded such a call to debate and controversy as this theme that the government should abandon to private enterprise its role of providing many goods and services.

Since it took office in 1953, pledged to curb government competition with business, the Eisenhower administration has divested the government of numerous production facilities. For example, 24 of the 27 government-owned synthetic-rubber plants are being sold for $310,000,000. The government has sold its alcohol plant at Muscatine, Iowa, and the Army's $15,000,000 chlorine plant at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. It has discontinued a number of Defense Department facilities such as aluminum-sweating plants, logging and sawmill operations and clothing and manufacturing shops. Many of its repair and maintenance jobs have been transferred from government shops to private concerns.

Nevertheless, the need for businessmen to beat their way to the capital is about as great now as it ever has been in peacetime. Through regulations of one kind or another the government is involved in thousands upon thousands of business deals. Private economists say that the government's part in a wide range of transactions has actually increased.

The Hoover Commission did not challenge these activities. They rather lay outside its field. What it took issue with was a lot of government activity that either competed with or, the commission felt, could better be handled by private enterprise.

"It is impossible to estimate," said its report on Business Enterprises, "the dollar amounts of savings which would result from the commission's recommendations for reducing competition between commercial-type government and private enterprises. Far more important than the dollar savings are the beneficial results to our economy from eliminating government competition to the greatest practical extent."

By following all the commission's recommendations, Mr. Hoover told the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, in May, the government could save enough money to balance the federal budget.

Among the fields in which the commission concentrated heavily were transportation, lending and veterans benefits.

Transportation in the armed services alone, a commission report claimed, is so vast, inefficient and extravagant that no one knows how much it really costs the taxpayer. The flying of Ping-pong balls from Westover Field, Massachusetts, to Berlin, and plane transportation of an Air Force band from Westover to Bermuda once a month for outdoor dances were among the activities that annoyed the commission.

"Empire-building" was the way it described the large fleets of transport planes and ships operated by the military services, often duplicating and competing not only with each other but with commercially operated ships and planes.

According to the commission, the taxpayer gets it in the neck coming and going. On the one hand he pays taxes to subsidize commercial aircraft and ocean carriers. On the other he pays to maintain the air and sea "empires" of the armed forces, which carry passengers who might otherwise travel on commercial facilities and thus, the commission believes, lessen the need for subsidies.

In 1954, according to the commission, the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps shipped by sea 71,667 private cars for their personnel at an estimated cost of nearly $27,000,000. The commission figured the cost of moving household goods for service personnel at $250,000,000 annually and described the operation as "the most stupendous and amazing . . . (peacetime) problem in the histories of armies, ancient and modern."

A private soldier sent abroad is allowed 3,000 pounds of personal property shipped at government expense, a general five and a half tons plus another ton for crating. The commission called these allowances too high. It also criticized the practice of "high officers purchasing 'vast' quantities of alleged or actual antiques, castle furnishings, bric-a-brac; in one case enough, allegedly, to start an antique-furniture business, all at the government's expense."

"Horrible examples" of waste in household shipments were reported by the commission. For example, ". . . packing one overshoe in a box more costly than the article, crates around junk tricycles, a huge box to house a 10-cent-store lamp and another for the paper shade."

In urging an end to such practices, the commission won few friends at the Pentagon. It recommended that individuals pay for the shipment of their cars and that the six-cents-a-mile traveling allowance for servicemen be cut. The commission reported that servicemen were making a profit out of this rate by hitchhiking rides in cars and military planes, chipping in with buddies to buy cheap automobiles and sleeping in terminals. Retain a traveling allowance, the commission proposed, but cut it to a point where it doesn't return a personal profit.

In air and sea the Hoover group bade the government curtail its transport services and turn some of the business over to private carriers.

The commission found much to condemn also in the various government lending programs. “There is,” it complained, “a tendency to create activities which could be undertaken by private agencies.”

While the group recognized the need for some kinds of government loans, it criticized the tendency of lending agencies to expand their functions beyond their original scope and to continue in existence “when they should be liquidated.”

Probably with the housing scandals in mind, the commission also complained that “where easy money is obtainable from the government, financial integrity tends to deteriorate and windfalls and corruption frequently flourish.”

“Concealed Subsidies” Are a Target

The commission took exception to the “concealed subsidies” involved when lending agencies pay a lower rate of interest to the Treasury than the Treasury must pay the public for long-term loans. Under these terms the beneficiaries of the lending agencies are not paying their fair share, the commission felt. Among the agencies which do not charge sufficient interest the commission named the politically entrenched Commodity Credit Corporation, the Farmers Home Administration and the Rural Electrification Administration, whose loans enable 3,500,000 farm families to get electricity for light, radio, television, wells, milking machines and the like. The commission proposed that since more than 92 per cent of all farms are now electrified, the REA should be reorganized as a self-supporting organization securing its own funds from private finance. This step would mean higher interest and hence is opposed by the farmers who would have to pay more.

In recommending that the Small Business Administration charge more interest on its loans to cover all its expenses, the commission was critical of some of the loans uncovered by its task force. One Arizona steel fabricator had borrowed $100,000 from the SBA, although he had recently installed a $13,000 swimming pool at home. Another borrower had two expensive cars and a $30,000 motorboat. (The answer SBA backers make is that just because a man has a swimming pool is no reason he should not borrow money on a sound business venture.)

The majority of the commission held that its recommendations on government lending could result in large savings and help reduce the national debt. Representative Holifield registered a peppery dissent.

“By and large, the recommendations in this report, if fully carried out,” he said, “would make it harder for American citizens to buy homes or to get loans for their farms or businesses. The recommendations point in the direction of tighter agricultural credit, a slowing down of housing construction, restrictions on the rural-electrification program and limitations on other direct or indirect aids provided by the federal government.”

The commission's report on Federal Medical Services also caused sharp discussion. The Hoover group ripped into the practice of giving veterans free medical services for maladies not connected with their military service. In 1954, it said, these cases occupied, on an average day, 65,000 of the 109,000 beds in use in Veterans Administration hospitals and cost the government for hospital and medical care about $500,000,000 during the year.

To eliminate what it called “goldbricking” (a term that infuriated the veterans organizations), the commission proposed that a veteran should not be given such care free unless he could prove that he could not afford it. And even then, it added, he should assume financial liability for this care if he could pay “at some reasonable time in the future.”

A task force had recommended specifically the closing of 19 veterans hospitals. One was in Bonham, Texas, which happens to be the home town of Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn. When the recommendation came to light, the commission heard an angry howl from a certain quarter of Capitol Hill. Not surprisingly, perhaps, the commission itself did not go on to recommend that this and the other named hospitals be closed. It simply proposed that the VA weigh the task-force list and close any hospitals deemed surplus.

While the second Hoover Commission went far beyond the first, it nevertheless renewed many of the unenacted recommendations of the early group, and the proposals, new and old, will probably occupy Congress off and on for years. Many of them will require Congressional action; others can be put into effect by executive order of the President. Still others can be achieved by departmental regulations.

Not long ago, Mr. Hoover sat back in the green leather chair in his Washington office and went over with me some of the hopes he has for the ultimate realization of the commission's proposals.

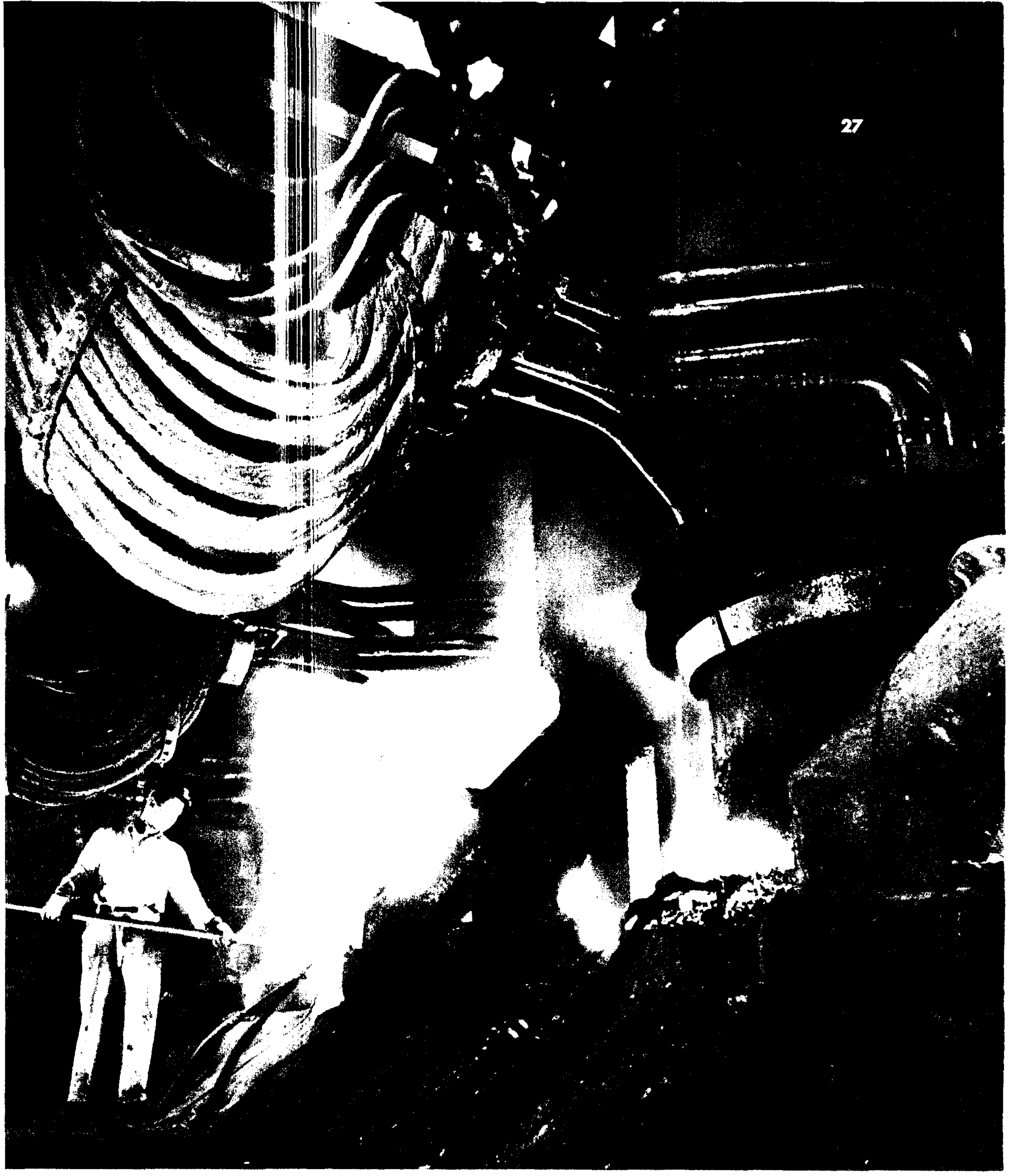
“We were enormously successful,” he said, “on the recommendations of the first commission—70 per cent or more were put into effect. Of course, now is a little different. You can't touch any function in the government that you don't find there's a pressure group that has an interest in the *status quo*. The pressure groups are screaming, but I don't agree that we're trying to turn back the clock.”

After pausing to light his pipe, he went on:

“Our reports show how, in round figures, $6,000,000,000 could be saved the taxpayers in various ways—for example, by cutting out waste and duplication, by introducing businesslike methods of accounting and budgeting and by abolishing functions that could properly be handled by private enterprise. Furthermore, the commission and the task forces have shown how some $7,000,000,000 could be returned to the Treasury to help reduce the national debt.”

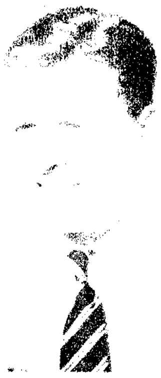
In this Mr. Hoover was referring to such items as money realized by the sale of government facilities to private enterprise and the return of capital funds by certain government agencies once they had been reorganized.

“I think,” Mr. Hoover said, “that the final box score on this commission's reports will be as good as the last. I think the recommendations are so obvious, so logical and make for so much better government and economy that Congress can't avoid approving them.”



TVA PHOTO

Tennessee Valley Authority, seeking cheap fertilizer, built this big experimental plant. Hoover group said TVA should leave such research to Agriculture Department, private firms



The author

DO YOU REALLY

You don't unless you observe the official rules—and some of then

THE rules of golf are as important to the game as its shots, because they make the sport standard for every player—in 56 printed pages which still leave a fair number of ifs and buts. The rules are based on three fundamental principles: that the golfer must play the ball as it lies, play the course as he finds it, and finally, where neither of the first two principles can apply, settle all questions by fair play. Only the golfer who strictly follows these principles and the regulations developed from them can say he really plays golf.

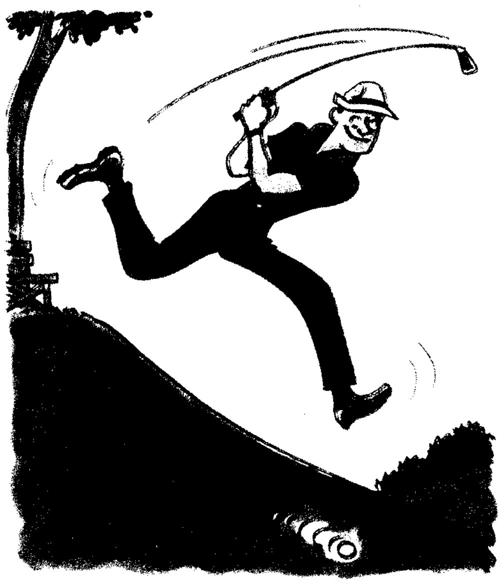
Here's a round with the rules, which should serve as a good test. The questions and answers are based on match play—one player against another on a hole-by-hole basis. In stroke play, where the total score for the full round determines the winner, the same penalties usually apply, except that an infraction which costs the hole in match play normally calls for a loss of two strokes in stroke play. The rules are in the official code of the U.S. Golf Association. The answers are the same in friendly play or tournament competition, whether your opponent is Ben Hogan or your next-door neighbor.

1. ***If I accidentally break a club, may I borrow another from my partner to finish the round we're playing?***

No, under penalty of disqualification. You may not borrow from anybody playing on the course. The idea is to prevent embarrassing an opponent by asking him to lend you a club to help you defeat him. You may replace a broken club, however, by sending back to the clubhouse for another. But if you should break the club in anger and not in the "normal course of play," it may not be replaced. (Rule 3)

2. ***Suppose I try to play a fairly long carry over some trees, but just fail to make it. I still believe I can make the carry, however; may I drop another ball and play it over the trees for practice?***

No. You are not allowed a practice stroke with a ball during the play of a hole. The penalty is loss of the hole. (Rule 8)



May you strike a ball rolling out of bounds?

3. ***My opponent asks me which club I used as he prepares to play his shot. Am I supposed to tell him?***

No. Asking for advice is forbidden, and your opponent loses the hole. (Rule 9-1)

4. ***We're all even as we play the 18th hole. As we get in front of the green my opponent asks me how many strokes I've had. "Five," I tell him. Just after he plays, I remember a shot I didn't count. I've really played six, and I tell him so. Is that all right?***

You lose the hole. Since you did not correct your mistake before your opponent played, he may have based his tactics on your misinformation. (Rule 10-2)

5. ***I discover after the match is over that I was entitled to a handicap stroke on the 15th hole which I didn't know about. If I'd counted the handicap stroke, I'd have won the match. May I take the stroke now?***

No, it's too late to claim the 15th hole. Any claim in match play must be made before the players tee off on the next hole, or, if the claim involves the last hole of the round, before they leave the putting green. (Rule 11-1)

6. ***If my opponent drives off first when I am entitled to the honor, may I claim the hole?***

No, there is no penalty. In match play—but not in stroke play—you may require him to replay any shot in proper order. Whether or not you do so is up to you. The same ruling applies if he drives off ahead of the markers on the teeing ground. In stroke play the competitor *must* tee off again, counting any strokes he may have taken on the hole before his legal drive. (Rules 12-2a, 20-2, 35-2b, 13-1 and 13-2)

7. ***I hit a long drive right down the middle of the fairway, but my ball comes to rest in a divot mark left by some preceding player. Can't I nudge my ball onto a level spot? If I can't, why should my good drive be penalized by someone else's carelessness?***

You have to play the ball as it lies or be penalized by loss of the hole. That is the keystone of the rules of golf. Sometimes you get a good break, as when a ball headed out of bounds strikes a tree and rebounds onto the fairway; other times you get a bad break. We can't equalize all the breaks, and must accept them as they come. (Rule 16)

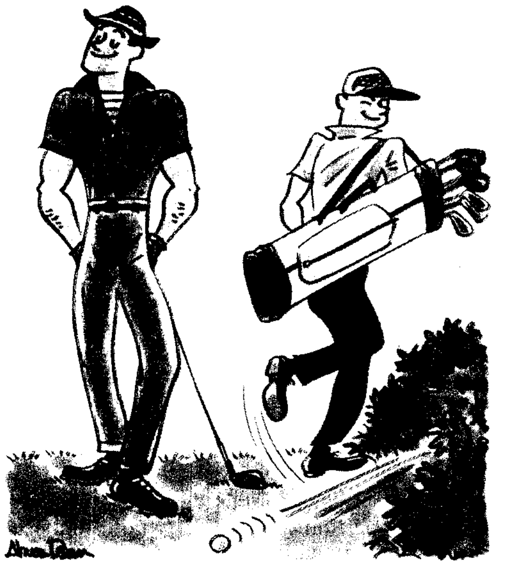
8. ***May I have relief without penalty if my ball comes to rest in the fairway just behind***
(a) an anthill?
(b) a mound made by a gopher?
(c) a little knoll of sand?
(d) a rock imbedded in the ground?

(a) The anthill is a loose impediment and may be removed. (Definition 17, Rule 18-1)
(b) Since the gopher mound was made by a burrowing animal, the rules permit the ball to be lifted without penalty and dropped over the shoulder as near as possible to the spot where it lay, but not nearer the hole. (Rule 32-1)
(c) You get no relief from the knoll of sand. (Rule 17-1)
(d) You get no relief from the imbedded rock. (Rule 17-3)

9. ***My ball lands in very long grass. In order to see it, I part the grass and press it down slightly. My opponent says that is not permissible. Who is right?***

Your opponent, and you lose the hole. You are not allowed to improve your lie, and you're not necessarily entitled to see the ball when you play it. (Rule 17-2)

10. ***I tee my ball and on my backswing discover that a branch of a large shrub interferes. I stop my backswing and break off the branch, contending my action is proper because the ball is not in play until I actually have struck it. Am I right?***



Another caddy helps your ball. Any penalty?

No. You are not permitted to improve your line of play by moving, bending or breaking anything fixed or growing, with certain exceptions which do not apply here. Your penalty is loss of the hole. (Rule 17-3)

11. ***I use a club to pull my ball out from under a bush where it came to rest, counting the operation as one stroke. Did I score this correctly?***

No. Your penalty is loss of the hole for not hitting at the ball "fairly" with the clubhead. (Rule 19-1)

PLAY GOLF?

By JOSEPH C. DEY, JR.
Executive Director, United States Golf Association

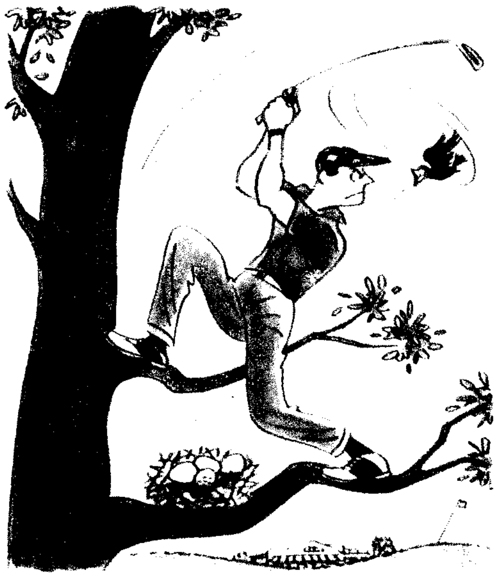
may surprise you. Here are 25 questions and answers that will test your knowledge

12. ***I play my opponent's ball by mistake in the fairway, and he plays mine. Should we swap balls and go back to where they first lay?***

No. You automatically lost the hole for playing the wrong ball, even though your opponent did the same later. There is no penalty, however, if you play a wrong ball in a hazard, provided you then play your own, since the rules do not permit you to pick up a ball in a hazard in order to identify it. (Rules 21-2 and 23-2)

13. ***My ball starts to roll down a hill toward out-of-bounds. I hit it while it is moving. My opponent says I violated the rules. Is he right?***

Yes. You lose the hole. (Rule 25-1)



What rules apply when ball alights in tree?

14. ***My shot lands in shallow water off a beach. There is a stiff wind and it looks as if the waves and wind will move the ball close enough to let me play it. How long may I wait?***

You may not wait at all. The penalty for delay is loss of the hole. (Rule 25-2)

15. ***What is the ruling in a match when my ball strikes***
(a) someone not connected with the match?
(b) my opponent or his caddie?
(c) me or my caddie?

(a) You play the ball where it comes to rest, without penalty. (Rule 26-1)
(b) Your opponent loses the hole. (Rule 26-2b)
(c) You lose the hole. (Rule 26-2a)

16. ***In looking for my ball, my caddie accidentally kicks it. Am I penalized?***

Yes, one stroke. You play the ball as it now lies. However, if your opponent's caddie kicks your ball in searching for it, there is no penalty against anybody, since he was doing you a courtesy in looking for your ball. You must now drop it as near as possible to the spot from which it was moved. (Rules 27-1c and 27-1b)

17. ***My opponent's ball knocks mine into the hole. What then?***

In match play, you are credited with holing out on your last stroke. In stroke play, you would be obliged to replace your ball. (Rules 35-2c and 27-3)

18. ***My opponent says that when my ball is lost, I must drop another ball near the spot where the first was lost and add a penalty stroke. Is that right?***

No. You play another ball as nearly as possible from the spot where the first ball was *played*, and add a penalty stroke. Failure to do so loses the hole. (Rule 29-1)

19. ***Thinking my drive is lost, I go back to the tee and signify my intention of driving again and accepting the attendant penalty. Before I drive, however, my caddie yells he has found my ball. May I still play it?***

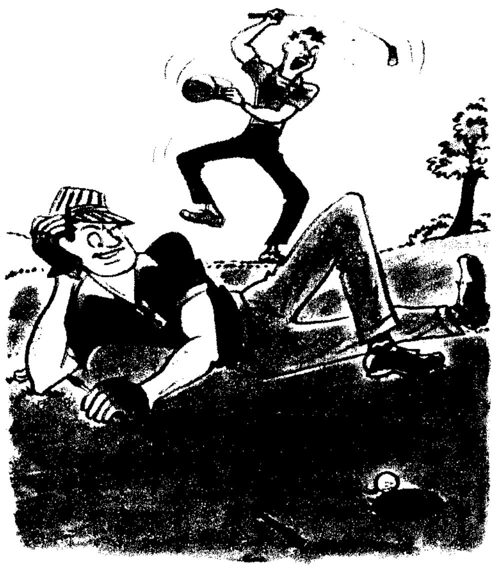
Yes, provided it was found within five minutes after the search began. (Definition 6)

20. ***My ball comes to rest in the branches of a tree, ten feet above the ground. What happens if I***
(a) try to climb the tree and the ball falls to the ground?
(b) stand on the ground and shake the tree so that the ball comes down?
(c) throw a club at the bough and knock the ball down?
(d) stand on a ladder to play the ball?
(e) climb the tree and, standing on a limb, hit the ball?

(a) You are penalized one stroke for moving the ball accidentally. (Rule 27-1c)
(b) You lose the hole for not playing the ball as it lies and for improving its position by moving something growing. (Rules 16, 17-3)
(c) You lose the hole for not playing the ball as it lies and for not striking at it fairly. (Rules 16, 19-1)
(d) You lose the hole for building a stance. (Rule 17-4)
(e) No penalty, provided you don't violate the rule which states: "Players shall at all times play without undue delay." (Rule 37-7)

21. ***My ball stops behind a young tree which is supported in part by a guy wire. The tree and the wire together interfere with my stroke. May I drop the ball away, without penalty?***

Yes. As the guy wire is artificial and qualifies as an obstruction under the rules, you may drop the ball without penalty within two club-lengths of the guy wire—but not nearer the hole than its original position. Since the tree is a natural obstacle, theoretically you are not entitled to relief from it. But if dropping the ball away from the guy wire also happens to provide relief from the tree, that's your good luck. (Definition 20 and Rule 31-2)



Ball poises on cup lip; how long do you wait?

22. ***May I lift and drop my ball from soft, mushy ground in the rough?***

Only if it lies in "casual water," which means a temporary, visible accumulation of water. Snow and ice are "casual water"; mud is not. (Definition 8, Rule 32-1a)

23. ***If my opponent is off on his putt, his ball might carom off mine, which lies just to the side of the hole, and still drop in. May I lift my ball before he plays?***

Yes. A ball on the putting green may be lifted if *either* player thinks it might help or interfere with the other. The ball must be lifted by the owner or his caddie. (Rules 35-2a and 23-1)

24. ***My opponent's ball stops on the very lip of the cup. He claims he may wait 60 seconds to see whether it will fall into the hole. Is he right?***

No. If there is any doubt whether his ball has come to rest, he is entitled to only a momentary delay—a few seconds—to settle the doubt. Otherwise, play must proceed immediately. (Rule 35-2d note)

25. ***Is it all right to play "winter rules" in the summer?***

It's not all right to play them at any time. There is no recognized code of "winter rules." The ball must be played as it lies unless there are abnormal conditions, in which case the local committee may adopt specific but temporary local rules and rescind them when conditions improve. Scores made at any time of year under local rules (generally permitting the lie of the ball to be improved) are not acceptable for handicaps under the USGA Handicap System.

ILLUSTRATED BY ABNER DEAN

Down He Goes—

Cross, holding his breath, poses for underwater portrait. He has been a deep-sea diver 20 of his 41 years. For relaxation he goes skin-diving

LAMAR BOREN

At $800 per Day

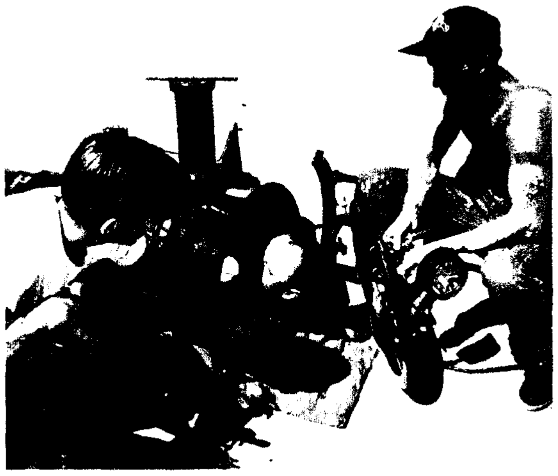
GEORGE WYCKOFF

Putting on warm clothes for a dive

By ROBERT de ROOS

E. R. Cross thrives on jobs other divers refuse, like probing [illegible] finding live shells underwater. Danger? [illegible] tangled in a [illegible] 250 feet [illegible] his suit

Jere Cross operates telephone for husband, shown about to descend



GEORGE WYCKOFF

Crewman aids as Cross enters decompression chamber to free blood of nitrogen after dive

A HALF-DOZEN khaki-clad men clustered on a barge moored on Lake Roosevelt, behind the towering Roosevelt Dam in the middle of the Arizona desert. Over the group was an air of distraction, as though each man's thoughts were far away—as though each was waiting for something to happen. Far overhead, a hawk made tight circles, a small black cross accenting the emptiness of the harsh, hot sky.

A bright-orange air compressor on the barge set up a sudden rackety chatter and abruptly subsided into silence. Two black lines, one a stout air hose, the other a rubber-covered steel cable, snaked off the barge and disappeared into the dark water filling the dam's huge, grated intake tower.

A hoarse rush of air echoed from a loud-speaker, a stertorous breathing from the deep. The tension grew. "We ought to be hearing from Cross," one of the men muttered. As if in answer, a constricted voice—a sound which divers call Mickey Mouse talk—squeaked from the loud-speaker. The men bent to catch the words. "The . . . floor . . . is . . . completely . . . gone . . ."

The voice was that of E. R. Cross, of Wilmington, California, probably the foremost diver of the country today. In 20 years of diving in the Navy and as a civilian, Cross has mastered a half-dozen trades which he plies underwater while daring the murderous physical hardships of diving. In a dangerous business, Cross specializes in the most dangerous jobs—the ones other divers turn down—relying on trained helpers, top equipment and his own courage and experience to get him back alive.

Now he was 85 feet below the surface, alone, completely cut off from the normal world of sight and sunshine and air. Lying prone in a concrete tunnel leading toward the dam, he was engulfed in a soup of algae and silt—a lonely man trying to solve a mystery in the dark.

His helmet was filled with a torrent of noise as compressed air—his life fluid—rushed down from the surface. His body felt the pressure of tons of water. He was in deep, abysmal blackness. Only his sensitive fingers, encased in clawlike diver's gloves, guided him.

Wriggling forward, he reached the first of the sluice gates. His hand touched an object which sluggishly rolled away. Slowly, in the darkness, Cross pursued it. His fingers felt out its shape. It was a steel roller fallen from the gate. He reported to the engineers listening above, then gingerly pushed his weight against the damaged sluice gate. It seemed firm. With concentrated caution, he slipped under the 18-ton gate, hanging like some monstrous guillotine above him. He knew that if the broken gate slammed behind him, this underwater crypt, so far from the eyes of man, would be his tomb.

Shouting above the rushing air, he reported what his sensitive fingers told his brain: the tunnel was pitted where chunks of concrete had spilled down toward the generators in the powerhouse. The engineers nodded: now they knew what they had to do. Down below, in his black, frightening chamber, Cross, the deep-sea diver in the desert, had solved their problem.

The steady whirring of the generators in the powerhouse had been marred from time to time by an ear-splitting clamor as rocks struck the spinning water wheels. One had struck so hard that a huge generator had been lifted off its foundation.

The obvious move was to dump the water out of the 23-mile-long lake and find out what was the matter. But water is precious in Arizona. Someone suggested a diver might go below, find the trouble. It was a simple, clear-cut task: all the diver had to do was to descend 85 feet inside the intake tower and then proceed horizontally 120 feet until he was under the dam itself. But diver after diver refused the job—even at $800 a day.

"No, thanks," all of them said. And some of them added, "Why don't you call Cross?" So finally, the engineers reached Cross—Ellis Royal Cross, who goes by the initials, E. R., and prefers to be called by his last name.

He is the man to see if you have a tough job of work to do underwater. He enlisted in the Navy instead of finishing high school and, just as the recruiting posters promised, learned a trade and saw the world. He left the Navy after 14 years (as a lieutenant jg) to direct his own school of diving.

As a diving instructor, Cross was a great success. Although his students occasionally blacked out in pressure tests, became raving claustrophobes, lost consciousness in deep descents and fouled in wrecks, the school had a phenomenal safety record: in 100,000 diving hours, students suffered only three broken bones. No student was killed and only three graduates have since died while diving.

But Cross closed the school a few months ago. "Sooner or later, the law of averages was going to catch up with us and we would have lost some students," he says. "The school took up twelve hours a day of my time; now I can concentrate on writing a series of instruction manuals on diving and can take some high-paying jobs involving underwater television and other photography."

In his spare time, Cross often goes skin-diving off Santa Catalina or San Clemente Island. He's been skin-diving since 1935, enjoys it, and has written a manual of underwater safety for followers of the sport. His business-hours diving, however, is no sport. The Roosevelt Dam assignment was only one of dozens which have taken Cross into the sinister underwater world where the slightest mistake may mean death. Most of the time, Cross works in waters where the sun's rays never penetrate, in the blue muds of the sea and the tawny silt of desert reservoirs.

"A light would do no good," Cross says. "The water is like a fog and light diffuses so quickly it's worse than useless. And a light means you have another line to drag around—another chance to get yourself fouled below." (Cross has become so used to working by feel that he even does it ashore. He never has to look at what he's doing while using a screw driver, a wrench or a hammer. He frequently walks around his shop and home in the dark. He's the ideal man to have around when a fuse blows and the lights go out.)

Cross has survived a thousand dives into this cruel element where man is not designed to be—an eerie, spectral world where a diver clings to a bubble of air like a water spider, where pressures of a hundred tons press against his body.

He has had the bends a score of times. He has

LAMAR BOREN

Wearing frogman-type suit

One of Cross's narrowest escapes took place in thre

"blown" to the surface in his inflated diver's suit to escape greater hazard below. He has fought off the strange and menacing exhilaration of the affliction called nitrogen narcosis. He has escaped the fate divers fear most—the flesh-tearing, bone-breaking "squeeze" (caused by a sudden reduction in air pressure in the diver's suit; then the tremendous outside pressure of the water can force a diver's whole body into his helmet). Although he works with death looking over his shoulder, Cross carries only a $10,000 GI policy—it's all he thinks he needs and he'd have to pay premium rates for any more—and no hospitalization insurance. "Very few divers go to hospitals," he says. "When something bad happens, they usually die."

Every time he descends, a diver must carefully compute the arithmetic of survival. Below the surface, he breathes atmospheric gases under great pressure. As he comes up again, the gases his body has absorbed must be released slowly; otherwise, they form minute bubbles in his blood stream and body tissues—a state called the bends, which causes extreme pain at the least, and possibly death.

"It's like opening a bottle of soda pop," Cross explains. "If the bottle is opened slowly enough, the gas comes to the surface without excessive bubbling—it is properly decompressed."

The body's capacity for decompression has been carefully charted for various depths. A diver working for more than 25 minutes at 250 feet must spend at least four hours and 59 minutes aboard a decompression stage, stopping at various depths during his ascent, for decompression.

A diver's job has been called the most difficult in the world. There are compensations, of course. It is an exciting calling, and it pays well: Cross figures he can make a good living (about $10,000 annually) doing only ten of the tough jobs a year.

Every job is different. Cross has floundered at the bottom of a New Jersey river—in a welter of old corsets, beer cans, scrap metal and garbage—searching for engraving plates and negatives of counterfeit sugar and gasoline ration stamps. (He and other Navy divers found the plates and negatives, and the counterfeiters later went to prison.)

He was a member of the Navy salvage team which inspected the sunken fleet after the Bikini atom-bomb tests—removing instruments from the stricken vessels and helping to raise submarines. He worked for a time on the French liner Normandie, while she was capsized at a New York pier.

E. R. Cross, now forty-one, is not a flamboyant man, for all the adventures he has had. He is five feet ten and three-quarters inches tall and appears slight although he weighs a solid 180 pounds. He has gray-green eyes, thinning hair and is a friendly, smiling fellow. On the job, he is quiet and thorough. There is no horseplay. His wife, Jere Lee, says, "A man grows up when he works with Cross."

Jere Lee Montgomery was entertaining with a trio of girls in Kelly's Ritz in Panama City when Cross first saw her in 1941. "It wasn't easy for a white-hat sailor, but I finagled around until I got an introduction to her," Cross says. "He was so shy, it was funny," says Jere Lee. "He said, 'Just call me Cross,' when we were introduced and I've been calling him that ever since."

It was not until 1944 that Cross and Jere Lee got together in New York and were married. She has become proficient as phone operator on the diving barges and Cross relies on her heavily. "She's always cheery when the going is toughest," he says.

Although he has had plenty of experience in the open ocean, Cross has performed some of his most spectacular dives in high mountain lakes and desert reservoirs. "Recently," he grins, repeating the old pun, "it's been one dam job after another."

One of his closest calls came while he was working in only three feet of water. In addition, however, he was working under three feet of ice—in the rushing Saskatchewan River. A construction company had built a large concrete pad under the water to serve as a base for water intake pipes. On the downstream edge of the pad was a line of steel pilings. The river ice was about ready for the spring breakup and the contractor feared the rushing floes would knock over the pilings and pry up the concrete. So they called for Cross to remove the pilings, which were no longer needed.

The current was so swift under the ice that Cross had to wedge himself into a specially built frame to maintain stability. Men were posted upriver to warn when the ice started to break up. In the icy blackness where he worked, Cross could not see his cutting torch, so he guided it by sound and feel, directing the flame with his fingers. Day after day, his gloves were almost burned off.

Ice Floes Completed Steel-Cutting Job

He found the last piling unusually stubborn. Working against time in his underwater deep freeze, he seemed unable to cut through the last bit of high-tensile steel. Then, from far up the river, the shouts began: the ice was breaking up. Cross felt the rumble as he worked, pushing his torch against the unyielding steel. He was still trying to cut through the final inch when his crewmen unceremoniously yanked him up through the hole in the ice. The snarling floes struck the remaining pile and nipped it off cleanly as a melodramatic finish to the dash for safety.

In the summer of 1953, a truck and trailer loaded with 16 tons of live, fused 105-mm. howitzer shells missed a curve and took a long dive into Mountain Dell Reservoir, part of the Salt Lake City water system. The wreckage lay near the dam and there was the chilling possibility that something would detonate the load and sweep away the barrier. Grappling failed to locate the trailer and a hurry call was put in for Cross.

Cross was assured the shells would be found intact in their crates inside the trailer. But with the pessimism of experience, he took no chances. Before he accepted the job, he went to Fort MacArthur, near his home, and took a short course on the 105-mm. shell. He worked with dummy shells with his eyes closed until he was certain he could cope with them underwater in the dark.

Once at the job, Cross lowered himself to the 80-foot bottom of the lake. Lying full length in the muck, moving his arms and feet warily, he confirmed his worst fears. When the trailer dived off the road, the crated shells had broken through its top. They had hit the water ahead of the trailer—which had then rolled over them, smashing many of the crates.

Cross found himself right in the middle of a nightmare. Damaged crates and very live, touchy shells lay in perilous confusion. Many shells stood upright, only their ugly, loaded snouts sticking out of the mud. "Those singles were the worst," Cross recalls. "Whenever I found one, I had to get it out right away because I couldn't risk moving around them." Holding one hand over the fused nose to keep from setting it off accidentally, he dug each shell out with a tire iron, ever-so-carefully loaded it into a bag and ordered it hauled above. After the shells reached the surface, an ordnance officer detonated many of them on the shore. He judged them too dangerous to handle, after Cross had wrestled with them in the dark.

For 18 consecutive days (with touches of the bends every day after the sixth), Cross "scrounged around on the bottom" in a tangle of deadly shells and splintered crates. Mrs. Cross handled the topside telephone on that job and she still shudders as she recalls those nerve-racking days. "I'd just sit there with my head on the telephone, tears running down my cheeks, waiting to hear what Cross was doing. The digging was the worst. Cross would say, 'Oh-oh, I've found another little gem,' and then you'd hear the clank of the tire iron against the rocks. Every minute I expected to hear the explosion which would mean the end of Cross.

"One day there was a terrible noise and a big geyser of water shot up over the barge," Mrs. Cross says. "Everyone thought a shell had gone off. Then I realized the air line had been cut by the jagged metal of the wrecked trailer. Cross told me, very calmly, to pull him up at 25 feet a minute and get another length of hose coupled on when the cut section was above water."

A sudden silence had told Cross—who was inside the trailer—that his air line had been severed. He quickly closed the valves on his helmet to conserve the air in his suit, knowing he had between seven and ten minutes before he blacked out. "It took me about three minutes to get clear so I could be lifted," he says.

Finally, the job was finished—and Cross felt he had earned his $640-a-day fee. "A few days later we read in the paper that one of our shells had exploded while being unloaded from a truck and three people were killed," Cross says soberly.

Deep jobs are particularly dangerous. Enormous pressures crush against a diver's body. Nitrogen narcosis is an always-present danger. "I've never taken dope," Cross says, "but I imagine nitrogen narcosis produces a similar feeling. You feel terrific and figure you can handle anything, but your reactions are slowed down. The fellow who says, 'Nitrogen narcosis doesn't bother me,' is going to be killed. He's like a drunk who figures he can drive a car."

When a small plane fell into Lake Tahoe, one of the world's deepest lakes, which straddles the California-Nevada border 6,000 feet in the High Sierra, Cross was asked to try to recover the pilot's body. The Navy furnished equipment and topside personnel.

Everything went wrong from the start. There

LAMAR BOREN

A lot of equipment is needed to keep a diver underwater. Cross had to buy all this himself

was no barge, so life rafts were lashed together as floating platforms for the compressor and other gear. The spot where the plane went down was vaguely marked and even that guide was eliminated when a very proud lake dweller pulled up the marker and brought it to Cross. "You fellows forgot this," he explained happily.

The Navy crew dragged the lake with grapnels and finally hooked onto something which felt as if it might be the plane. Cross descended into an eerie world of underwater mountains, complete with boulders, gullies and steep canyons. There had been a five-day delay by then, and Cross was tense. "I went down too fast," he recalls, "and I must have been pretty close to blacking out. When I snapped out of it, I found myself floating a few feet above the bottom, at about 240 feet. I had too much air in my suit, and I was lucky I didn't blow to the surface. From that depth, it might have killed me." The grapnel had hooked a rock.

Before beginning his long ascent to the surface, Cross felt his way along the bottom and discovered he was standing on the edge of an abyss which plunged to unknown depths. If the plane had fallen into these deeps, he knew, there was no chance of finding it.

On the second day underwater, Cross felt the first symptoms of nitrogen narcosis, so he exerted, he thought, extra care. But as he wrestled the grapnel loose from another rock, he lost his balance and fell backward, tearing the palm of his right glove. Slowly, the icy water of the lake seeped into his suit.

When Cross reached the 50-foot decompression level, his air suddenly cut off. (He found out later that an order had been missed topside.) Air pressure had kept all but a trickle of water from his suit. Now, with the life-giving stream cut off, cold Lake Tahoe water poured in. His air was restored within a minute, but it was too late to do anything about his suitful of water.

Topside, the diving officer decided to move the barge closer to shore so Cross could be hustled into a decompression chamber and dry clothes. But there was an explosion and fire which disabled the outboard engines—and the improvised diving barge drifted out of control.

With Cross dangling from his improbable underwater trapeze, the barge moved heavily toward the rugged shore. Cross was hastily raised to 20 feet, ahead of schedule. By this time, there was enough light for him to see and he dodged boulders, and kicked himself away from clinging outcroppings as he was dragged over the shelving bottom. As the barge moved in, out of control, Cross was pulled up to the 10-foot level, dangerously ahead of time.

Finally, the drifting barge nudged land. The news was bad. The decompression chamber had been damaged and was useless. Cross was kept at 10 feet for an extra half hour, getting colder by the second. He was pulled out finally after three hours and 20 minutes in the cold water.

Cross got into warm clothes and considered his plight. He had the choice of putting on a diving suit and going back in the water for a minimum of seven hours' decompression or trying to walk off the bends ashore. He took one look at the leaden water and decided to take his chance with the bends. The bends arrived, all right, but it was not a severe case, and within a few hours Cross was normal.

That was the end of that job. "You don't like to give up," Cross says, "but I felt there was so little chance of finding the plane that it was useless to try."

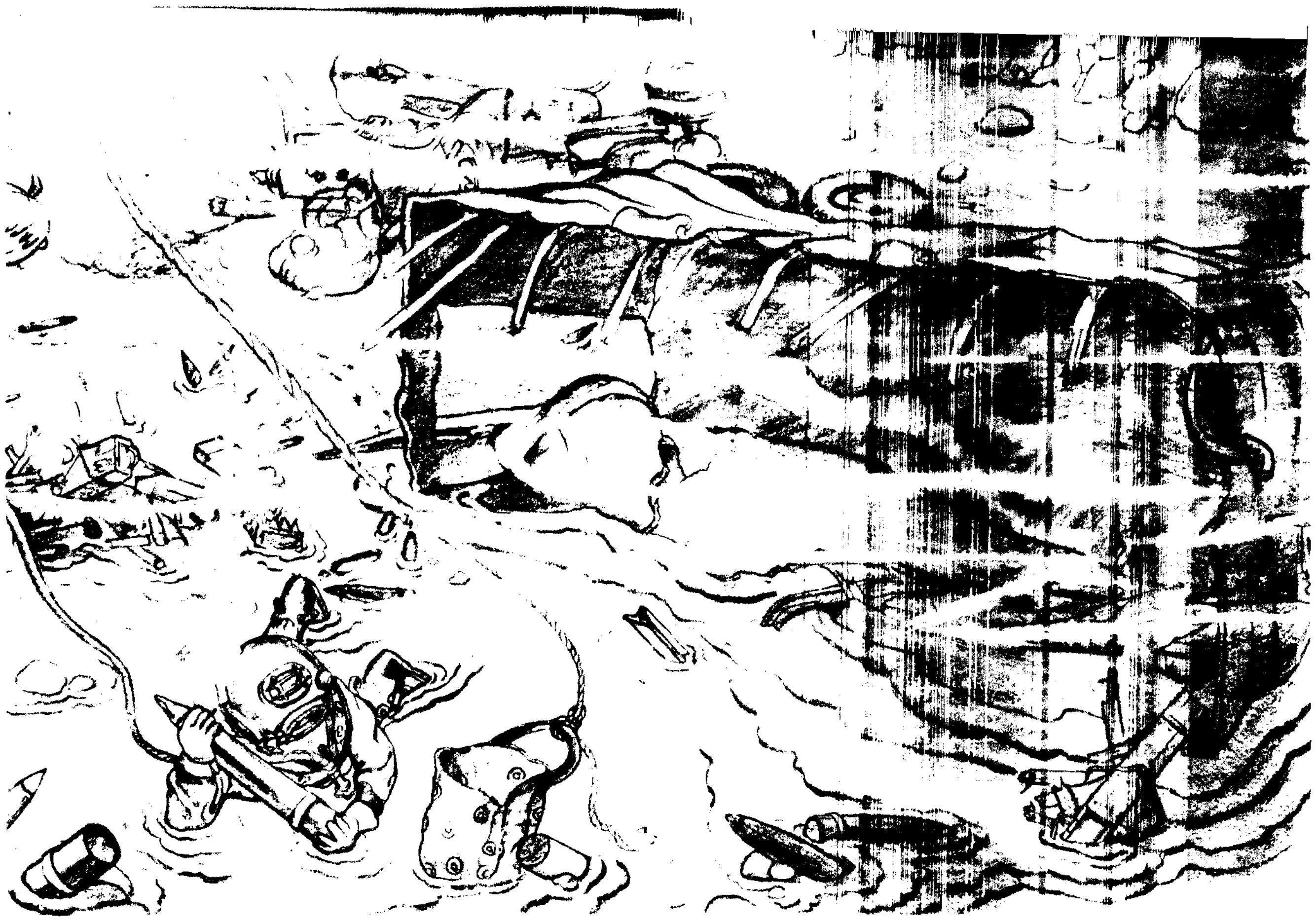
Cross has been diving for 20 years. But one of his most recent jobs proved the toughest of all. For one thing it was deep—250 feet—and replete with the unforeseen mishaps which can grow into tragedy.

His task was to inspect the trash screens in front of the sluices at Horse Mesa Dam, 63 miles from Phoenix, Arizona. On his first dive, he had submerged only 30 feet when his air became fouled with smoke. He was assured everything was shipshape. At 100 feet, Cross was getting profoundly dizzy. At 230 feet, he was a very sick man, turning on his life line like a plumb bob.

Barely conscious, he asked to be pulled up. "I had the most terrible headache I've ever had," he says, "a real skull popper—a carbon-monoxide headache, and there is nothing worse." Once on the surface, he found that paint on the new compressor was burning and the fumes had been sucked into his air line.

On his third dive, he went to 252 feet—and the extra two feet of depth made an almost life-or-death difference, even though he stayed under water for two hours and 27 minutes for decompression. At the 30-foot level, he began to get twinges of the bends.

When he got to the surface, his vision was blurred. He had a severe pain in his knees and he ached deep in the marrow of his bones. Cross tried to walk off his aches and pains but it was no use. "The pain was excruciating," he says. "Something like rolling your nerve ends between your fingers."



Most ticklish job, as sketched by Cross: removing 105-mm. shells from an overturned truck at the bottom of a Utah reservoir. Cross placed ammunition in bags to be hauled to the surface

Under Care of the "Iron Doctor"

Cross was inserted into the tiny portable decompression chamber, which is six feet four inches long, 23 inches wide at the shoulders and 14 inches wide at the toes. When he was securely battened in, the pressure was gradually increased. He was "sent down" to the 30-foot level and his symptoms almost disappeared. He went down to 50 feet for insurance. The "Iron Doctor" did its work: he felt no pain at all. He spent seven hours in the chamber, and took the next day off.

On his final dive at Horse Mesa, Cross threw a scare into the men on the surface. His voice came squeaking over the phone. "I'm having a ball," Cross said. "One hell of a ball." Then he began to giggle.

The man at the phone shuddered. A diver who swears and laughs when he is 250 feet underwater might be succumbing to nitrogen narcosis. He listened as the laughter came to a chattering stop.

Down below, Cross suddenly realized he was laughing and 20 years of diving told him it was a bad sign. He certainly had nothing to laugh about. Half swimming, half crawling through the invisible mud, Cross had bumped into a tree trunk. Then he found he was entangled in its branches. That is when he started to laugh. "I was laughing but I was scared, too," Cross says. "At a time like that you have to *will* yourself back to sanity. My air hose was tangled in the branches. There was nothing else to do, so I sat down and broke off the branches one by one and laid them aside. And, wouldn't you know it, while I was making like a woodsman, I tore my suit and the 40-degree water started to seep in—and I had almost five hours' decompression time to do." He reached the surface without incident, however.

A couple of years ago, Cross supervised the demolition of a ship in the entrance to Los Angeles Harbor—and ran into another adventure. The Loop, an old wooden ship, had sunk in 80 feet of water, while being towed to sea for scuttling. Its upper portions were at 48 feet and considered a hazard to navigation. Cross and three other divers had to string explosives around the vessel in such a way that the superstructure could be blasted off.

Extremely heavy seas were running. The deck was covered with scrap metal which shifted erratically in the agitated water. Cross and the other divers kept releasing air to make themselves as heavy as possible in the water. With lowered pressure in their suits, it was difficult to breathe against the pressure from outside and they felt the first nudges of the squeeze. Frequently, the divers were swept off the wreck by the surge of the water. They would slither off into deeper water and, although the explosives were relatively safe, Cross says, "There is still a thrill in dropping through black water with fifty pounds of explosives wrapped in your arms."

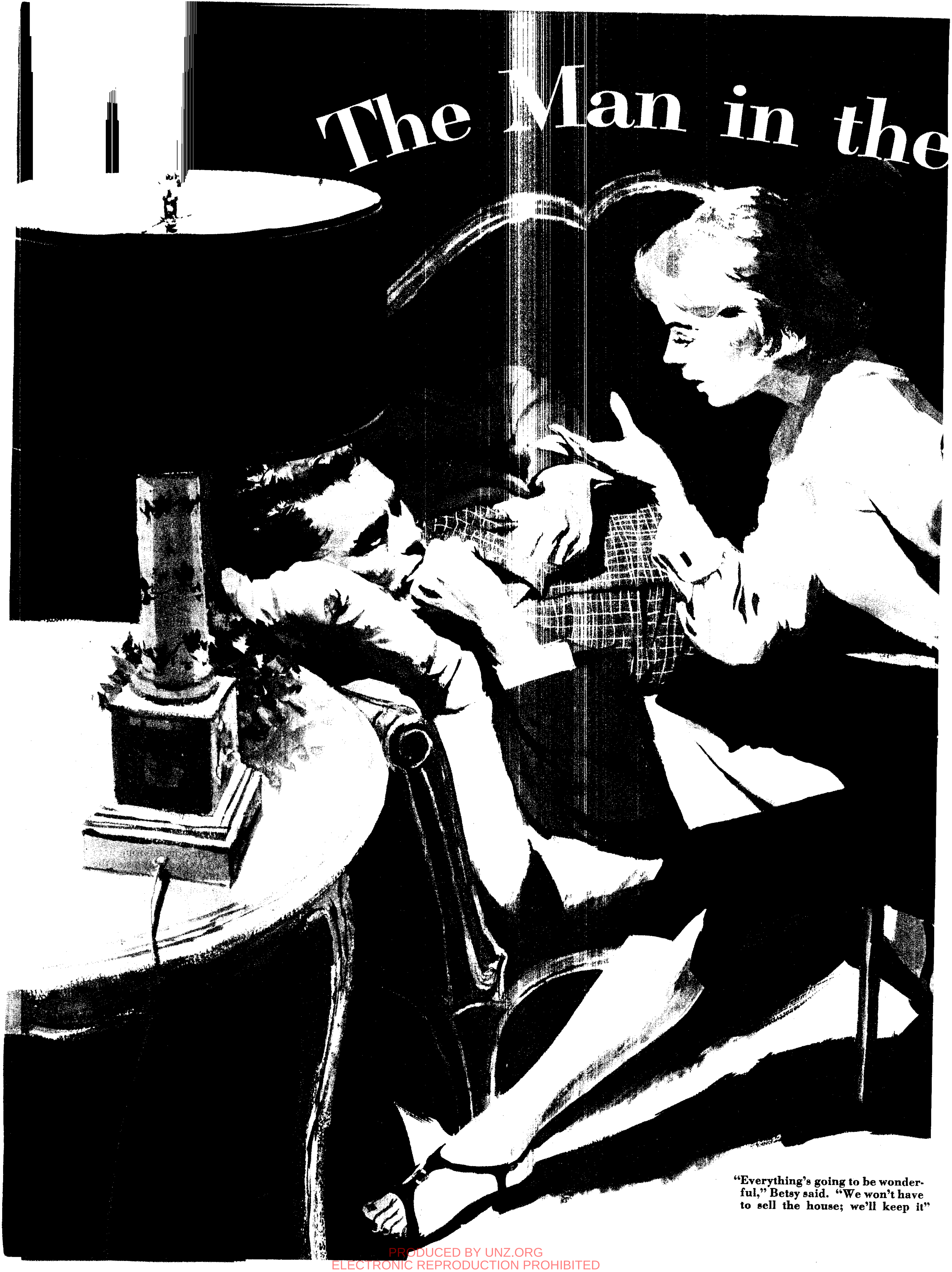
The snarling seas twice parted the mooring lines of the diving boat—once when Cross was inside the hull of the Loop. The wildly plunging boat could have snapped the divers up and down like Yo-yos, with deadly results. The tender immediately paid out all of Cross's spare line—about 400 feet—so he would not be pulled into a fouled position. Cross got clear of the wreck, shut his exhaust valves, filled his suit with air and "blew" to the surface. There he lay helpless, like a roly-poly inflated doll until he could be rescued and sent down again for proper decompression.

Cross dived twice a day on the Loop job. He came up from every dive black and blue, with half-inch welts on his body where the seams of his diver's dress had pressed against him. It took five days to finish up.

There seems to be no happy medium in diving. A diver's daily companions are severe headache, mental and physical exhaustion and bends in various degrees. At the very least, a diver's feet always hurt after a dive. The tremendous pressure of the water plasters his canvas boots tight against his flesh, raising painful welts. Divers are a tough breed, however, and take all this in stride.

"You never ask a diver how he feels," Cross says. "You ask him where he hurts." ▲▲▲

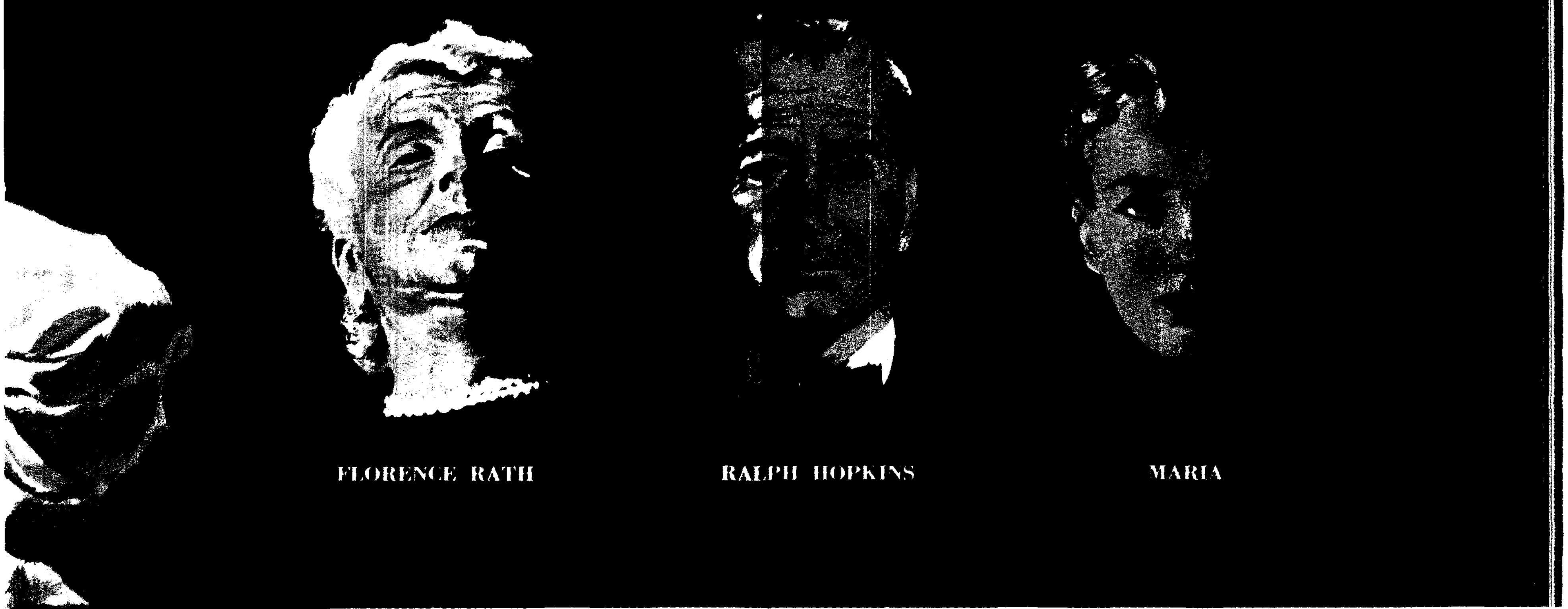
The Man in the



"Everything's going to be wonderful," Betsy said. "We won't have to sell the house; we'll keep it"

Gray Flannel Suit

This is the Literary Guild novel everyone will be talking about—
the story of an ambitious young man who was thwarted by his past


FLORENCE RATH

RALPH HOPKINS

MARIA

By SLOAN WILSON

BEGINNING A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

WHEN Tom Rath stepped off the train at Westport that night, his pace quickened at the sight of Betsy. After almost twelve years of marriage, he was still not quite used to his good fortune at having acquired such a pretty wife. There was always a temptation for him to say to her, "How beautiful you are!" when he saw her after being away for the day, but he didn't, because long ago she had said, "Don't keep telling me I'm pretty. I've been told that ever since I was twelve years old. If you want to compliment me, tell me I'm something I'm not. Tell me that I'm a marvelous housekeeper, or that I don't have a selfish bone in my body."

Now he hurried toward her. "Hi!" he said. "How did things go today?"

"Not so well," she replied ruefully. "Barbara's got the chicken pox, and the washing machine broke down."

"Chicken pox!" Tom repeated. "Do they get very sick with that?"

"No, but according to Dr. Spock, it's messy. The other two will probably get it. And I think we're going to have to buy a new washing machine."

They climbed into their old sedan. On the way home they stopped at a drugstore, and Tom bought Barbara a toy lamb. Barbara was six and wanted nothing but toy lambs. When they got to Greentree Avenue, the little house looked more monotonous than usual, and Tom saw that the front lawn needed cutting.

Janey, followed by little Pete, ran to meet him as he opened the front door. "Barbara's got the chicken pox, and we're *all* going to get it!" she said delightedly. "Mother says so!" Then she saw the parcel he was holding in his hand. "What's that?" she demanded.

"A present for Barbara because she's sick."

"That's not *fair!*" Janey said, and began to howl. Without making any inquiries, Pete began to howl too, and Janey said, "You always bring her presents and you never bring me any."

"No television!" Betsy said. "If you children don't stop this nonsense immediately, no television for a week."

Redoubled howls came from Janey and Pete, until Betsy relented on condition that they both be quiet for the rest of the evening. Mournfully the children followed Tom upstairs. He found Barbara in bed, with her small face already a mass of sores. "Did you bring me a present?" she asked eagerly.

He gave her the parcel. "A *(Continued on page 74)*

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

Lightning

By ALFRED M. LANSING

A thunderstorm is 100 times more potent than an atom bomb, yet essential to life. Science is studying the phenomenon—and uncovering some fascinating facts

AS YOU read these words, approximately 3,600 thunderstorms are lashing the earth. In the time required to take a breath, 100 bolts of lightning are searing through the air somewhere. And so it has always been, 24 hours a day, winter and summer, year in and year out, through all of time since the world began.

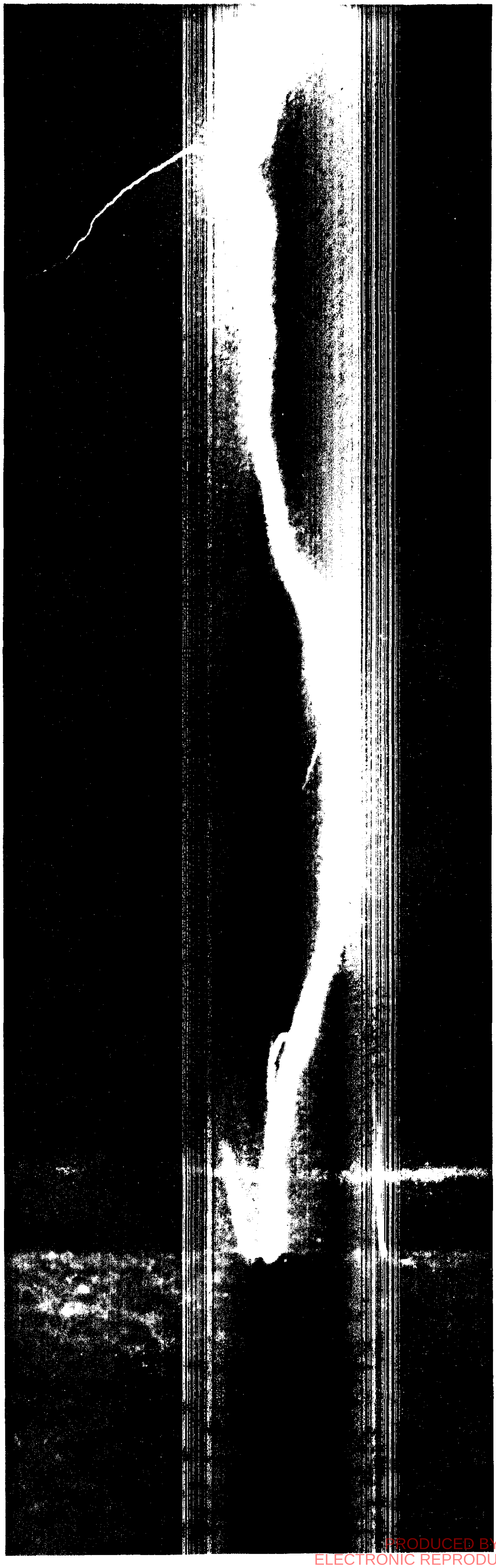
Why? Nobody really knows, exactly.

Even though man has been aware of lightning since long before he took to walking on his hind legs (pictures of lightning were drawn by cave men), our understanding of what it is and how it works has been meager. Research dealt only with isolated aspects, such as Ben Franklin's kite-flying experiments which proved that lightning is electrical in nature. Now, however, investigations into the whole subject of thunderstorms and lightning are under way, and we may at last be on the threshold of full understanding.

We already know certain facts. We know that one good-sized thunderstorm is theoretically more powerful than any other single force except another thunderstorm—100 times more potent than a Hiroshima-size atomic bomb. We know that thunderstorms, aside from their rain-giving properties, are as vital to the preservation of life on earth as air itself, or the sun, or water. It's true that every year lightning kills more people in the United States than all other major natural disasters put together. But it also plays a well-nigh indispensable part in producing our food. And we know that if we ever had to retaliate with bombs for an attack on this country, lightning could play a vital role in making our counterattack successful.

These are but a few of the interesting side lights in the unfolding story of lightning. And the more we learn, the more fascinating the story becomes—partly because along with its tremendous strength lightning seems also to have a whimsical nature that delights in playing pranks.

There was the time it hit a horse standing in his stall in northern New York State—and knocked off his shoes but left him otherwise unhurt. Once it hit a Baltimore woman lying in bed with her hair up in bobby pins. The lightning turned the bobby pins into miniature curling irons, gave the woman a permanent wave, but did no other harm. Another time it smacked into the home of an Indianapolis man, went straight to a bedroom closet, hit a metal container in which the man had hidden $3,000 in cash and a diamond ring—disintegrated the container and its contents, without harming anything else. Lightning once struck a house in Turkey, raced out to the kitchen and didn't bother a single object except some eggs sitting in a bowl. It cooked them. In Springwater,



GENERAL ELECTRIC

Snapped from only hundred feet away at New Jersey beach, this is believed to be closest-range photo ever taken of a lightning bolt. Contrary to popular belief, lightning usually leaps from the ground toward thundercloud above

Campbell's
BIG FAMILY SIZE
PORK & BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's

It's a proud day for Miss Bright Eyes. You've told her she can fix lunch. Like any woman, she is pleased to please, so she's already made up her mind and her menu . . . Campbell's Pork & Beans. It's such a wise choice *because* . . .

1. Only the very finest beans, an extra-special tomato sauce, and lean, lean bacon pork are used and *because* . . .

2. Campbell's renowned chefs cook, blend, and pamper these prime ingredients until there's nothing left to do but serve and enjoy them.

So it's no mystery, is it, why folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's?

3 SIZES TO CHOOSE FROM:
regular, large, and the big family size

New York, a bolt struck a potato patch and roasted the potatoes soft enough to mash.

Last March, a streak of lightning hit a church belfry in Frostburg, Maryland, short-circuited a recorded electrical chimes mechanism, and announced its presence to the town with a predawn hymn recital which included Be Still My Soul, Jesus Is Tenderly Calling, and other selections. A New Jersey farmer, sitting in his living room, got in the way of a bolt which hit the lamp by which he was reading. The lightning gave him a crew cut (it singed his hair to within a quarter inch of his scalp) and a bad scare, but otherwise didn't hurt him.

WHEN lightning is not in a playful mood, however, the results of its whims are often tragic. Once it struck an airliner over Brazil, causing an explosion which killed 25. On another occasion, it detonated a charge of dynamite placed in a rock being removed from the St. Lawrence River channel near Brockville, Ontario. The ship doing the work, the rock, and the entire shoal it rested on were wiped out and 30 men were killed. One of the most fearful incidents occurred when lightning struck a church in Czechoslovakia and killed 27 worshipers, electrocuting a number of them as they clutched the altar rail in prayer.

Occurrences like these, repeated year after year, have made man afraid, and have caused him to turn to the supernatural for an explanation. The resulting folklore and misinformation about lightning would fill volumes. You've probably heard the rules for when a thunderstorm is in the vicinity:

Don't open any windows, because lightning will follow a draft. Don't use the telephone, because lightning can hit the wire and travel along it into your ear. Don't turn on electric appliances, because they become an open invitation to lightning. Don't sit in your automobile, because cars are excellent targets for lightning . . .

Pure bunk—all of it.

There are other misconceptions, too—that there's a special kind of lightning called heat lightning (actually, it's just the reflection of distant lightning on the clouds, so far away that you can't hear the thunder), and that lightning never strikes the same place twice (it may strike a particularly good target as many as a dozen times in a single storm).

The truth about lightning is, if anything, even more interesting than the folklore.

Lightning begins under your feet and over your head—in the earth, its atmosphere and even in the ionosphere, that huge cushion of gases that surrounds the earth from about 200,000 feet on up to 200 miles. Generally speaking, the atmosphere and the ionosphere are positively charged, whereas the earth is negatively charged. But the atmosphere and ionosphere bleed off electricity to the earth at such a rate that, if nature would permit it, almost their entire charge would be lost in a few minutes. But nature won't stand for that kind of electrical vacuum—and that's where the thunderstorm comes in. Each of the 3,600 thunderstorms going on around the earth all the time is like a generator, pumping electricity upward into the atmosphere, and thence on its way to the ionosphere to preserve the balance of nature.

Thunderstorms serve another purpose, too. Dr. Ross Gunn, assistant chief and director of physical research of the U.S. Weather Bureau, says there is some expert speculation that were it not for thunderstorms, the pollution in the air from dust, smoke and other foreign matter would increase alarmingly and might even reach a level that could cause death. The theory, Gunn says, is that the dust is precipitated by the electrical storm much as smoke coming out of the chimneys of large industrial plants is controlled by the famous Cottrell electrostatic precipitation method. Essentially, the process involves passing an electric current through dust- or smoke-laden air or gases. The particles of pollution then become electrically charged and collect harmlessly—in the case of the chimney, on a charged rod, and in the case of the atmosphere, on the ground. The thunderstorm therefore emerges as an essential factor in the scheme of life.

Obviously, when nature brews up a thunderstorm, it's a major undertaking. If you fly into a thundercloud in the making, as airplane pilots sometimes must, you get bounced around by up- and downdrafts which occasionally reach speeds as high as 160 miles an hour, and you're bombarded by rain, ice and sometimes hailstones as big as oranges.

All that violence creates electrical energy, much as a waterfall does when it turns the turbines of an electric dynamo. At the outset, a cloud contains both positive and negative charges, more or less in balance, but the whipping action of the wind churns the cloud often to a height of seven miles where the atmosphere is extremely cold. There, through processes scientists still are studying and squabbling over, these charges are separated.

In a full-blown thundercloud, the negative charges are usually on the bottom side and the positive charges are up top. As the negative charges on the underside of the thunderhead grow stronger, they attract positive charges in the earth, which begin racing along the surface of the ground to the spot directly beneath the cloud. Billions of earth-bound charges, drawn by the attraction in the cloud above, go zipping across fields, through buildings, along wires, down roads, over bridges and—if they happen to be in the way—through horses and cows and people. You can't feel this induced charge—and, unless it gets very, very strong (strong enough to produce corona—the so-called St. Elmo's fire), you can't see it.

Electrical tension between the cloud and the ground mounts as the two opposing forces, positive and negative, strive desperately to unite and neutralize each other. The big obstruction is the air, which resists conducting electricity exactly as if it were a big insulator.

LITTLE by little, though, the attraction between the cloud and the ground wears down the resistance of the air. A few of the individual charges are actually strong enough to break free and flow invisibly through the air—just a few at first, then more and more. And as the flow increases, it gradually breaks down the air—softening it, so to speak, for what is to follow.

When the air is saturated with these charges, the lightning process occurs all in an instant. First, an invisible spear of electrons called a streamer is hurled toward the earth, plunging perhaps 150 feet before its power is spent—and creating in the air a tunnel of ionized particles capable of conducting electricity. Before it dies, another spear drives down through the channel created by the first streamer and travels about 150 feet farther, lengthening the tunnel that much more. Again and again, fresh streamers drive toward the earth; in its final stages, the process reaches such a tremendous state that it is known as an electron avalanche.

The entire process of opening up this unseen tunnel from the cloud to the ground takes only about 1/100 of a second. Sometimes the streamers drive all the way to the ground. More often they simply get close to the earth, and then it happens . . .

The return stroke—the lightning you see—jumps out of the earth and rips up through the ionized channel to meet the charges coming down from the cloud. (It's an optical illusion that lightning comes down from the sky and strikes the ground.) The stroke travels 100,000 times faster than sound, with the power of 10,000,000 locomotives and a heat greater than the measurable temperature on the surface of the sun. Behind it is a second return stroke and a third and a fourth. A single lightning discharge may have 40 or more return strokes (47 is the maximum ever recorded) although six or seven are more customary.

FROM start to finish, the entire visible discharge lasts anywhere from 1/500 of a second to 1.6 seconds, depending roughly on the number of return strokes involved.

Besides making a bright flash, the lightning causes a tremendous bang. The noise level has been estimated at up to 120 decibels, which is considerably more than the 112 decibels produced by the Air Force's new F-100 fighter revving up its jet engine on the ground 100 feet away. The F-100 is so noisy the Air Force figures the sound could actually kill anyone exposed to it for very long, "by rupturing his brain."

What causes thunder? A number of folk explanations are popular. One says it's the noise produced when two thunderclouds bump into each other. Another, which sounds altogether plausible but is wrong nevertheless, says that thunder is produced when air rushes back into the semivacuum left in the wake of a lightning bolt after it has burned through the air.

Actually, thunder is simply the electrical rending of the air—the sound produced when the zillions of electrons which comprise lightning crash into other electrons in the atmosphere during a lightning stroke. The same sort of action accounts for the noise of an atomic bomb.

Here is all this sound and fury—all this heat and power and energy. Surely it should be possible to harness it and put it to work. Theoretically, it is. But Julius H. Hagenguth, long-time manager of General Electric's High Voltage Laboratory in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who has been working with natural and man-made lightning for 20 years or more, puts it this way:

"Lightning is an erratic force. You never really know for sure where it's going to hit. An engineer might accurately predict the most probable place, and you could put up some contrivance to trap and store it—but then you'd probably sit around on your hands for 10 years before lightning decided to co-operate by smacking into the thing. Furthermore, the energy you would gather probably would hardly be worth the trouble and expense."

Men like Hagenguth have not wasted any time trying to utilize lightning. Their work has been directed mostly at defeating, or at least controlling, the destructive nature of thunderbolts, especially those that might interfere with the transmission of vital electric power.

In the early days of public utilities, it was common practice simply to shut down the system whenever lightning appeared on the scene. If you didn't shut it down yourself, lightning would very probably do it for you. Today, however, most transmission systems operate through thunderstorms as if they didn't exist.

The next time you're driving along in the country and spot the towers of a high-voltage line, note that above the power lines themselves—which are suspended from big insulators on the ends of the crosspieces—may be one or two wires strung between the towertops. They are ground wires, and their purpose is to protect the power lines, which otherwise would be a prime target for lightning. When a bolt strikes a power line, the huge lightning current rides along the line until it comes to an insulator. At that point it generally "flashes over" the insulator—that is, the electricity arcs from the wire over the insulator to the supporting crossbar and down into the ground. In old-fashioned systems, once the flashover took place, the normal line current played follow-the-leader, and continued to flow over the insulator and into the ground even after the stroke of lightning had ceased. The ground wire prevents that by absorbing the smack of the lightning stroke and carrying it to the tower, which in turn transports it harmlessly to the ground. Nowadays, there's less than one chance in 100 that a lightning stroke will produce so much as a flicker in your house lights.

Don't get the idea that everything lightning does is bad. Some of its by-products are definitely a boon.

Lightning is the world's greatest producer of nitrogen compounds, the vital soil ingredient without which most plant life on earth could not exist. As each bolt of lightning sears through the air, the terrific heat it generates unites nitrogen and oxygen chemically to form nitrogen oxide, which ultimately combines with additional oxygen and with water to become nitric acid and nitrates.

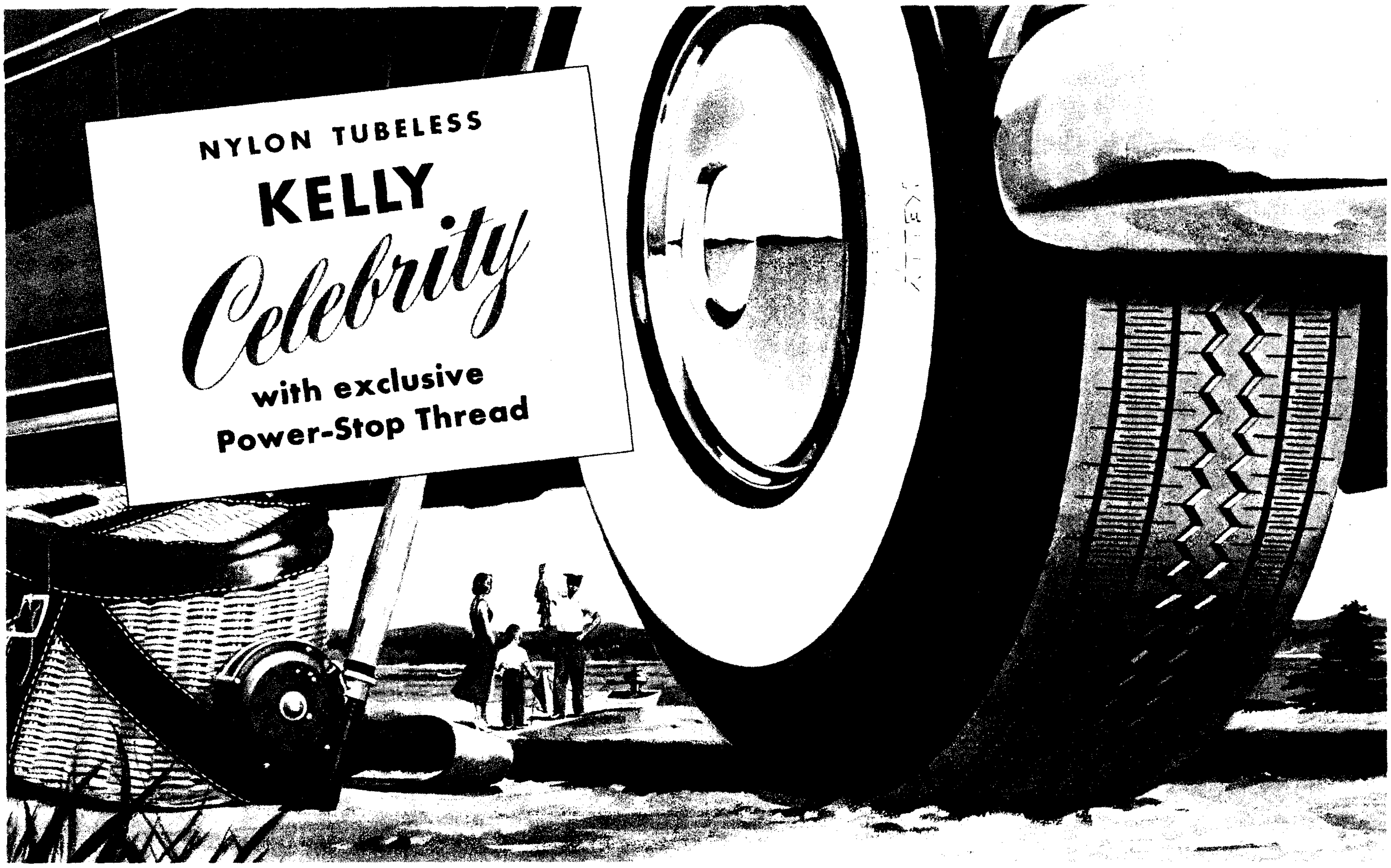
IN VERY dilute forms, these compounds fall to earth with rain, usually the rain that accompanies the thunderstorm itself. It has been estimated that over all the earth's surface, lightning annually produces up to 100,000,000 tons of nitrogen compounds. That amount of fertilizer is many, many times the quantity turned out by all the fertilizer plants in the world. It's even considered possible that without lightning, virtually all plant life on earth might actually wither and die.

Also on the credit side, lightning has prompted scientists to investigate new means of extreme long-range communications and aids to navigation.

The basis for the experiments is a familiar phenomenon—the static that sometimes interferes with radio reception. One type of interference is the low-frequency "whistler" that often begins with a "tweep!" followed by a swishing sound or a whistle. Until lately, not much was known about whistlers, but recent experiments have led to the theory that they work about like this:

Suppose a stroke of lightning hits the Washington Monument. It creates an electrical impulse (audible on the radio

Enjoy the most worry-free driving you've ever known!



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WORRY-FREE HERE!

Forget the fear of flats and dangerous roadside repairs! The Celebrity is an incomparably airtight tubeless unit, built to stop air loss from punctures and keep you rolling safely!

WORRY-FREE HERE!
LS-412

See how the special "pleats" in the exclusive Power-Stop Tread unfold into thousands of hard-gripping edges the instant you touch the brakes. You *stop*—straight, swift, sure!

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Pictured from left to right
are the NBC stars who
turn daytime into TV time on:

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Feather Your Nest
World of Mr. Sweeney
The Ted Mack Matinee
Ding Dong School
First Love
Modern Romances
The Pinky Lee Show
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A SERVICE OF RCA

Lightning once killed a cow—but didn't touch the man milking her

as the familiar "tweep!") which soars up into space—traveling, the theory says, along the well-defined lines of magnetic force which blanket the earth. In its journey, it attains a maximum height of more than 10,000 miles before following the elliptical lines of magnetic force back to the ground.

Since the paths of these lines are known, it is possible to predict the approximate landing place of the sounds they carry. A whistler which apparently did actually originate at the Washington Monument, for example, was recorded near the antarctic by the USS Atka on its recent visit to the South Polar regions.

Uses for Man-Made Whistlers?

Scientists think man-made whistlers may someday be used for communications and navigational aids—but it will take time. Right now, it is believed that electrical impulses of about the magnitude of lightning would have to be produced, which would be no small undertaking.

The study of low-frequency whistlers is one phase of the science of "sferics"—short for atmospherics. Another phase involves high-frequency, crackling, static, which was put to practical use for weather forecasting during World War II. The Allies, lacking specific information, tuned their directional radios on thunderstorms over enemy-held territory, locating them by triangulation. By tracking the storms, it was possible to follow the movement of weather fronts.

If ever our globe-circling bombers needed weather information from behind the iron curtain, quite possibly we could track the movements of lightning there and predict, with fair accuracy, what sort of weather our planes might encounter.

For all its scientific attributes, lightning to most of us is simply a fearsome force. Our fear is not without justification. In the United States in the average year about 500 persons are killed by lightning and another 1,500 are injured. That's more than twice the number killed by tornadoes, four times as many as die in hurricanes and more than six times the number who perish in floods.

An added source of fear is lightning's unpredictability. You never know for sure what it's likely to do. One bolt killed a cow in East Conway, New Hampshire, without even touching the farmer who was milking her. Another streak killed all the black sheep in a flock in Lapleaux, France, and didn't scorch a strand of wool on the white sheep in the same flock. A shepherd in Utah was knocked out by a bolt and considered himself pretty unlucky—until he looked around and found that 835 of his sheep had been killed instantly.

How can you hear a story like the following and not be impressed by the erratic nature of lightning? A bolt struck a house in which a man and his wife were sleeping. It tore through the mattress between them, singeing the woman and driving splinters from the bed into the man, smashed out the other side of the room, ran down the side of the house, crossed the road, setting the tar on fire, and ripped into a pole carrying power into the hospital. It cut the juice off in the midst of an operation, which had to be continued under light provided by emergency power. The patient did fine.

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

The fire in the road? It was extinguished by the rain which accompanied the lightning.

As unpredictable as lightning may be, it does tend to stick to a clear pattern—and it's not too hard to stay out of its way if you understand what routes it's most likely to follow.

Remember this: lightning is trying to jump between the ground and a cloud, and almost anything extending above the surface of the ground reduces by that much the amount of air through which the thunderbolt must leap. If, for example, you're standing in the middle of an airfield all by yourself, you are the highest object around, and a choice target.

Your rule of thumb, therefore, is always to give something else the honor of being the highest object in the neighborhood whenever lightning's hanging around. If you're outside, make a beeline for the nearest building, provided it has some steel in its structure (not a completely wooden affair, such as a barn with no lightning-rod system). If you can't make it to a building, find a gully or ditch, however small, and lie down in it. Stay away from trees; they're probably the favorite outdoor targets for lightning, and when a charge passes through a tree, it spills out over the surface of the ground nearby—and into you, if you're standing underneath.

Indoors (or in a car) you're usually quite safe—and your degree of safety increases proportionately with the size of the building you're in. Perhaps the safest place on earth is inside the Empire State Building, which, though it's sometimes hit a dozen times in the course of a single thunderstorm, carries the charge neatly away through its masonry-enclosed steel shell. The people inside rarely know the difference.

In your own home, just don't get too close to windows or the fireplace and you shouldn't have any trouble. (The safest place, engineers agree, is inside your furnace. They also agree that it isn't worth the bother.)

"Good news, Smurdley! Your requisition, dated 3 August 1946, re: New Swivel Chair, is included in the next budget for Congressional approval!"

COLLIER'S FRED BALK

As for using the telephone or the radio or other electrical appliances during a thunderstorm, have no fear. The 110 volts or less that travel through these instruments offer no attraction for lightning, with its million-volt potential. If a bolt is going to hit your radio it'll do so regardless of whether it's turned on.

But if you're still afraid of lightning after receiving these scientific hints, it may be reassuring to know that you have plenty of company, even among the greatest scientific minds on earth.

An illustrative incident occurred just 10 years ago this month, on Friday, the thirteenth of July, 1945. The men involved were possibly the most learned, unsuperstitious, scientific group you could find anywhere. They were the men who had designed and built the world's first atomic bomb, and on that Friday the thirteenth, their handiwork, the original A-bomb, was spread out on the desert under a 100-foot steel tower near Alamogordo, New Mexico.

It came time for Dr. Robert Bacher to put the plutonium activating core into place inside the bomb. It wouldn't fit. The core had expanded and refused to slide into position. Bacher tried again. No luck. For more than three hours he labored desperately, trying one thing and then another, but the core just wouldn't go.

Suddenly somebody looked up. In the distance was a desert thunderstorm heading for the test site.

Six Men Stayed in the Area

Brigadier General Thomas F. Farrell, who was in over-all command at the scene, immediately ordered everyone "not actually concerned with assembling the device to leave the area with all possible haste." About six men remained, including Farrell and Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who had done so much to make the atomic bomb a reality.

Bacher now worked furiously. The sky grew darker and the wind increased, kicking up little "dust devils" of sand. Still it wouldn't go.

"Finally," Farrell said, "we gave up trying and decided we'd just have to take our chances. Somebody dragged over an old Army tent and put it on top of the bomb, and we all just stood around and waited.

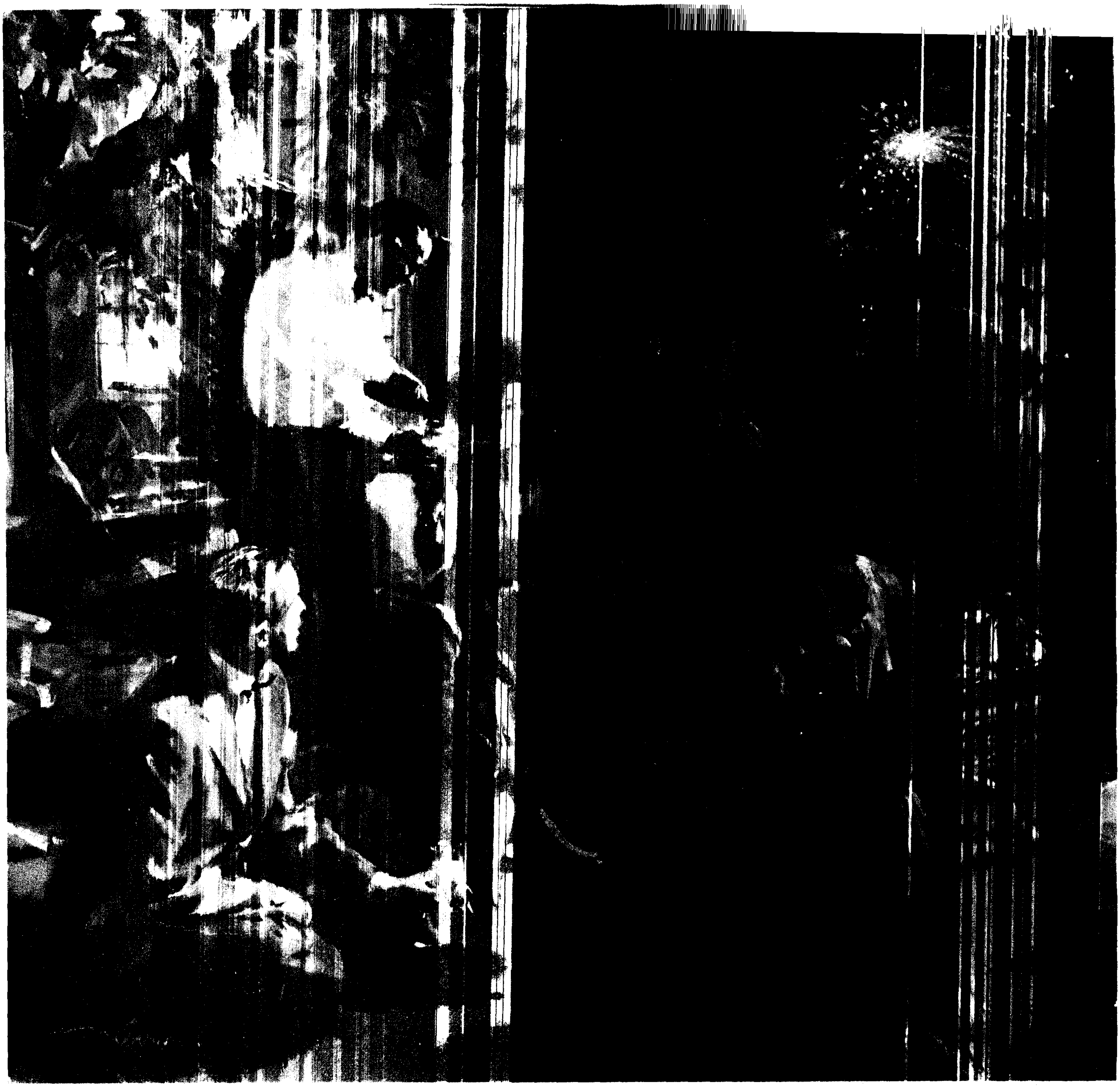
"The tower was our main worry. It was nothing more than a great big lightning rod stretching up into the air, just asking to be hit.

"I don't know how long we waited, a half hour maybe. Lightning was all over the desert, and we were more than a little concerned."

As everyone knows, the lightning didn't strike. The storm passed over, and the great scientists breathed a sigh of relief. The core cooled and slipped into place. The bomb was hoisted up the tower and three days later, on July 16, 1945, that tower disintegrated as the atomic age was born.

Could lightning have exploded the original atomic bomb? I put the question to General Farrell.

"I think it might," he replied. "But to us it wouldn't have made much difference. Whether you're killed by lightning outright, or whether you're killed when lightning explodes an atom bomb alongside you—you're just as dead either way." ▲▲▲



"Frie [illegible] Over on The Fourth" by John Gannam. *Number 109 in the series "Home Life in America"*

On an occasion like this—

What makes a glass of beer taste so good?

Malted barley and other grains—carefully selected from our country's choicest crops. The tangy hops that give beer its distinctive taste are harvested only when their flavor is at its best.

Pure clear water—pure as the finest spring water—and brewing equipment kept absolutely spotless to maintain that purity.

Important minerals—including certain basic elements our bodies use up every day—are among the natural ingredients of beer.

The way it "belongs" with the friendly informality that's so much a part of American life. No wonder beer and ale are traditionally considered *beverages of moderation.*

Beer Belongs—Enjoy It! America's Beverage of Moderation

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

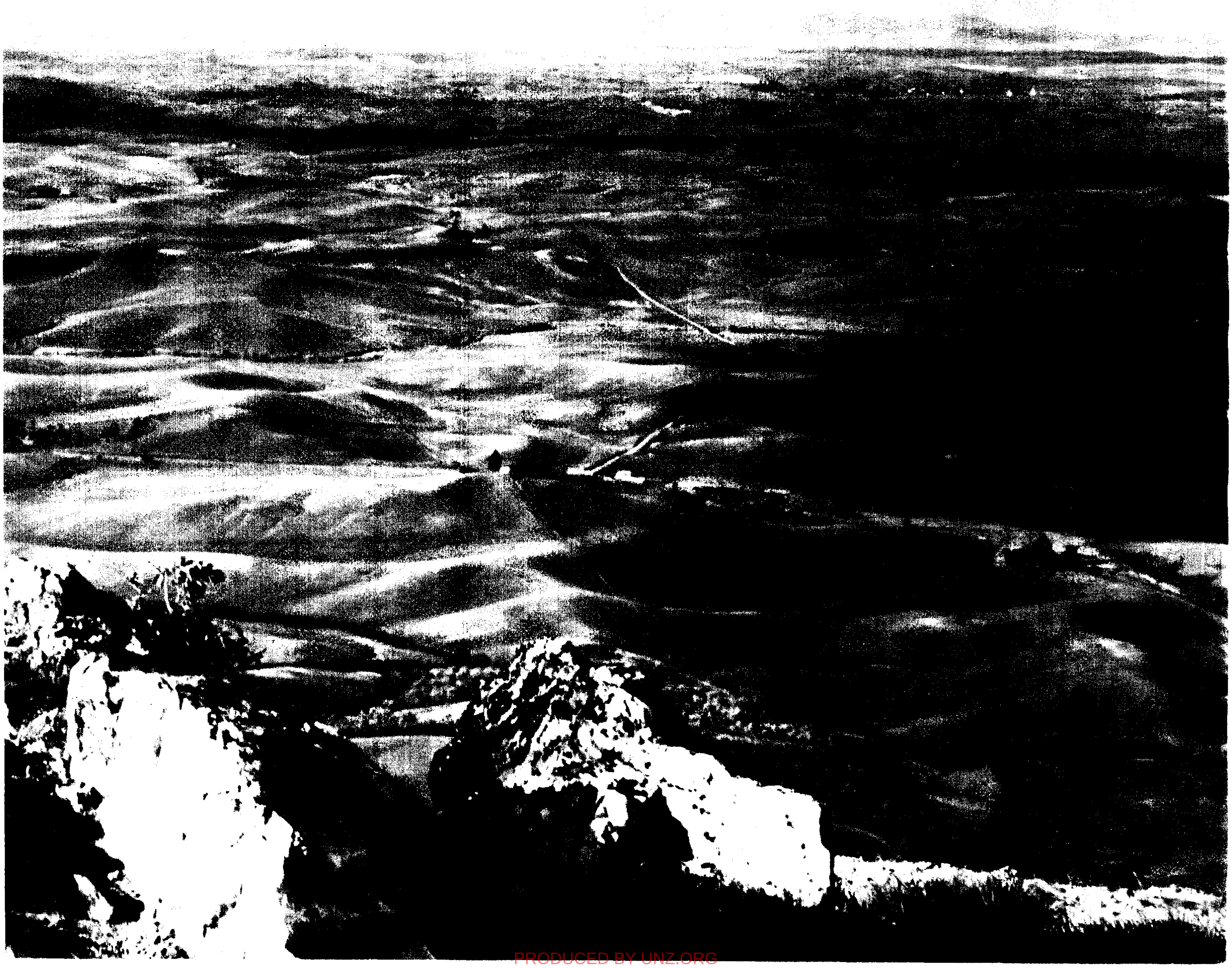
SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY

A photographic tribute to the vast, the colorful, the varied land in which freedom finds its inspirations

TEXT BY
ARCHIBALD
MACLEISH

The books are full of familiar and affectionate talk about the little lands: the countries made out of islands in the sea, or river valleys, or a circle of mountains. "Map of Ireland!" they say of a young Gael, meaning you'd know him for Irish anywhere by the light in his eyes and the set of his jaw. Nobody says "Map of America!" of any of us—not even of the slender girls with the long legs and the fine ankles who walk the streets of the world as other women never walked them. People know us well enough. They know us everywhere. They know what we are and where we come from. But nobody thinks "The map of America!" when we go by. You don't talk about continents that way. Islands, yes: a man's face can make you think of an island. But a continent is a different thing, and most of all this continent. The map of America goes on and on, as the land goes on from Steptoe Butte in Whitman County, Washington, in this picture. The map of America is a map of endlessness, of opening out, of forever and ever. No man's face would make you think of it but his hope might, his courage might.

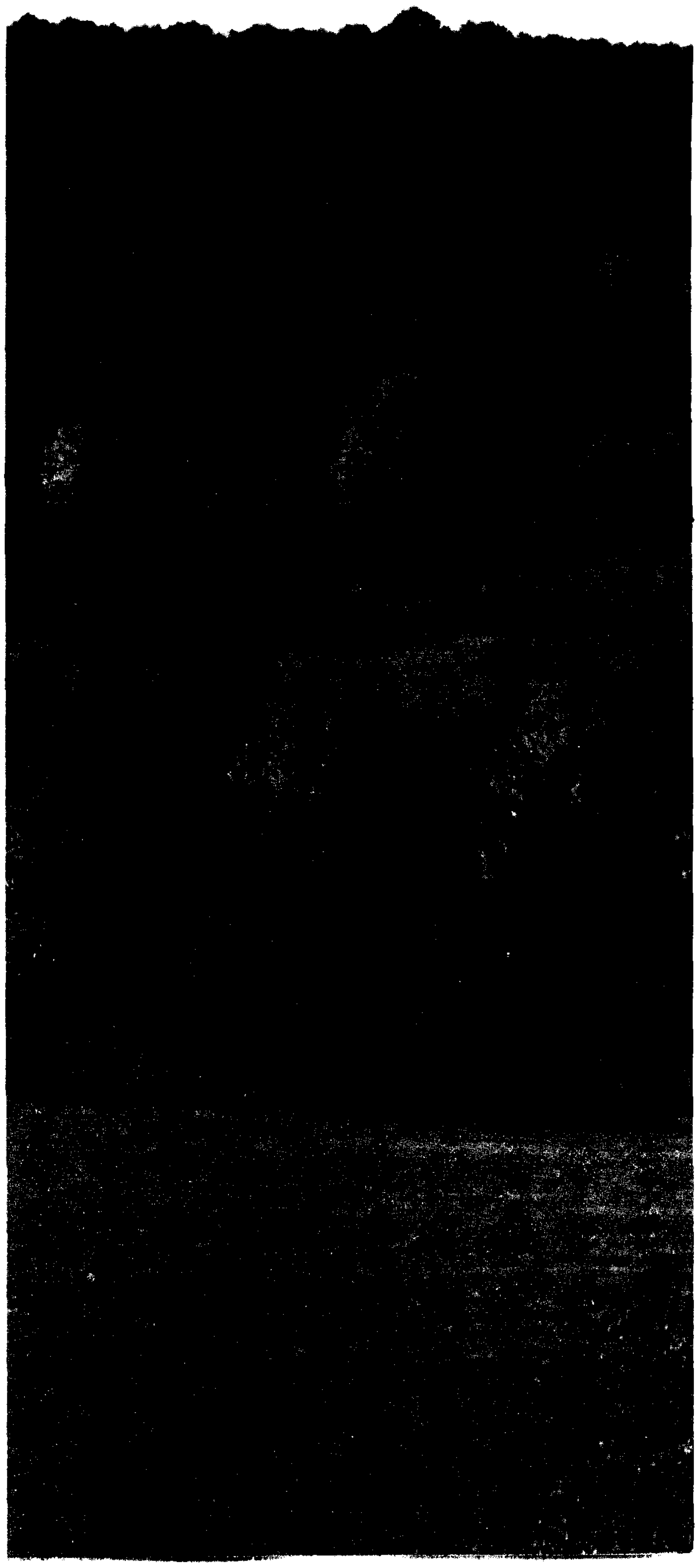
RAY ATKESON



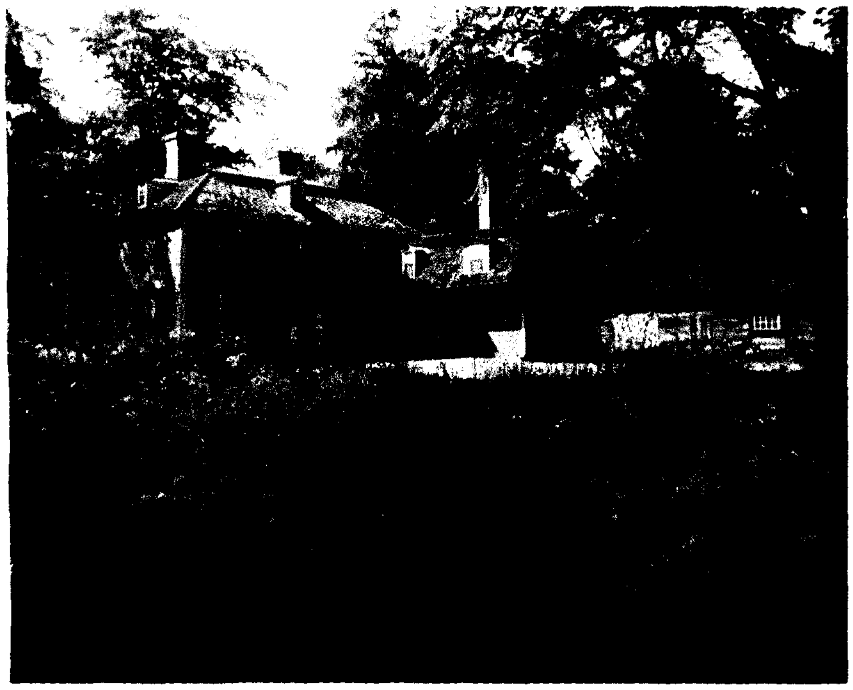
WILLIAM GARNETT

Spring has many American faces. There are cities where it will come and go in a day and counties where it hangs around and never quite gets there. Here in Virginia, spring rushes past in a line squall with summer thunder and the smell of the red earth

TOSH MATSUMOTO



ARNOLD EAGLE



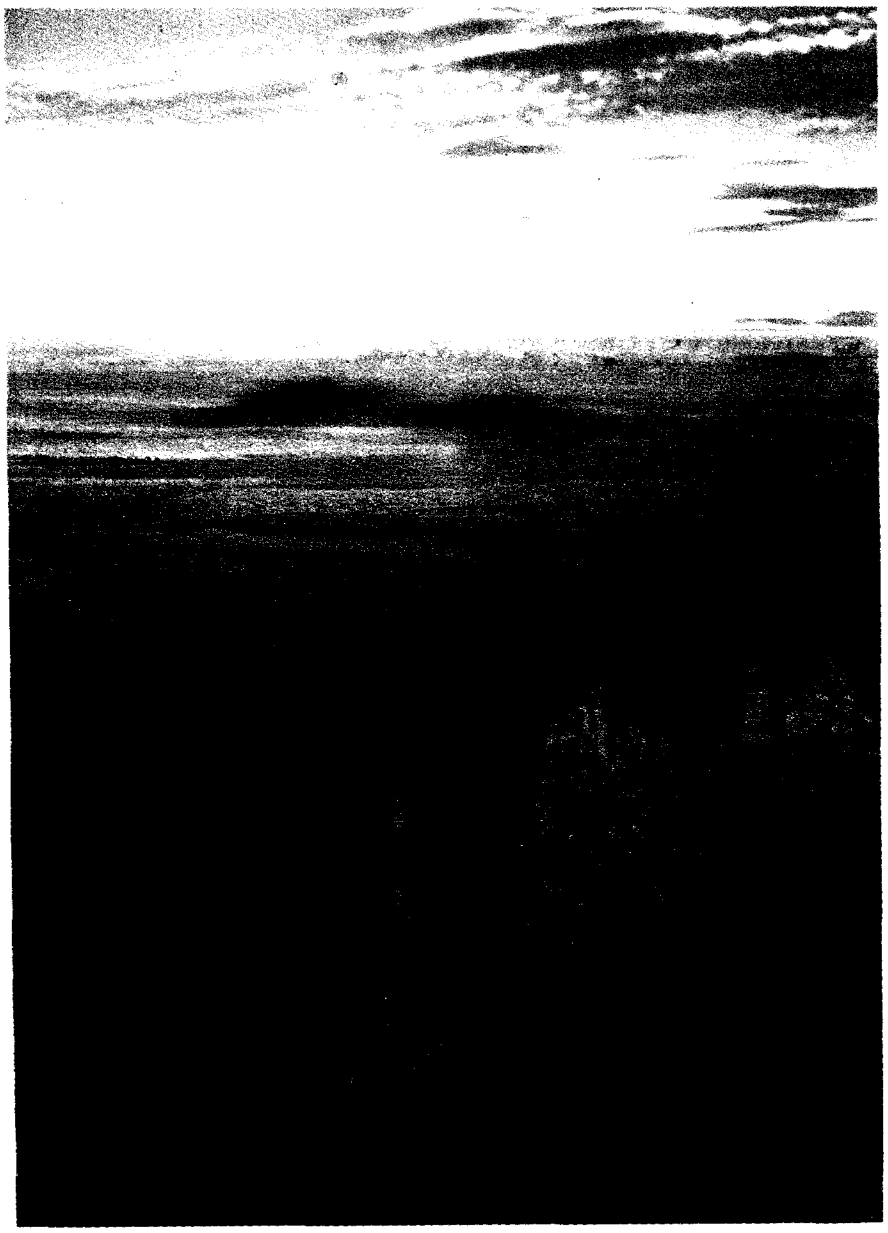
Summer is drawn blinds in Louisiana, long winds in Wyoming, shade of elms and maples in New England. This house in Massachusetts has stood on a Deerfield street for centuries of summers, measuring time by phlox clumps in its garden borders

Autumn is the American season. In Europe the leaves turn yellow or brown, and fall. Here they take fire on the trees and hang there flaming. We think this frost-fire is a portent somehow: a promise that the continent has given us. Life, too, we think, is capable of taking fire in this country; of creating beauty never seen

The American Dimension: Change and Diversity

BUT it isn't only in length and breadth that the map of America is big. It is big in time too. In the small countries the clocks strike all together—all one hour. With us it is still deep night at San Francisco, and dark still on the High Plains, and only barely gray on Lake Michigan, when the sun comes up at Marblehead. The same thing is true of the seasons. In the small countries the weather is all one weather more or less, but with us there are a thousand weathers and a choice of seasons. Beans will be out of the ground in Alabama when the snow is four feet deep in Minnesota and the gardens around Charleston will be blooming when the oil burners at Kennebunkport are still blasting away. Some of us avoid the changes, cruising up and down the continent with the seasons, living in a wandering summer. But most of us stay put: we wouldn't quit the American changes if we could. Change and diversity are the meaning of our world: the American dimension. It is because the season changes, the weather changes, the country changes that the map goes on and on. What can change will never have an ending.

WILLIAM GARNETT



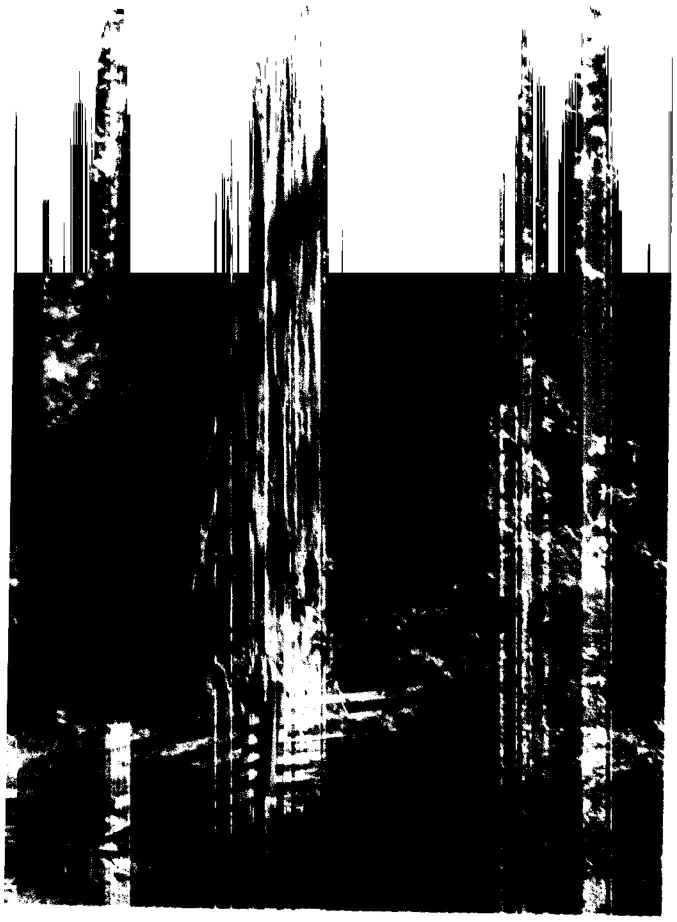
It was the wind that carved these columns in Monument Valley in Arizona. The wind is the great architect on this continent, blowing west to east forever

Frontiers
Of the Republic

AMERICA is a country of extremes. Those who think she should be all of a piece, all of a kind, every farm like every other farm, every house like its neighbor and all minds alike, have never traveled on this continent. American wholeness, American singleness, American strength, is the wholeness, the singleness, the strength of many opposites made one. The Republic is a symbol of union because it is also a symbol of differences, and it will endure not because its deserts and seacoasts and forests and bayous and dead volcanoes are of one mind but because they are of several minds and are nevertheless together. You could find a nation where the farmhouses were all alike and the country and the weather, but it would not be a continental nation. It is where the sand and the marsh and the rock and the grass and the great trees and the eternal wind compose the frontiers of diversity that there is greatness.

BERN KEATING

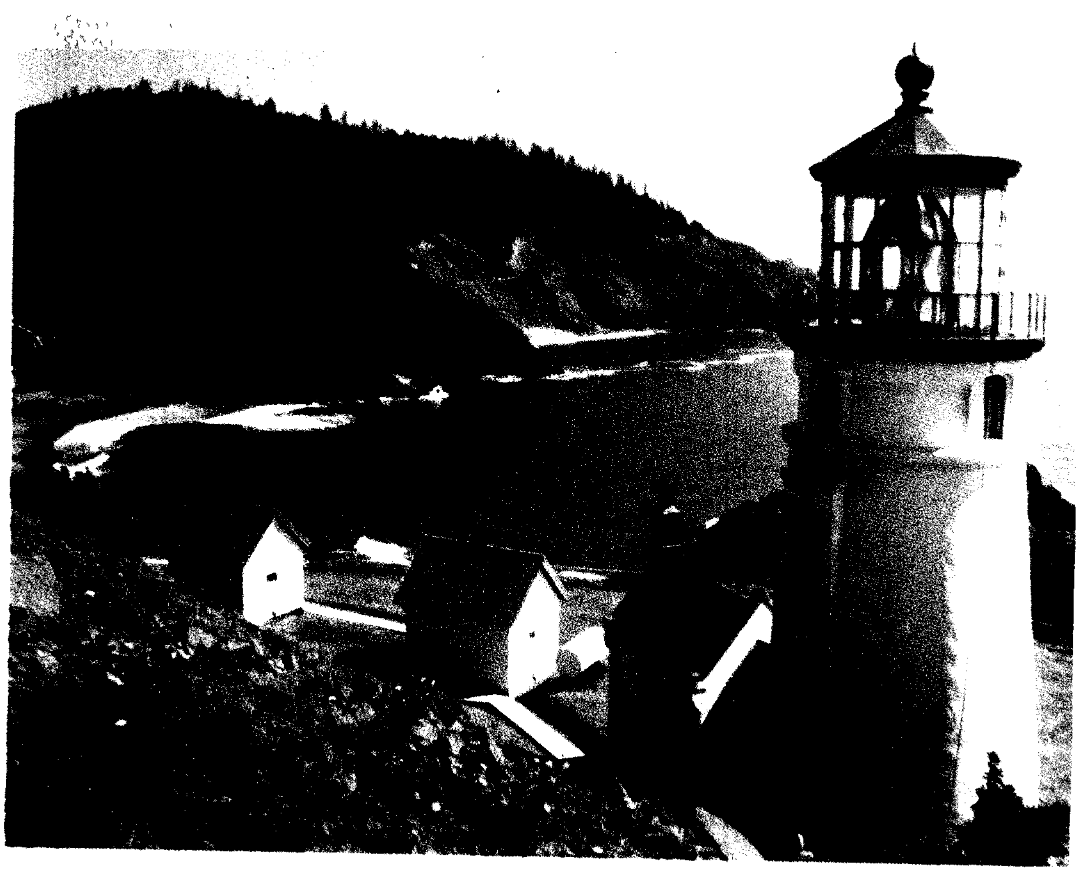
There is no kind of country a man can think of that won't turn out to be American somewhere, even a country like this, half land, half water. Louisiana has a kingdom of such country



A[illegible]L ADAMS

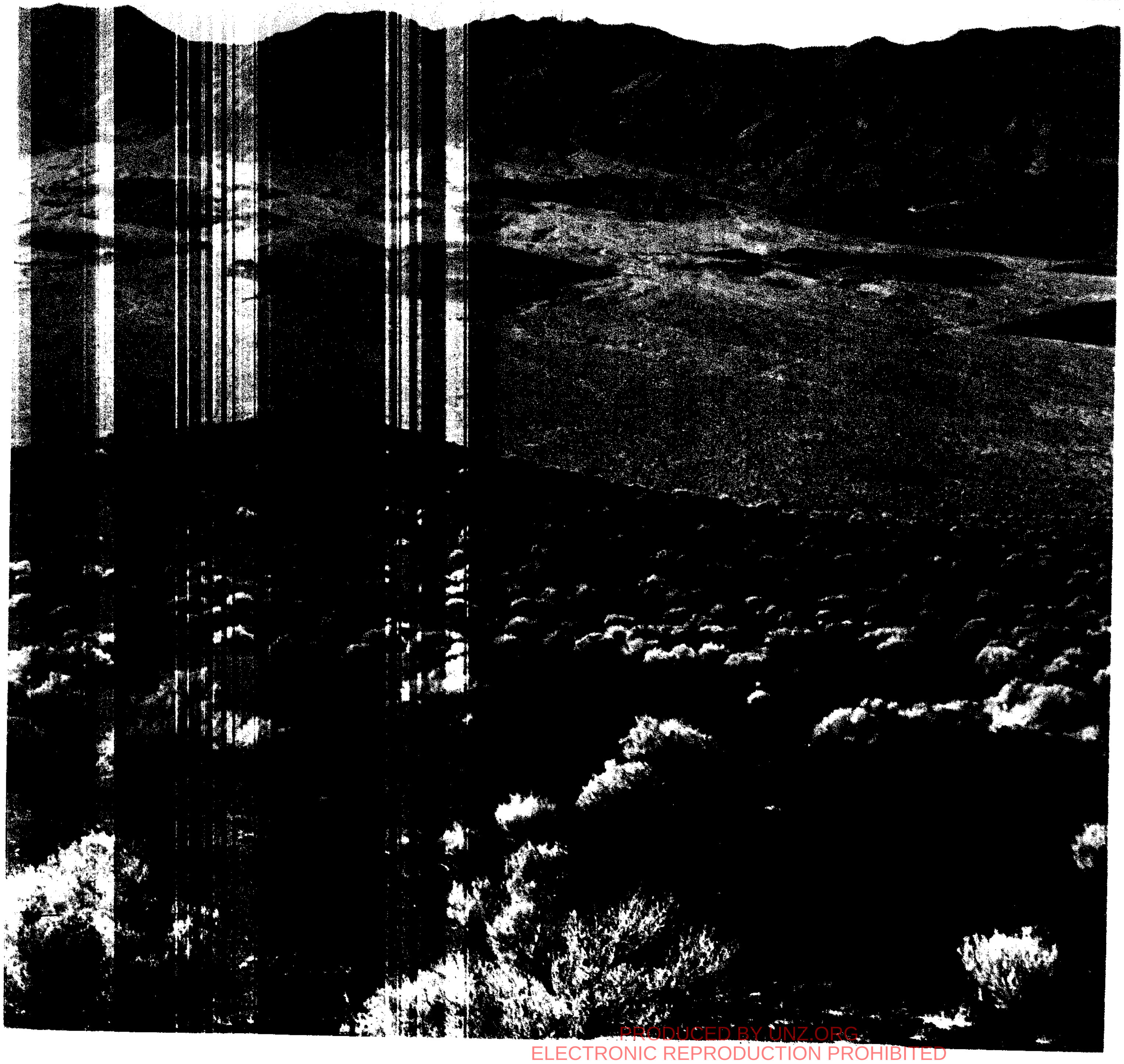
Nothing distinguishes the West Coast from the East Coast like the size of the trees. These California redwoods gather their own ancient light around them

JOSEF MUENCH



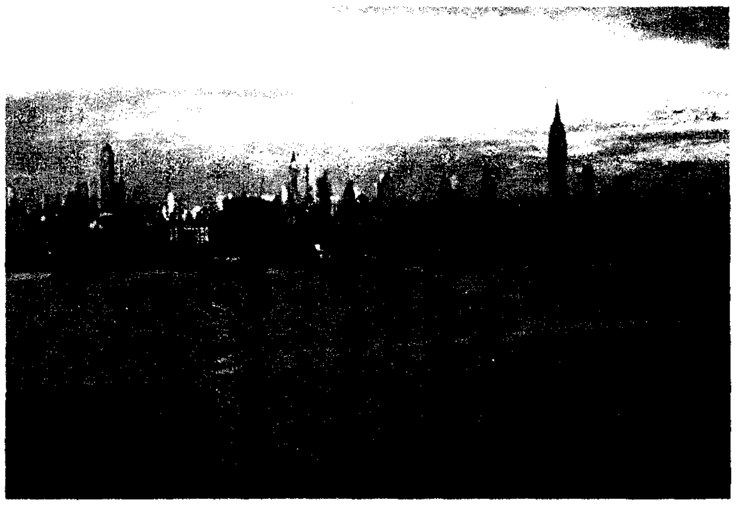
The lighthouse service makes Heceta Head on the Oregon coast look like Maine—but not for long, not if you watch the rhythm of the surf

EDWARD WESTON



Even this landscape
on the moon
with its blue sand and
its ghostly sage is
American; the Ubehebe
Crater in Death Valley

LEROY CRANE



Profile of the modern world: the tall steel city. New York from the New Jersey side

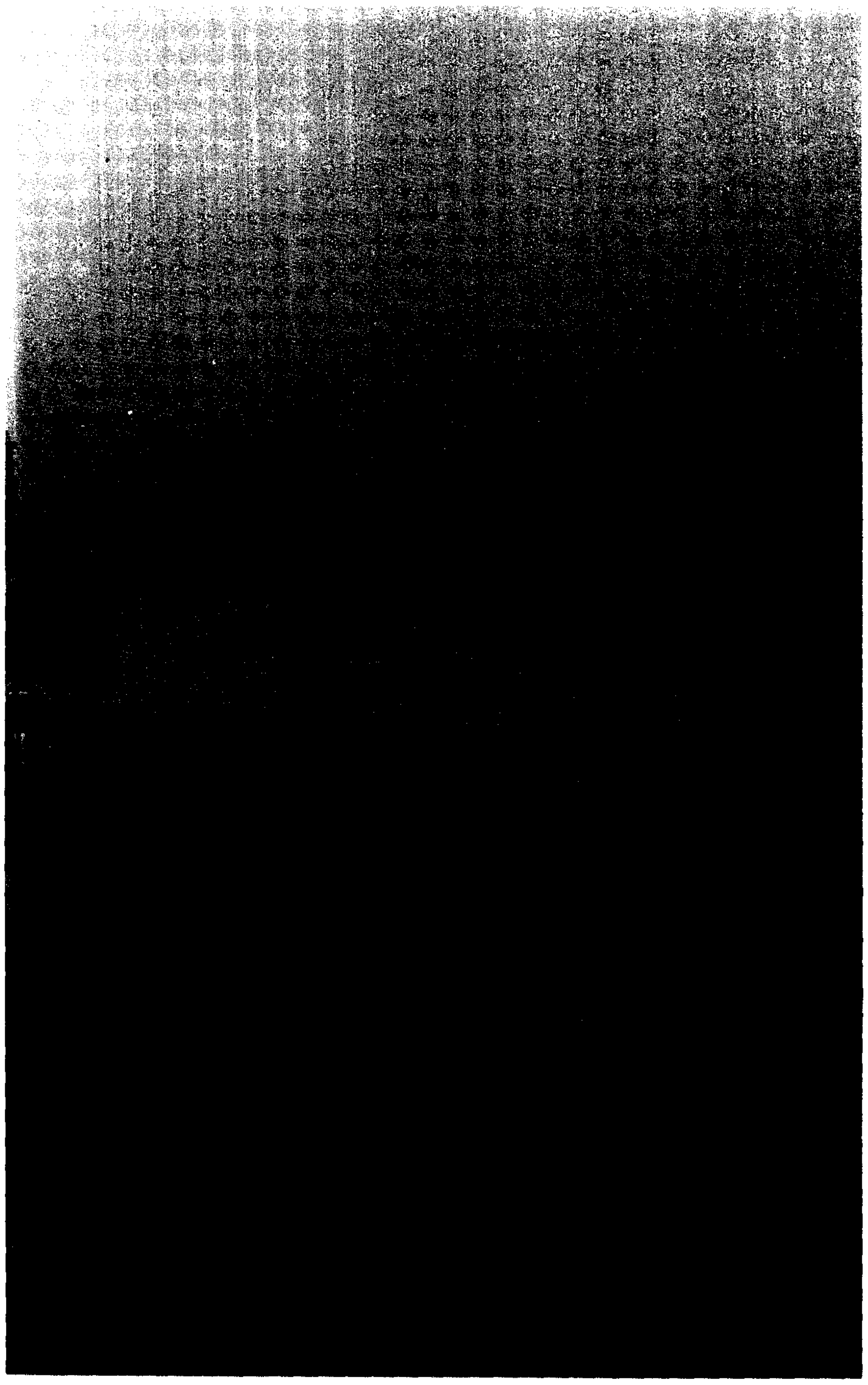
How Do You Read the

IF YOU could read a country the way you read the palm of a hand, the American lines of heart and head and life would be the three great branching rivers of the Mississippi Valley, but the American line of fortune would take a different course: it would follow the flow of steel and oil. It is the combination of steel and oil which has begotten American industry and it is American industry which has built the American cities. When a foreigner thinks of the United States he does not think of Frost and Faulkner, or of Harvard and Columbia and Yale, or of the Shenandoah and the Yellowstone; he thinks of New York and San Francisco and Chicago, and the steel that built them and the oil by which they live.

Oil is wealth and the Americans pump for it even under the sea. But when the sun goes down behind the derricks, there is a mathematical beauty against the sky, an abstract enchantment. And why not? The aqueducts the Romans made are still beautiful: why not the derricks made by the Californians to pump oil?

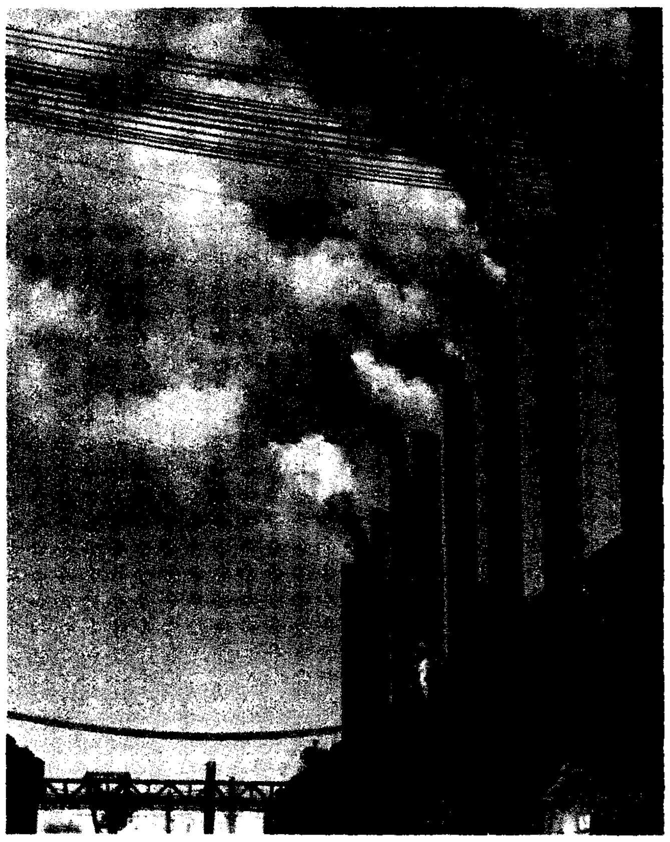
Character of a Nation?

It is the fabulous sky line at the left which shapes itself in the imagination of the world when the name, America, is spoken. And the thought that goes with that sky line in the world's mind is the thought, "materialism." To our neighbors, East and West, the symbols of the Republic are enormous chimneys leaking their pink smoke into the clean, blue sky, or huge derricks wading into the sea itself for oil, or deserted mining towns where gold and silver were once dug. But we ourselves—what do we think of the world's talk? Consider that sky line on the left. Do steel and oil alone explain it? Is it only metal that speaks here and an ooze pumped out of muck? Or have the minds of men imagined these tall towers?



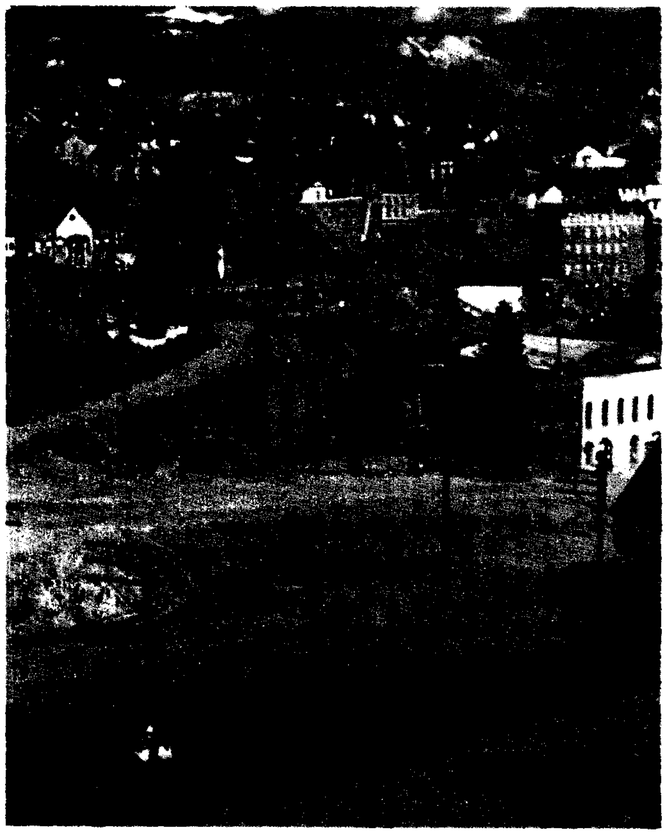
FRANK DAUGHERTY

RALPH STEINER



This is steel in the making. Count the American stacks and you measure our strength—part of it . . . but only part

FERENC BERKO



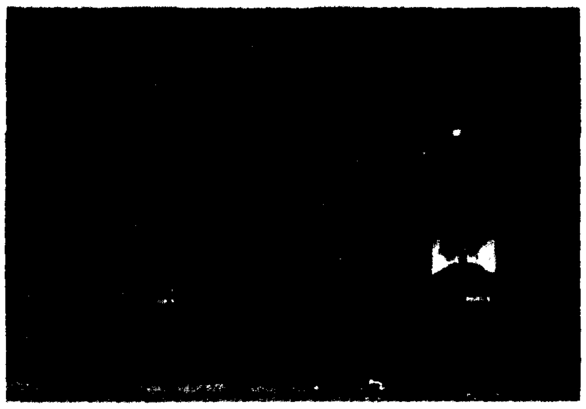
"The richest square mile on earth." But that was back in the years when Central City, Colorado, still meant gold

Affection for the Past, Impatience with the Present

DON JIM

Use makes beauty more often than we know. Even the most ordinary labor can twist men's bodies into attitudes the eye delights in, and a fence of secondhand lumber to protect some excavation in the earth can make a background worthy of a painter's skill

FERENC BERKO



A warehouse in Philadelphia has a pattern of its own—as recognizable as a Nevada mountain

OURS was a new continent. What have we done with it? What have we left behind us—as the sea leaves driftwood on the rocks? Much ugliness, much devastation—gullied fields, eroded prairies, burnt forests, filthy slums, imitative and pretentious buildings, litter, trash. Yes, all that: but like the driftwood, beauty too. Unintended beauty perhaps—unsuspected beauty: an enormous oil tank rounded by the shadow of its stair; a great bridge strung like a harp across sea water; the pure, remembering profiles of a country graveyard. And how did this beauty come here? By accident? By chance? Or did men make it? Are these perhaps the monuments of a particular temper of the human spirit—an American sensibility which expresses itself as well in the shuttered front of a city warehouse as in the trim competence of a valley farm or the weathered patience of a railroad station on a one-track line?

TODD WEBB

And what they used to call "the depot" in Piermont, New York, has an American style we all remember

Not only because this is Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in Washington Irving's Tarrytown, but because these are our native stones, we know them

JOSEPH BREITENBACH

Building for the Future

Some great Pacific surge has left this salt-bleached tree among the rocks below Point Lobos. Waste is a part of the continental scene and has a beauty of its own

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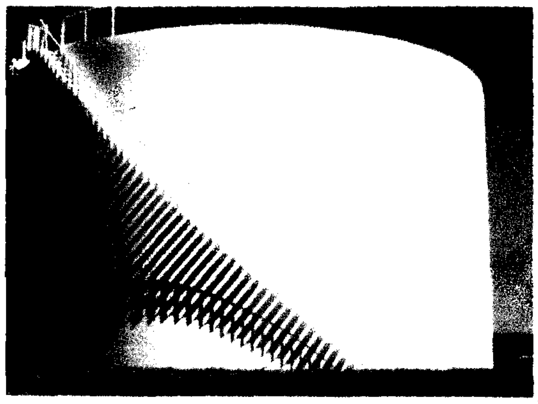
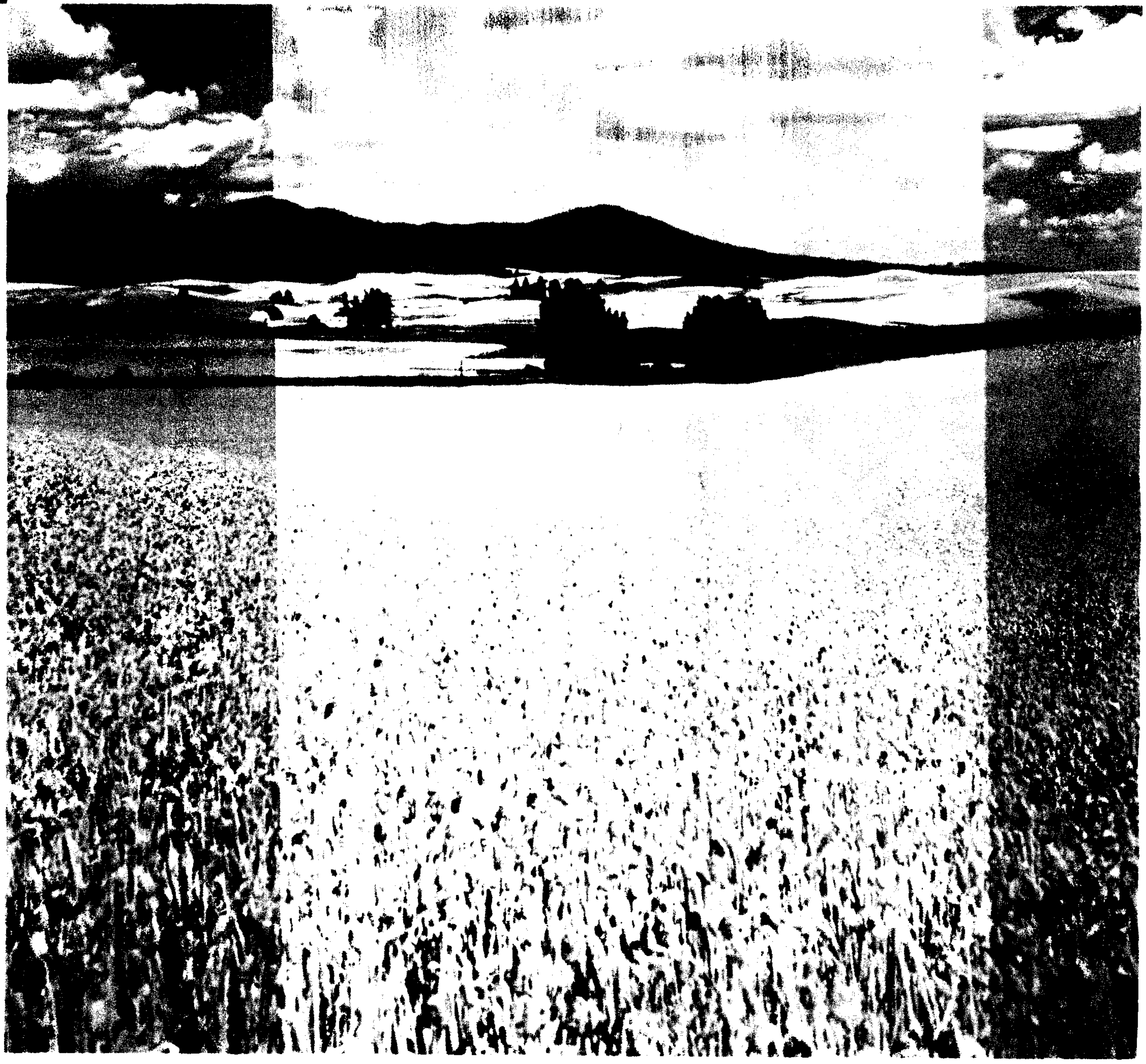


In other ages men built towers out of stone to lift the eyes up. We build them also—out of steel

WERNER BISCHOF

A materialistic people? And yet we have made the most beautiful bridges the world has ever seen



O. A. FITZGERALD

Different peoples make different patterns on the earth. This is our American signature: the clean white house, the well-built barns, the blowing seas of wheat, lifting with the contours of the land and following the summer wind

Land's End: Sea's Beginning

Because the movement of the discoverers and conquerors and colonists was a movement from east to west across the Atlantic, and because the frontiersmen and the settlers moved across the continent from east to west, west has always been the direction of the future in American history. The American dream has been a dream of the west, of the world farther on. But now that the great journey across the ocean and the continent has come to the coast of this photograph, the coast of the Pacific, there are those who say we have come to the end of the dream also. We must look backward now, they say, not forward; we must fear, not hope; we must hate, not love; we must conform, not imagine. It is

EDWARD WESTON

strange doctrine to hear from Americans. No man can come to the Pacific coast of this continent, no man can watch the fog move in from that immeasurable ocean, and feel he has come to the *end* of anything. The land still faces westward and still dreams as the hills do here, the mist along their flanks, the sea before them. California, it is quite true, has filled up with people: her valleys are richly farmed, her cities are among the greatest in the world, her industries are fabulous. But even so the American journey has not ended. America is never accomplished, America is always still to build; for men, as long as they are truly men, will dream of man's fulfillment. West is a country in the mind, and so eternal.

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in Summer

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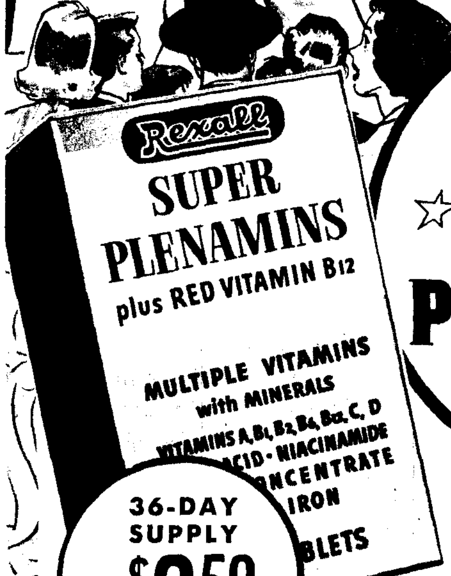

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11 VITAMINS AND 12 MINERALS

IN ONE DAILY TABLET

Summer heat can sap your energy—kill that vitality you enjoyed in cooler weather. Summer activities and sports make extra demands on your energy, too. That's why you may need **Super Plenamins** *now* more than ever, for important vitamins and minerals to supplement your diet... restore your vitality.

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Rexall Super Plenamins supply more than your Minimum Daily Requirement of *all* those vitamins for which minimums have been set—plus vitamin B12, folic acid, and true liver concentrate. Plus 12 important minerals including calcium, phosphorus and 1½ times your daily iron and iodine needs.

Don't miss out on all the summer fun! Get Rexall **Super Plenamins** now!

Economy-size Bottle of 144, $7.95

One Super Plenamin a day gives you . . .

MORE VITAMIN A	MORE VITAMIN B_1	MORE VITAMIN B_2	MORE VITAMIN C	MORE VITAMIN D	MORE NIACIN
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Rexall
BISMA-REX MATES
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REXALL BISMA-REX MATES

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***NEW* CARA NOME DEODORANT LOTION**

New, creamy-smooth anti-perspirant for long-lasting protection. Harmless to finest fabrics.

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QUICK PUSH-BUTTON SHAVES

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Ready Shave
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SHAVING CREAM

***NEW* STAG AEROSOL SHAVE CREAM**

Popular, rich cream now in handy Aerosol dispenser for a quicker and smoother, cleaner shave.

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COOLS "BURNING" SKIN

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Tones face in zippy, bracing manner. Ideal skin freshener—after you shave or any time between.

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From 40¢

Cream Hair Tonic, 3 oz., **43¢;** 6 oz., **79¢;** 5-oz. Aerosol, **$1.25;** **Hair Dressing,** 4 oz., **60¢;** **Hair Oil,** 3 oz., **40¢;** 6 oz., **75¢**

FOR SMOOTH, CLEAN SHAVES

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Only 50¢ Bay Rum, 3¼ oz.; Brushless, 4.8 oz.; or Coolated, 3¼ oz.

Rexall Thermodex Tablets help prevent heat cramps and exhaustion. A combination of salt and dextrose. Bottle of 100.....**49¢**
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Rexall Gypsy Cream for Sunburn Relief. 8-oz. lotion or 4-oz. ointment..........**69¢**
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Cape Cod ½-Gal. Jug Cut 40¢. Keep picnic beverages hot or cold with this stream-lined 2-quart jug. Easily cleaned – thoroughly insulated with Fiberglas. Exterior design is humorous picnic scene drawn in four colors by famous cartoonist. Buy matching cooler below for picnic foods. Jug, reg. $2.19, **$1.79**

Cape Cod Cooler Cut 76¢! Holds 1 gallon, keeps food or liquids piping hot or icy cold for hours. Makes a fine ice bucket. Has specially treated aluminum liner, insulated with Fiberglas. Outside is decorated with same gay picnic scene as on matching 2-qt. jug above. This gal. cooler, reg. $3.95, now **$3.19**

Save 39¢ on Rex Swim Kap! Keep your curls neat and dry. Popular aviator style of molded rubber. Regular 98¢, now.....**59¢**

Insulated Plastic Bag Reduced $1.51! Big, sturdy 16x11x8-inch red plastic bag for ice cubes and soft drinks. Thoroughly insulated to keep them cold for hours. Holds at least 18 beverage bottles or cans, plus plenty of ice. Easy to carry by double-stitched carrying straps. Top opens wide for easy access – has zipper around three sides. Regularly sells for $4.50, now only............**$2.99**

Men's & Ladies' Billfolds Cut $1.81! All genuine leather, individually boxed. Men's styles have pass case, come in a choice of tan, brown or black. Ladies' in black, red or green. Regular $3.50, now each only **$1.69**

Save $3.46 on Ansco Flash Camera Outfit! Easy-to-use Shur-Flash box camera complete with plug-in flash attachment that makes indoor and night pictures easy, 4 flash bulbs and three rolls of Ansco film in gift box. $9.45 value, now (tax included) **$5.99**

$1.51 Saving on Adrienne Hair Brush. Professional style – keeps your locks lustrous when used regularly, has long-lasting nylon bristles. $2.50 value, now in July only **99¢**

Save on Writing Paper, Envelopes! Your choice of all white or multi-pastel colors, 50 sheets or 30 envelopes. Linen-finish paper, in cellophane packs. Reg. 25¢ each, now **21¢**

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Big Savings Now on First Quality Nylon Hosiery! 51 gauge, 15 denier, plain or dark seam, reg. $1.29, now **99¢, 3** prs. only **$2.89;** 60 gauge, 15 denier, with plain seam, reg. $1.39, now **$1.09; 3** prs. only......**$3.19**

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Sturdy, dependable, and quiet-running. Double-duty base lets you stand it anywhere or hang it on wall or door. 6-foot cord.

Ladies' Sunglasses, Save $1.33! Big assortment of colors to match your summer clothes. $2.00 values. Save now. Each only........77¢

Cannon Beach Towel, A real value! Big 28"x54" towels of heavy terry cloth in 5-color choice. Buy several now. Each only..99¢

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Accurate 30-hour clock has ivory polystyrene case. Just 1 key to wind for both time and alarm.

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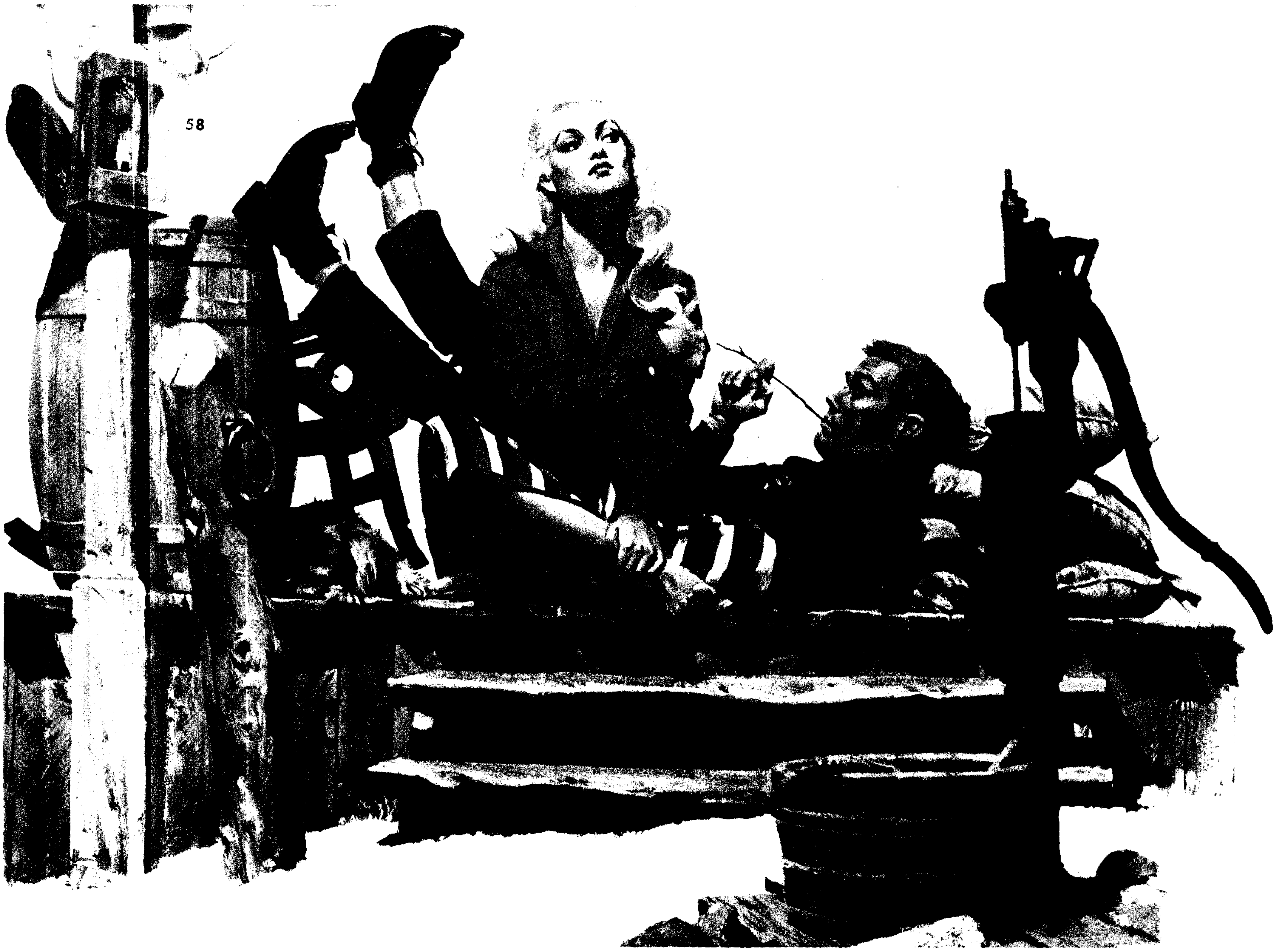

"I don't figure to be an old maid," Velma said, and anybody but Henry could see she was mad fit to fry

How to Bite a Bear

By WILLIAM B. EIDSON

Velma needed an awful lot of man to hold her down, but Henry, who wasn't an awful lot of anything, wanted her all to himself

WE THOUGHT for sure the Bear was going to eat Henry that time three years ago, and I guess the only reason he didn't was that Henry ate the Bear instead—at least that's the way we always tell the story down in Walton County.

What made all this remarkable was that Henry Grafton was the smallest man in the county, and up until three years ago he was about the last man you would expect to do what he did.

Like I say, Henry was little, and he had blue eyes and a shock of dark blond hair, and he would have been called a mighty good-looking man if he had been big enough to pay any attention to.

But there was something Henry could do better than anyone I ever knew—he could play the banjo. Now you probably never heard anybody play the banjo like Henry Grafton. He didn't just strum one of these little five-string banjos you see nowadays. He had himself a real, old-time nine-string banjo. You don't see 'em like that today, and you couldn't find a handful of men in this country that could play one if you did.

A man that really knows how to play a nine-string banjo, and that really has his heart in it, can make music as sweet and soulful as anything; and he can pick out a tune that's as sprightly and pert as you please.

And then there was Velma Appley. I guess she was more important to Henry than his banjo, and —if you want to know the truth of the matter— even more important than this Bear business I'm about to tell you about.

There might be a few people who wouldn't say Velma was the prettiest girl in the county, but then there's a few fools and blind people in every community. Her skin was as gold as honey and she had cheeks the color of a ripe peach, and along with it all, she had big blue eyes. Her hair was blonde, lighter than Henry's, and had a sheen that you only see in a really pretty girl's hair. Velma was tall and straight, and mighty proud-looking, I can tell you; and she had a quick, natural smile for those she liked.

Me, I'm Jim Cass, owner of Cass's Store, best general-merchandise emporium in Walton County. There's a big front porch on the store, and almost always some of my customers are sitting and rocking in the rocking chairs and talking about stuff that concerns us here in Walton County.

Henry and Velma were sitting on my porch the morning that everything started to happen, and

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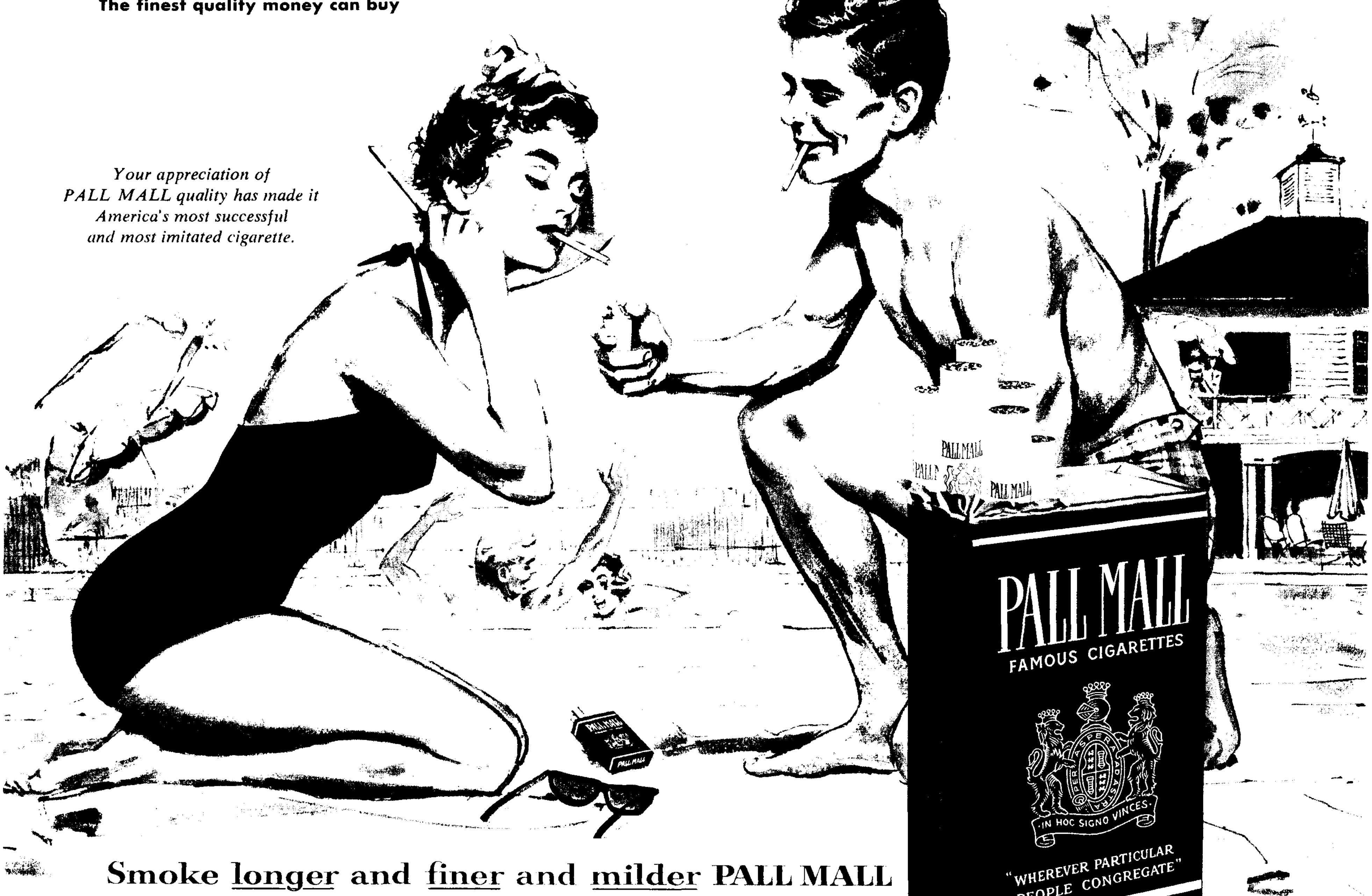

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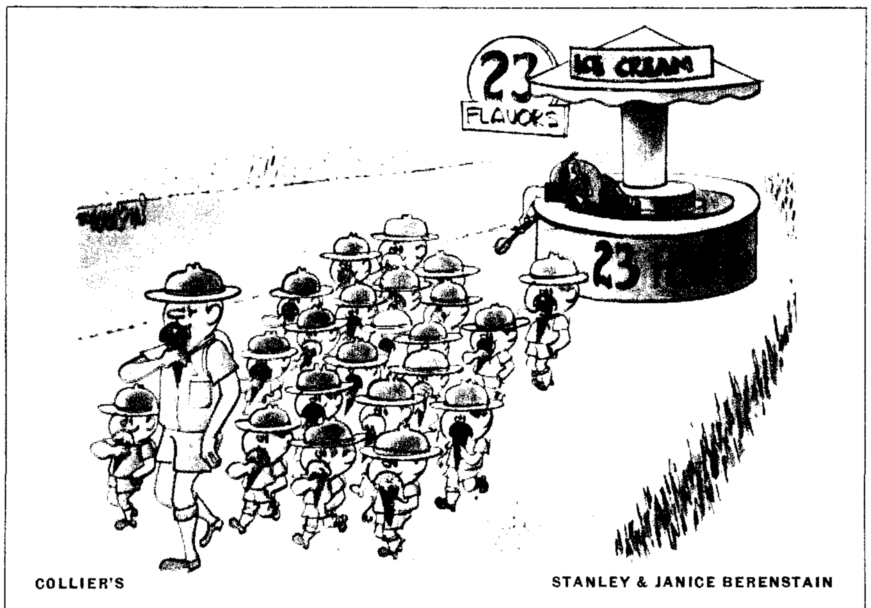


COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

that's how I happen to know all about it. Sometimes you just can't help overhearing, especially if you are married to a woman like my wife, Frannie Lou. She's an inquisitive woman by nature and she never gives me a minute's peace if I don't tell her everything I can find out. Not that I'm inquisitive by nature myself, it's just that I'm married to Frannie Lou and—but like Frannie Lou always says, "Jim Cass, get on with the story." So, here's the way it was:

VELMA and Henry had been talking about the weather, which they said was hot, and the crops, which they figured were getting on all right in spite of the weather. I had listened to this part of the conversation just enough to tell when they got to the important part.

There was a little wait while Henry went out in the yard and got a stick to chew on, and then he said to Velma: "You must be going on twenty years old, Miss Velma."

"I'm nineteen, going on twenty," she said. "You ought to know, Henry Grafton, being as you played the banjo at my birthday dance."

"That's why I recollected it," he told her. He sat down and started chewing on the stick and looking out in the yard at a blue jay that was hopping around on the bushes. "I reckon it was the middle of last August."

"It was only two months ago—and a few days," she told him pertly. "It'll be almost a solid year before I reach twenty, and I don't know as that's so all-powered old. You must be nearly twenty-three yourself, Henry Grafton."

"I'm twenty-two," he told her, "and that ain't old for a man. But a woman ought not get near twenty years old without a man to call husband."

I could have told Henry that that wasn't any way to go about telling her what he wanted to tell her, because I ain't lived with Frannie Lou all these years without learning something about womenfolks, but he went and done it; and Velma got mad just like I knew she would.

"I don't figure to be an old maid, Henry Grafton," she told him, and anybody but Henry could see she was mad fit to fry.

"Well, I just thought," Henry said, slow and thoughtful-like, with his forehead all wrinkled as he thought hard to pick out the words, "that when Preacher Johnson comes around on his circuit Sunday fortnight it would be a good time for us to get married. We've both reached the age, and my piece of land is doing right well, and the house is tight and fit for a family, and I've got a good mule and—"

"Henry Grafton!" She fairly shouted at him. "I'm not getting married until I'm good and ready, and when I do I'm not saying that it will be to any man that's around here now. But there's something I will tell you: the man I marry is going to be a full-grown man, and not just a piece of one."

Then Henry got mad. He jumped up and his face turned red and his eyes were popping right out of his head. If Velma had of been a man she would have had to look to it to keep from getting whipped, because Henry was awful touchy about being so little.

"Let me tell you, Miss Velma," he yelled at her, "I'll put up fence rail with any man. And I'll pick my two hundred pounds of cotton a day, and I'll cut my share of logs in a clearing, and I'll drink my share at the jug, and I'll stand up against any man—"

"What about the Bear?" Velma asked him. "What'd you do if you had to face up to the Bear?"

Henry's mouth just chewed the air, he was so mad.

"The man that marries me may not whip the Bear," she told him. "But leastwise he isn't going to be afeared of him, like the rest of the men in this county that call themselves full-grown."

Henry was so mad he forgot his manners, which is something Henry Grafton almost never does. "Woman," he shouted, "you'll be an old maid for sure, because no man in this county is crazy enough to marry a sharp-tongued woman who'd nag him till he dies!"

"You just watch," Velma yelled back, "and see who takes me to the dance at Adams' Landing this coming Saturday."

Well, Henry's eyes bugged out. For all that he was mad, he had figured Velma as his girl, and it sort of set him back to hear that she was going to the dance with some other man and—what was worse—had planned it all along, even before they got to arguing.

He threw down the stick he had been chewing and kicked it off the porch. "I got no time to waste in foolish talk," he said. "I got plenty that needs doing at home." Then he stamped off, not looking back over his shoulder at her.

"Be careful you don't get Bear-bit!" she called after him. He just snorted and kept walking toward home.

Well, I scooted back into the living quarters in the back of the store and told Frannie Lou all about this, and she got right up and put on her best dress and came out to the store to help wait on customers and pass the news back and forth. Frannie Lou's always a big help to me in the store when there's something going on for her to talk about, and she stayed in the store every day for the rest of the week.

NOW in case you're wondering about this Bear business, the Bear is a man—name of Bear Williams. All you have to do is take one look at him and you know why we call him Bear. He was the biggest man in the county, and the meanest. He had a big head, and I reckon some of the womenfolk would tell you he wasn't bad-looking, in a mean sort of way. And he had the biggest shoulders and the thickest chest I ever saw on a man. He would come to a house-raising or a haying match or some other affair and strip off his shirt so everybody could see his big hairy chest, and he'd work any man down in no time at all.

Not that he does much regular work. Bear Williams always figured that hard work was for other people, unless it gave him a chance to show off that freak strength of his.

He got his spending money by operating a little still off in the woods, and the rest of the time he hunted and did a little trapping. Now and then somebody's hog or cow would turn up missing, but nobody would get up and swear in court that Bear Williams took them, even if everybody did have a pretty good idea he did.

Now, down in Walton County nobody in his right mind objects to a little likker making, long as a man makes good stuff. But the likker Bear Williams made was enough to kill a shoat, and anybody that was fool enough to drink any of it would wake up fit to die the next day.

And that's where the county got another one of its sayings. If you ever turned up with a black eye or a broke nose everybody would say you'd been Bear-bit, because the chances were that Bear Williams had done it. And if you came in looking fit to bury from drinking likker the night before, they'd still say you was Bear-bit, on account of Bear Williams' awful whisky. It finally got so the Bear had to take that likker clean out of the county and sell it to a bootlegger, who took it into town and sold it to ignorant city people who thought they were buying some real corn whisky. . . .

Well, the next time I saw Henry Grafton he looked mighty low. He came into the settlement and sat on my front porch and he didn't talk to nobody. He just sat there like he was waiting for somebody, and I guess he was, because he perked up a mite when he seen Florine Sorley coming to the store. He waited on the steps with a sick-looking smile on his face. "I been a-sitting and a-waiting for ye, Miss Florine," he told her.

"Why, Henry Grafton," she said. "What do you want with me?"

"To ask you to the dance," he told her, "next Saturday night at Adams' Landing."

"You want me to go with you as second choice? Why, Henry Grafton, I hope and I pray that the day won't come where I have to be second choice at any frolic in this county!"

"Then you won't come with me?" he asked her, kind of stupid-like, not able to get it through his head right away.

"Why, I should say not, Henry Grafton. Why don't you take Velma Appley?" And then she sort of giggled at him, real mean-like.

And that was the last time I saw Henry that week. But I heard about him. Every time a body would come into the store they would tell about how mean-tempered and touchy he was getting. And they said he kept asking sly little questions, trying to find out who was taking Velma to the dance. Trouble was, nobody knew any more than he did, but none of them let on they didn't know, and Henry thought the whole county knew, except him.

Now Frannie Lou—that's my wife, you know, and a mighty good woman, but sort of inquisitive—she talked to everyone that came into the store that week and she says that this is the way most folks in the county figured it: Bear Williams had beat just about every grown man in the county at one time or another, but of course he had never tangled with Henry because Henry Grafton was the littlest man in the county, and even Bear Williams took pity on him on account of his size.

Now the menfolk thought Velma Appley was being mighty mean, trying to get her man beat up for nothing, and they were pretty hard on her. But the womenfolk—them that's supposed to be kind and gentle—they looked at it different. "She's not trying to humble him," they'd say. "She just knows that he feels bad about being the littlest man in the county, and she knows that if he could hold out against Bear Williams without getting plumb murdered, and if he took his licking as well as any man in the county and didn't show his fear while he was about it—why, then he'd quit worrying about his size and be a whole man that would hold up his head anywhere."

WELL, that's the craziest womenfolk figuring I ever heard, but it's what they said. They figured Velma was fixing to make a man out of Henry. Darned if I could understand them, but Frannie Lou said they was right.

Even old Miss Harris, the schoolteacher, agreed with them, and I thought she was one woman that had some sense. She said that back in Indian days, when a boy became a man he had to run a gantlet or stay out in the woods for a week fasting—do something to prove himself. And she insisted that the smallest man in the county had even more reason to prove himself than anybody else, and Velma was a smart girl to figure all this out.

Well, the next Friday afternoon, who comes into the store but Bear Williams. He buys some sticky stuff to put on his hair and a bar of sweet soap, and he struts around the store and tries to get somebody to arm-wrassel him but nobody will take him up on it. Then he sort of smirks around and tells us that he understands that "the Bear's gonna be eating another meal pretty soon." That's the way he talks about himself. He never says "I" or "me" or anything like that. It's "the Bear's gonna do this," or "the Bear's gone and done that." He sure is proud of being the Bear.

"Yessir," he says, "the Bear's gonna have another meal. Not what you'd call a full dinner, but a right good little snack." And then he laughs, mean-like, and stalks off. I guess he must have heard the talk about Henry. . . .

Saturday night finally came. I guess I sold more sweet soap and hair pomade that afternoon than I sold all month, so I knew everybody was gonna be there.

At eight o'clock, most of the couples were still looking shy and waiting for someone else to start the dancing.

There was Ed Martin playing the

fiddle and Amos Partridge playing the piano. And there was Henry Grafton picking his banjo, like he has at every frolic in the county since he turned fifteen years.

Henry picked the banjo pretty good that night, but sort of automatic-like, and you could see from his face that he didn't have half a mind on it. He was looking out over the crowd and his face was grim. He just strummed the melody sort of soft while the piano and fiddle were playing, and he picked out a chorus now and then when they'd slack off and let him take it. But it wasn't music that would make your blood stir; not yet it wasn't.

IT CAME on nine o'clock and just about everybody in the county was there. I never seen such a crowd since they baptized old man Marsh, who was the cussingest man in the county and the biggest liar, bar none.

But Velma wasn't there. Henry kept playing and kept looking over the crowd. Every now and then he'd lean over and say something to Amos Partridge, at the piano. And then old Amos would pull his big turnip out of his watch pocket and say something to Henry. After that Henry would look out over the crowd again. Everybody else was watching for Velma too. They counted over the menfolk there and figured out who was missing and that gave them a pretty good idea of who Velma Appley was coming with, if she came at all.

Along about nine thirty Velma came in—with the Bear.

It was like the Red Sea parting before the Children of Israel the way people opened up a path for them in that room. At first there was a dead quiet. Then people began to talk and whisper and it was like a beehive that had been stirred with a stick.

Then Amos Partridge banged on his piano and made everybody jump, and then he started hitting out a tune, fast and lively. Ed Martin joined in with his fiddle and folks began to dance. But they kept looking over their shoulders at Velma and the Bear, and nobody had his mind on dancing.

Henry didn't play the banjo. He just kept looking at Velma and Bear Williams as they danced. The Bear pretty near hid Velma from sight when he held her in his arms to dance, and she's a decent-sized girl.

Henry just kept looking and staring and swallowing hard while they danced, and he didn't hit the banjo a lick until the piano and fiddle had played two songs through. Then the music stopped and the crowd stood around waiting for another tune.

All of a sudden Henry hit his banjo across all nine strings to get attention, and then he began to play. But it wasn't a tune he played. If you've ever heard a man make a banjo "talk," you've got some idea of what he was doing. And it wasn't cute little talking sounds that were coming out of that banjo. It was pure emotion. You could hear his hate and his anger, and you could feel his contempt, and underneath it all you could feel just a little of his anguish. He said stuff on that banjo that he wouldn't have had the words to say with his mouth.

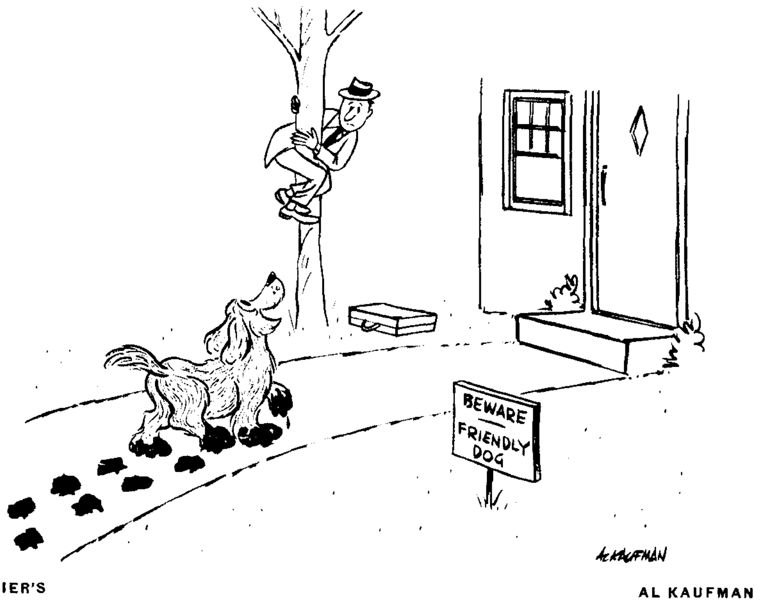
And then you could hear his challenge to the Bear. He picked out that challenge until it beat the air like waves, and everybody caught it, even Bear Williams. All eyes turned toward the Bear. We saw his face get red with anger as he stood there holding Velma's hand in his big hairy paw.

Suddenly he let go of Velma's hand and started for Henry. A path opened for him as he walked, and I don't honestly believe there was a breath drawn until he stood in front of Henry. Henry was looking him right in the eye, and picking out that insulting challenge louder and louder and faster and faster until the air throbbed with it.

The Bear swung his arm and yanked the banjo out of Henry's hand. Every soul in the place let out his tight-held breath with a mighty sigh as Bear Williams broke that banjo in his two hands without using a knee. Then he held the pieces in one hand and bashed his other hand right through the tight-stretched skin of that banjo. He flung the wreckage back over his shoulder into the crowd without looking around to see where it hit.

Henry dived off the platform, right at the Bear's head; and Bear Williams caught him in the air and pitched him against the wall. Henry lay all crumpled up on the floor like he was dead. Then the Bear went over to where Henry was stretched out on the floor and pulled out his big pigsticker of a knife. There was a wail from the crowd as he reached down toward Henry's throat with the knife, and somebody started to scream. It was Velma.

But when Bear Williams straightened up, Henry's throat was still not cut. What had happened was this: Bear Williams had cut off Henry's necktie just below the knot. He left just the knot at Henry's neck, knowing how foolish he'd look and feel when he got up. Then the Bear strutted around the floor showing that cutoff necktie to everybody, like it was a fox's brush he was holding. He was as proud as punch and he'd forgotten all about Henry.



AL KAUFMAN

When the Bear got to Velma he held the necktie high for her to see, but he stopped smiling when he saw her face. It was wild. She made a sort of hissing noise and spit right at him. And then it was the wildcat against the Bear. He slapped Velma on the side of the head so hard I thought it would come right off, and she dug her fingernails into his cheek and left four deep gashes that filled up with blood. The men around there who knew what the Bear was like began falling back, clenching and unclenching their fists. They wanted to do something, but they'd been Bear-bit and couldn't move.

Bear Williams caught Velma around the waist with one big hairy arm and commenced to bend her back until I thought I'd hear her bones snap. And that's when a fiend from hell struck him. It was Henry.

The Bear let Velma sag to the floor and turned on Henry. He made a lunge for him and missed. Henry grinned a grin that I wouldn't want to see on any man facing me—the devil was in him. Bear Williams couldn't catch Henry; he would make a lunge, and Henry would duck and let him have it hard in the eye. Then the Bear would lunge again and Henry would poke him in the belly.

That fight lasted for half an hour, and the Bear didn't touch Henry once. They fought all over the room and Bear Williams threw chairs, tried to butt, kicked and did everything else he had ever heard of. Once the Bear began to get tired, it was almost a shame to watch. Henry had beaten both of his eyes closed and the Bear was just a stumbling bull of a man.

SOME said later it was speed that had done it, and they said that Henry, being so small, just naturally had speed. But I'll tell you what else Henry had, and had plenty of, and that was guts.

Henry never did knock the Bear out, but he had hit him with everything he had. After Bear Williams had got so he couldn't see out of either eye and was just plain wore out from running after Henry, he stopped all of a sudden and held up his big right hand.

"Somebody kindly pull this little mosquito off me," he bellowed. And then he just sat down in the middle of the floor and panted until he got his breath. He was right good-natured about it, considering it was the first time in his life he'd ever been beat. He just sat there with a shamefaced grin on his puffed-up face and tried to look around with tight-closed eyes and said as loud as you please: "I reckon Henry's done et the Bear!"

And so that's the way we always tell the story here in Walton County, and if you'd heard it from my wife, Frannie Lou, it would have been twice as long because she'd add a lot about Velma that I've left out. She'd tell you all about the wedding, and give you the name of both the Grafton kids, and I don't know what all she wouldn't put in it.

But now you know why there ain't no such man as Bear Williams here now—although we do have a mighty big hunk of a man around here that looks a mighty lot like him. But we call him Peaceful Williams—and he's a pretty good sort of a man, ever since Henry ate the Bear.

—WILLIAM B. EIDSON

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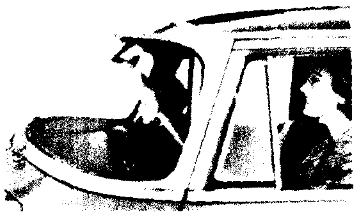

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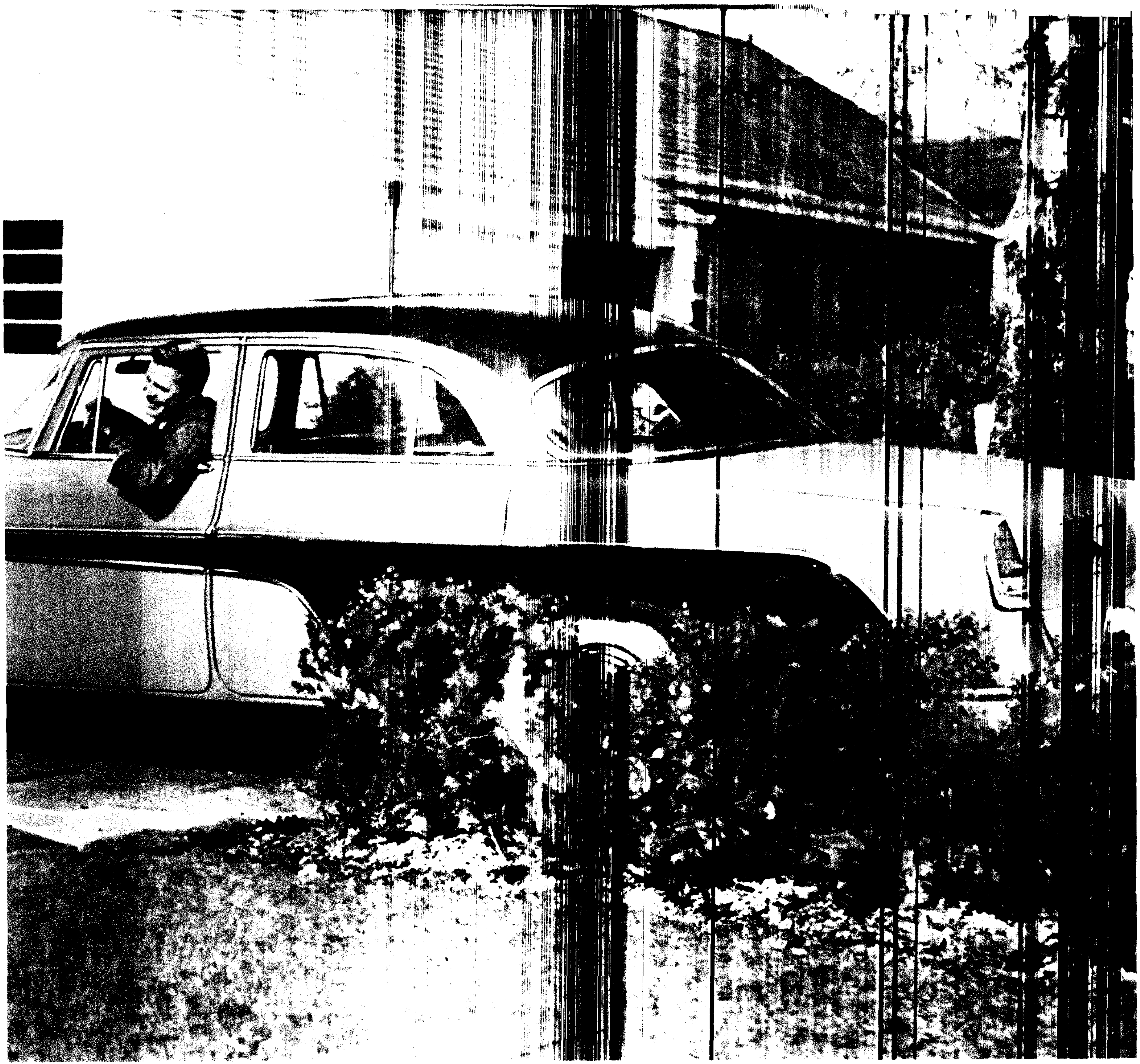

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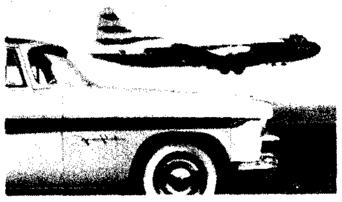

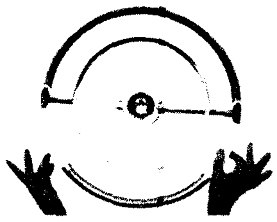

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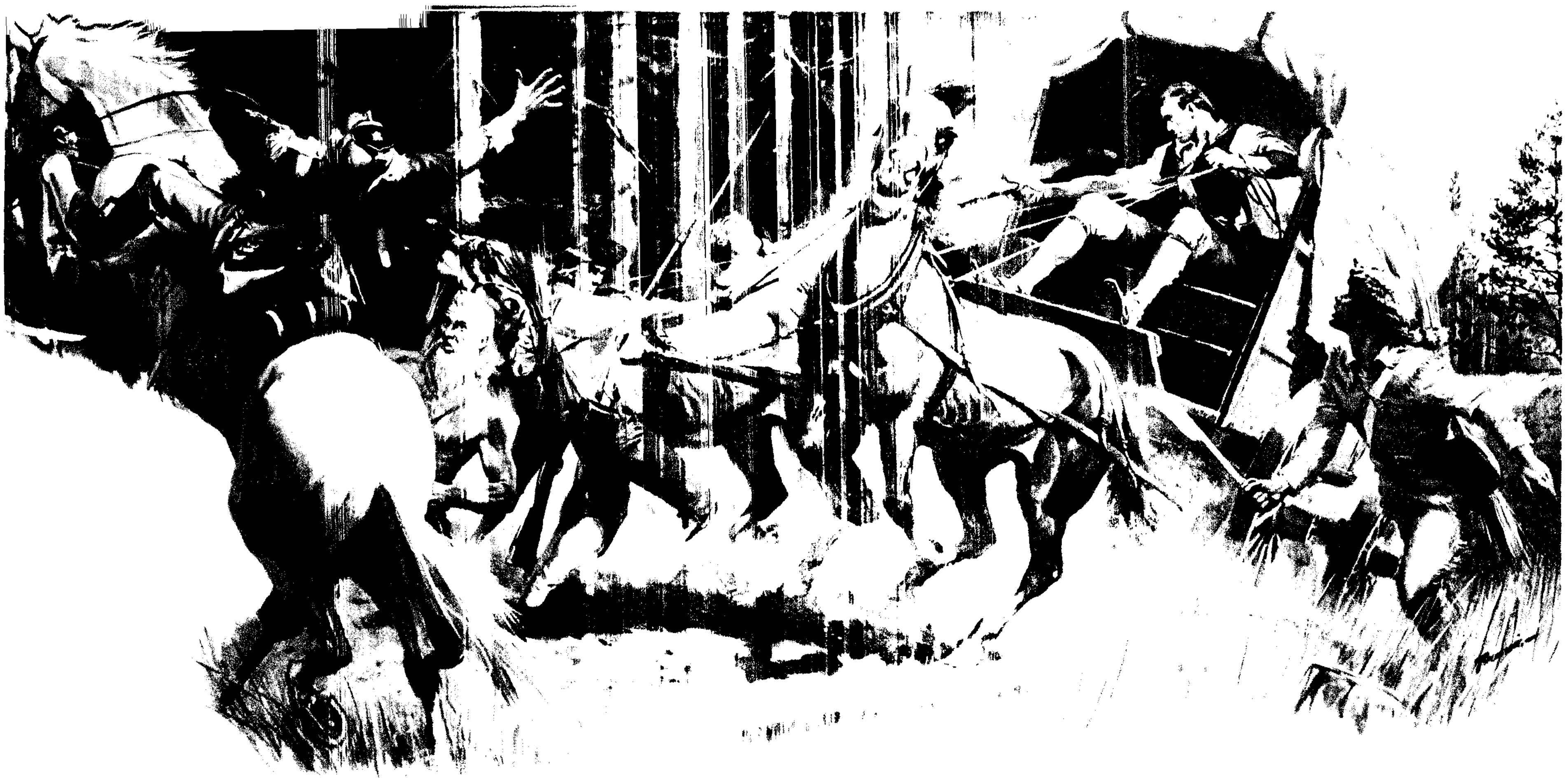

The Elder was punching with his pike at a dragoon on a rearing horse. Across the wagon Rod saw Jonas Thompson jabbing at the teamster. The teamster fired and Jonas fell away

AMBUSH *on* CAMDEN ROAD

By JOHN A. [illegible]

Rod knew he had to fight for the Colonies against the King. But he didn't know what the Revolution was about—until he helped to win it

ROD DOUGLAS parted the bush before him and peered once again at the man leaning half asleep on a musket a scant hundred yards away. The man wore no uniform, but maybe soldiers did not wear them all the time. The mid-morning sun made Rod's head damp under his coonskin cap. In the distant hollow, where he knew other men were hiding, an anvil kept up a steady *clang, clang, clang,* as it had at intervals since dawn.

Rod had scouted the hollow, a small bowl at the top of a wooded hill, the night before. Now he was hot and hungry in this Carolina upcountry. He thought of home and of himself clean and cool from the river at the end of day, and supper over and Pa sitting quiet by the hearth before he ever went to King's Mountain and got killed. A swelling came to Rod's throat, and on a sudden impulse he stood up in plain view of the sentry. Nothing happened. The man continued to look half asleep. The anvil rang. Birds sang. The sun climbed higher and hotter.

Who were the men in the hollow hiding from—King or Congress? Rod Douglas stepped around the bush and walked up the hill to find the answer. He wanted the answer to more than that, however. What were they fighting this war for? At home, up west, there *was* no war, except for that time when the people had thought the King's men were coming too close and had gone down to King's Mountain and whipped the hearts out of Ferguson and his men. Then the ones not killed had come home and settled down peacefully again. They had fought to keep the war away from their homes, and Rod could understand that. But what had started the war in the first place?

"Halt!"

Rod stopped. He looked first at the musket aimed at his chest, then at the tall man holding it. The man's sallow face might have seemed sickly except for the big-boned strength of chin and jaw. He wore homespun breeches and shirt, and graying hair hung under the tricorn on his head.

"What's your business here?" the man said, his mouth a hard line in a rock-hard face. "Who're you for?"

"Mister," Rod said, placing fists on hips, "I'm for the Congress. If that don't pleasure your majesty, I'm sure all heartbroke about it."

The man's face relaxed, melting from hard to soft like a tallow dip under a flame. Rod found himself smiling too, although he had not the slightest notion why.

"Whew!" the man exclaimed, grounding his musket. "I've known you were behind that blackberry bush for a long time, boy. You near scared me to death."

"Why—why didn't you shoot?" Rod asked.

The man smiled again and shook his head. "There's not six ounces of powder on this hill, boy. Now walk up with me and we'll talk as we go. I'm Captain Adam Carr."

Rod gave his name. Relief made him forget his hunger and the heat as he walked beside Adam Carr and listened.

"There's forty-two of us, all from hereabouts and all farmers save for the Elder. Oh, there are some who were serving a while back with Sumter or Pickens, but they took French leave to come home for a spell. After all, a man's got to put in a crop in the spring, or how'll he feed his wife and young? So while they're planting a crop Lord Cornwallis cuts through here like a knife through cheese, and leaves Lord Rawdon at Camden; and so between the two of 'em every man has to leave his field and fight. Where are you from, boy?"

"Up west," said Rod, "on the Nolichucky River."

"I've heard of that," said Captain Carr. They had reached the crest of the hill, and now their way was downward. "You have no weapon, boy?"

"No, sir. Pa took our rifle to King's Mountain. He—he didn't come back."

"Then we'll take you to the Elder. He'll fix you something."

Rod did not care for the sound of that "something." He wanted a rifle or a musket. The British had muskets. How else to fight them except with the same or better?

"Not six ounces of powder on this hill," the captain had said. There could be no fighting without powder. It was all very strange. Hunger pangs returned to Rod and a lightheaded feeling came as he and Captain Carr wound their way among pine and brush.

They emerged into the open of a sudden, and Rod saw that they were at the bottom of the hollow. Men were there, seated or standing about—young men and old in patched and faded clothing. A boy no older than himself sat bare-bottomed on the ground, mending his breeches. An old, scraggly-bearded man rubbed an oily rag over his musket. Curious looks were cast on Rod, and grins and

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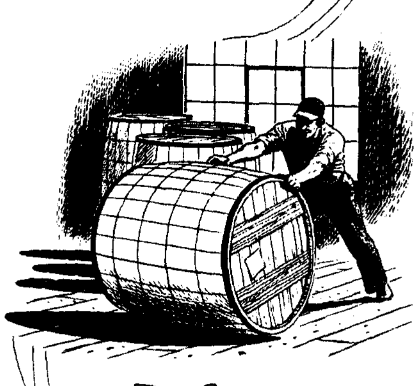

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knowing winks accompanied the greetings for Adam Carr.

"Country safe now, Cap?"

"Catch it in a bear trap, Cap'n?"

"Lookin' for a bow and arrer, Cap?"

Rod kept his eyes straight ahead as he and Adam Carr walked on among the men. He tried to swallow his disappointment, but where were the uniforms, the cannon, the horses, the battle flags? Were these rough and ragged men the great Continental Army he had heard about?

THEY came in a moment to a place where a score or more of men were at work. Some worked on bullet molds and others were busy about a grindstone and forge; but it was to the anvil that Rod's attention was drawn.

A man stood there, taller than anyone he had ever seen before. A leather apron hung from his waist, but above the apron his body was bare and the muscles that moved under the skin were big and smooth, like serpents. He had snow-white hair and beard, and black eyes that looked right through a body. They looked at Rod now, up and down, and then the man turned to the forge where an iron strap was heating in the red-hot coals.

"Elder Blue," said the captain, "I've fetched you a fine young man, name of Roderick Douglas, from the west country. He comes to you now for a weapon to fight with—a sling for a David, eh, Elder?"

The big man took the glowing strap from the forge and laid it across the anvil, and raised his hammer high.

"Repent ye, saith the Lord," he said in a booming voice, and brought the hammer down with a blow that sent showers of sparks flying against his apron. Rod saw a pile of weapons nearby, crude swords and spears. They must be the work of this giant smith, who smote with his voice as well as with his arm.

"Repent of what?" a thin old man said. "Can't ye see he's but a boy, scarce out of his childhood? What sin has he to repent of, pray?"

The Elder came down on the anvil with a blow that flattened the metal as though it were molten. " 'Behold,' " he said in a voice that drowned out the echo of the anvil, " 'I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.' "

"Aye," the thin old man shot back, "but does not the Book say 'Remember not the sins of my youth'?"

"That's a prayer, ye soup-brained eejut," the Elder roared. "A prayer, not a promise—and I'll thank ye, John Deal, not to tilt Scripture wi' me, for it defileth the word o' God. 'Tis my bounden duty to remind the lad of his immortal soul afore he go into battle." He turned his piercing eyes now upon Rod Douglas. "Have ye repented of your sins, lad?"

"I—I believe I have, sir," said Rod.

"And be ye a Christian, believing in the risen Lord and following His commands?"

"So I was taught to be, sir."

"Praise be to God," said Elder Blue, and he laid the hammer across the anvil and walked over to the pile of finished weapons. Not until then did Rod notice the peg leg, strapped to the knee and with the stump bent under. After a moment of bending over and searching about, the big man came up with a sword, obviously contrived of another implement of some sort. The hilt was but a bend of the metal, fashioned to fit the hand. The blade was short but with a wicked curve in it.

"Like a sword of Cathay or Araby," said Adam.

" 'Tis the best o' the lot," said the Elder, his body jerking with each labored step as he walked over to Rod and Adam. "Did I hear aright, that your name be Douglas, lad?"

"Aye, sir," Rod replied, gazing apprehensively at the weapon.

"A good name, lad! A name of old Scotia, bless God for the memory! A repented Christian, bearing such a name and wi' a weapon such as this—why, what's to be feared in this world or the next? Here, lad, take it and Lord love ye."

Rod took a step backward and shook his head. "I—I couldn't stick that in a body," he said, recoiling from the sword the Elder was holding out to him. "Give me a rifle or a musket and I'll fight the British as bold as any, sir. But I—I couldn't—"

A dead silence came over the little hollow. The man by the forge had stopped working the bellows. The bullet molders ceased pouring lead. All eyes were on the boy in fringed leather and fur cap, and it seemed to Rod that the eyes of all of them met and mingled in the coal-black orbs of Elder Blue.

" 'Tis the best we have," the old man said at length. His voice was quiet. "A fine prunin' hook 'twas, made o' the best metal." He tossed the sword over onto the pile.

"Oh, dearie me!" one of the men at the bullet molds said in a piping, mocking voice. "I wouldn't stick a body—would you, honey-sweet?"

"Oh, vi'lets to vapors, no!" said another with a jawful of tobacco. "But truth to tell, it ain't the stickin' I mind so much as the *twistin' about!*"

A laugh arose, loud, harsh, cruel. Rod, already smarting from homelessness and disappointment, was cut to the quick.

He looked at Adam Carr. Was there sympathy in the captain's eyes, or was he laughing too? Rod looked at the Elder, standing at the anvil with hammer raised like one of the ancient gods that Pa had told him of. A longing for he knew not what seized him. War was a hungry, hapless, make-do affair. If its deeper meaning escaped him, if there *was* no deeper meaning, he would cling to what he knew: the British had killed Pa.

"I aim to fight for the Congress," he said. "Give me the sword."

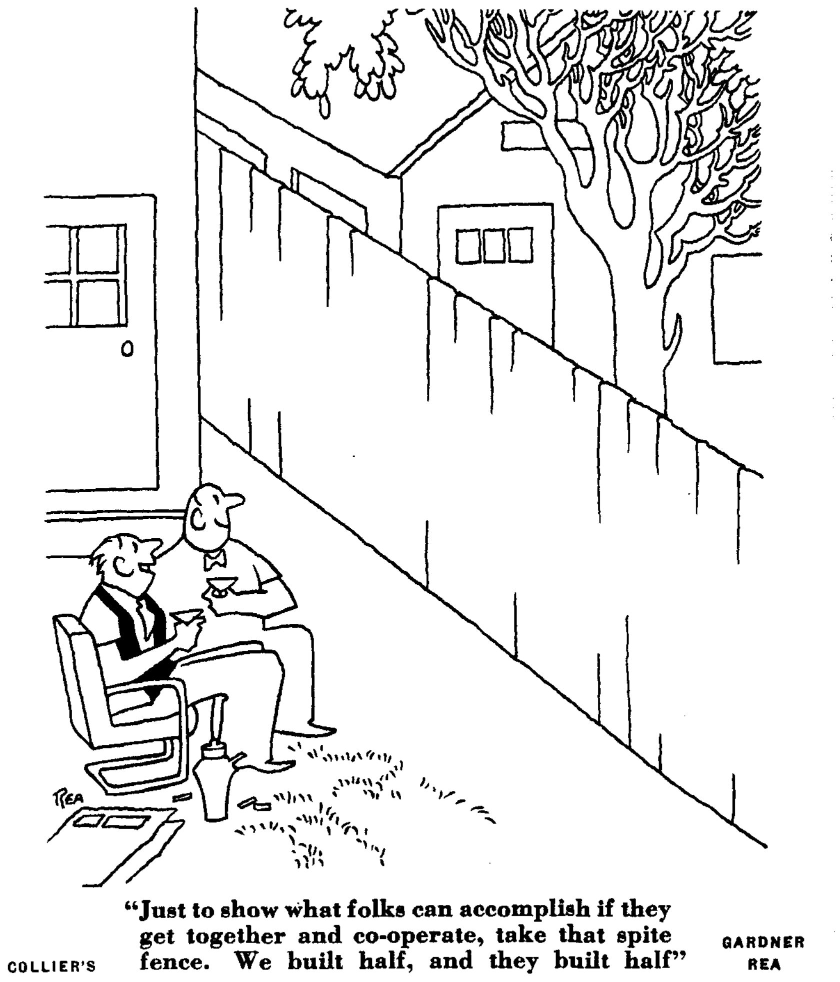
"Glory!" the Elder cried, and came down with a blow that sent sparks up into his beard like stars a-twinkle in a cloud.

"Good boy!" Adam Carr exclaimed, putting an arm about Rod's shoulders. "You'll get a chance to use your sword tomorrow morning. We go after British powder then."

CAPTAIN ADAM CARR had carefully chosen the place to attack the British supply train. The Camden road was bordered on either side by a heavy growth of broomstraw, and back of the straw the forest was so thick that pursuit on horseback would be impossible. It would be a matter of strike and run, which was the essence of partisan warfare. The place determined to a great degree the plan of attack, and Adam felt that he had done his best with both.

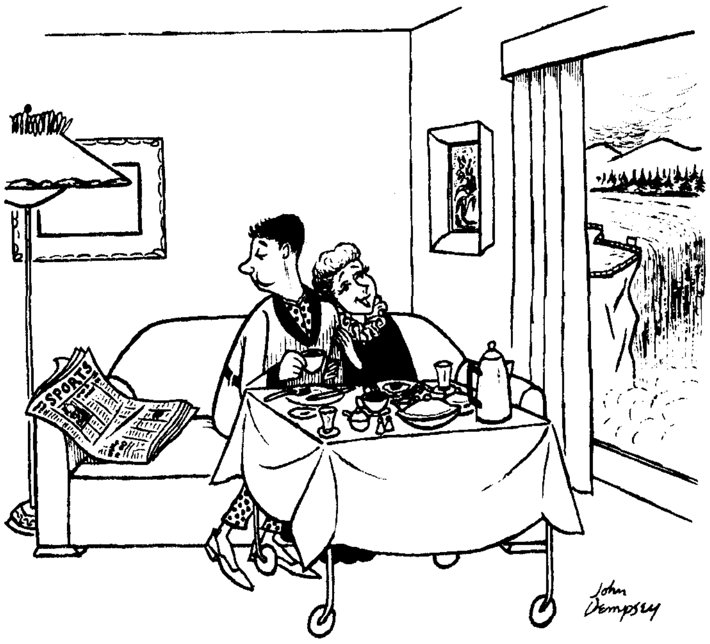
"Listen carefully to me now," he said to the men gathered about him. He had to suppress a smile as he spoke. Each man looked like a little haystack, with broomstraw tied about his body and head. They could lie right next to the road and never be seen. "Listen carefully now," Adam continued. "The last wagon in line is the one we want, and out of that we want only powder. If we get powder we can get food, and I have been informed there's powder in that last wagon.

"Let the rest of the train go by. When the last wagon has entered our line, the men at that point will attack that wagon. The rest of you hit the dragoons opposite you at that time. Strike for



"Just to show what folks can accomplish if they get together and co-operate, take that spite fence. We built half, and they built half"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



"Our marriage, darling, is going to be different"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

their sword arms. Don't give them a chance to draw pistol or saber. In the meantime the men at the end of the line will be cutting out that last wagon. I have spoken to them and they know their duties. You six men with the loaded muskets, take your positions a short way back in the trees and fire on any dragoon who succeeds in drawing his weapon. Don't shoot until then and don't waste a shot. Now—is that all clear? Are there any questions?"

Rod stood, sword in hand, next to a lanky man who leaned on a long-tined pitchfork. On his other side stood Elder Blue with a crowbar made into a pike.

"How'll we know when to rise?" a smooth-faced boy with a musket asked.

"When we attack that wagon," said Adam, "we'll do so with a yell. You will then rise up, yelling also. It will startle the horses and keep the dragoons busy with the reins. Any more questions?"

Rod stood in silence with the men. Morning sunlight filtered down through the trees, spotting their straw-covered bodies with crazy-quilt patterns of light and shade. A nervous coughing and a shuffling of feet were the only sounds.

"Very well," said Adam. "We'll meet back in the hollow when it's over. It should take but a very little while. When those of us at the last wagon streak for the woods, the rest of you do likewise. Now take your places by the road, and good luck, men!"

"Amen," the Elder intoned.

Rod found himself beside Adam for a moment as they walked toward the road. The captain had a British musket with a bayonet attached. He looked down at Rod's sword and smiled.

"There's not a hero in the lot of us, boy," he said. "Every man is here against his will, and every man would rather fight with a gun than with a blade. Just do the best you can with your pruning hook. Stick close to me if you like."

The narrow roadway looked dusty, even after the night's dewfall. The broomstraw where Rod and the others settled themselves was dry to the touch. Captain Carr ranged up and down the line, climbing horseback-high into trees to see that the men were properly concealed.

Rod had come to know some of the men in the short time he had spent with them. There was George Crawford, who made Rod want to laugh just to look at him. George had a monkeylike expression, with a wrinkled forehead and a button nose and lips that were continually in motion whether he spoke or not. He was to enter the last wagon and throw the powder out onto the road.

There was old John Deal, lying on the other side of the road now with a sword made from a scythe. Strands of dirty gray hair stretched across his balding head, and his unstockinged skinny legs were a mass of blue veins, as though a scratch would bleed him to death. Across the road also was Jonas Thompson, a towheaded, freckled, and broad-mouthed plowboy, whose breeches were near bursting from the great muscles of his thighs. He bore a knife lashed to the end of a pole, and with it he was to take care of the teamster of the last wagon.

"Looks like Cap'n Carr would give me leave to throw out a ham or a side of bacon, did I come on one in the wagon," George Crawford said to Rod. "Just a little old ham that me and you could eat in a bite."

ROD moved his body slightly to relieve the pressure of a clod against his hip. He turned his head a bit and peered through the broomstraw that grew thick about him. The road dipped down and up again; the first sign of the British would come when they crested the far hill. From then until the last wagon passed would be the waiting time. This was not so bad now, Rod thought as he rested his cheek against the warm earth.

"Or a chain of link sausage," George went on. "My old woman used to fry it 'til it busted open. *Man*, I'm hungry!"

"O Lord," said the Elder, his voice muffled against the ground, "forgive these Thy children, whose bellies are where their brains should be!"

"Aw, shut up, ye psalm-singin' old sinner," John Deal growled.

The Elder spoke his rage through beard and straw, and beat his wooden leg upon the ground. "You're a wicked old man, John Deal, and you'll come crawling to Christ yet. You've give the devil the lard of your life, and on the Day o' Judgment you'll come offerin' God the cracklins. 'Twon't do!"

Adam Carr got down among them then. "How long will it be, Cap?" George Crawford inquired.

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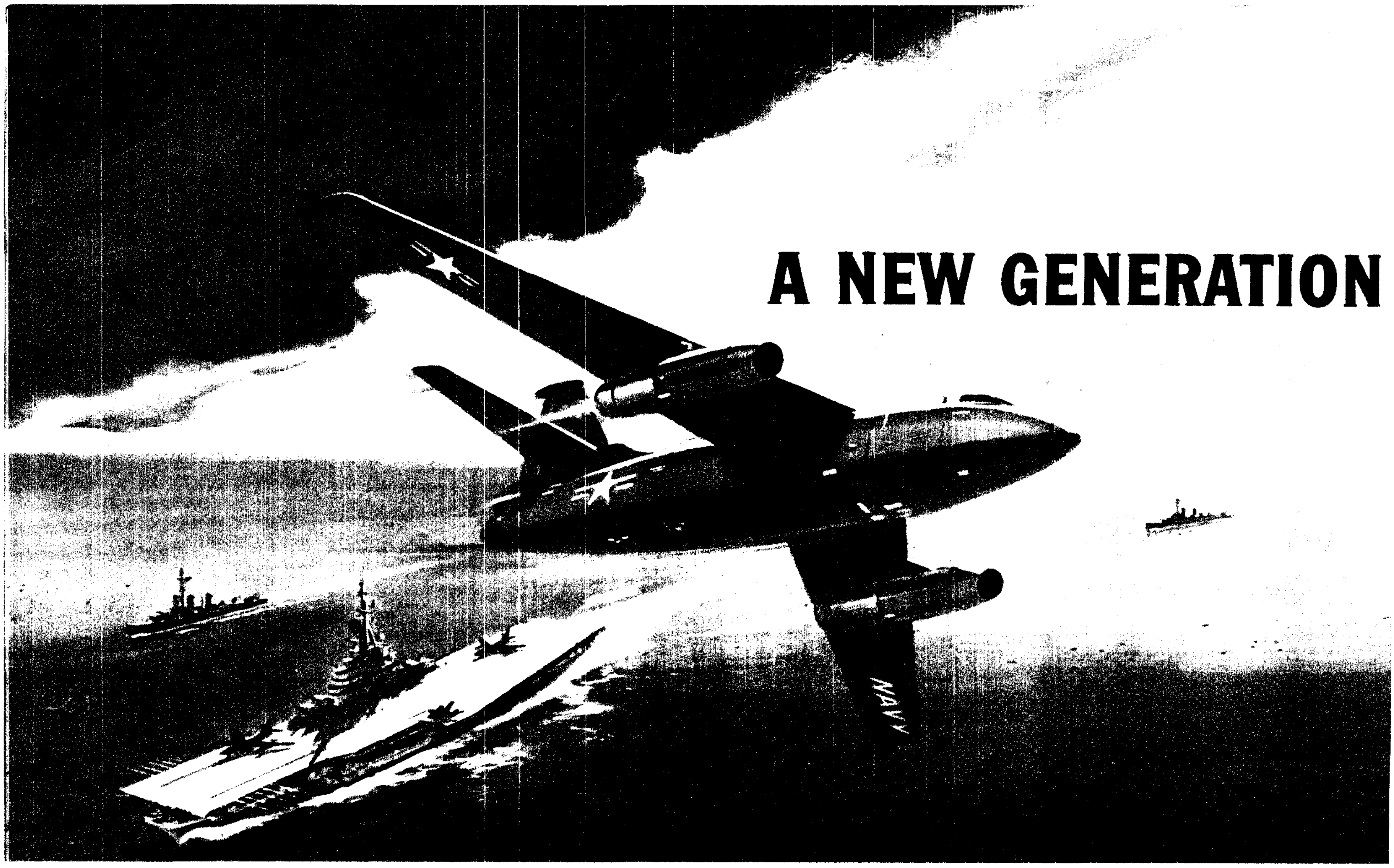
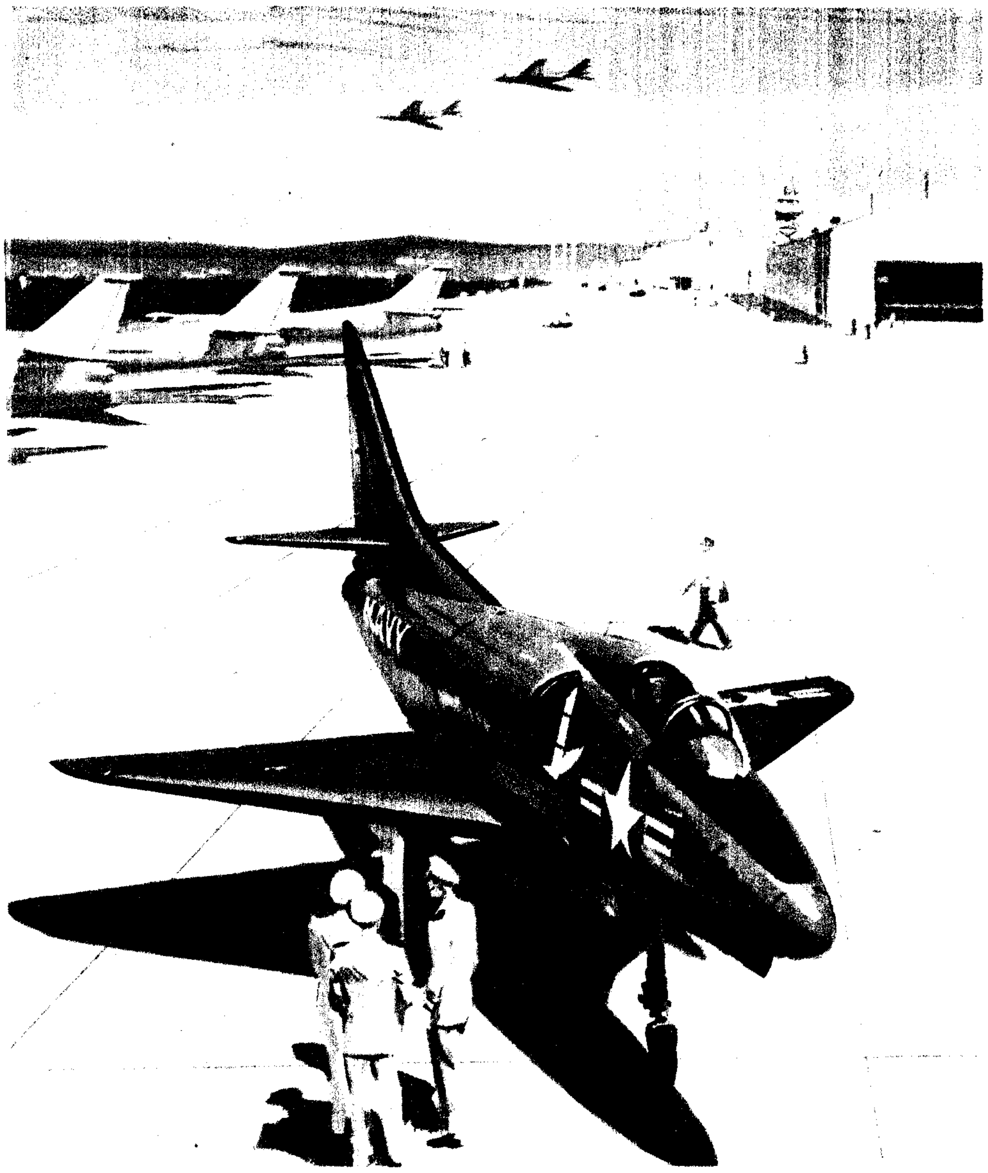
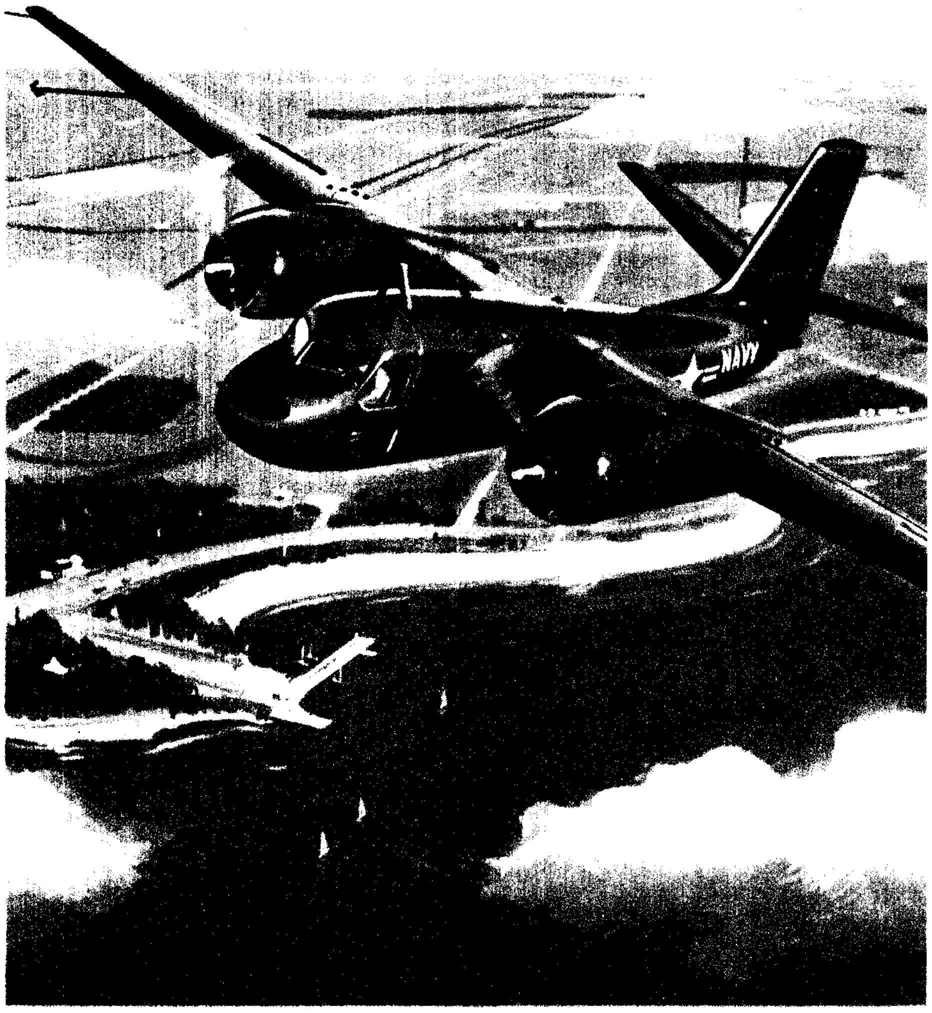


BIGGEST NAVY ATTACK AIRCRAFT is the new Douglas A3D Skywarrior, the most powerful bomber developed for carrier service. Two 10,000-pound thrust Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 jet engines put it in the 600-700 mile-per-hour class. Operating from big canted deck carriers, atom-armed A3Ds will extend the Navy's striking power well beyond any point yet reached.



MIDGET BOMBER, the Navy's fast, long-range Douglas A4D Skyhawk, combines simplified design and ability to carry atomic weapons. One Wright J-65 jet engine powers it.



DOING A DUAL JOB, Grumman's new far-flying S2F both hunts and kills enemy subs, formerly the job of two separate aircraft. It is carrier-based, has two 1450 hp Wright piston engines.

OF NAVY ATTACK AIRPLANES

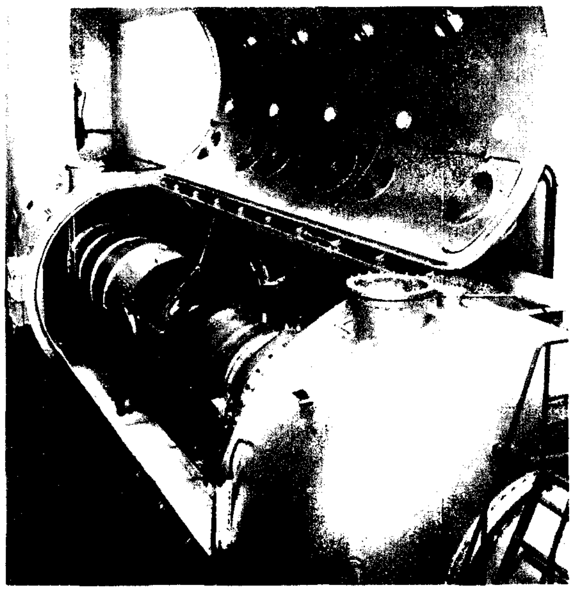
Another example of continuing progress in rebuilding American Air Power

Strong Air Power—on land and at sea—is so vital to America's security that every citizen is entitled to know what progress is being made to *achieve* it—and what must be done to *maintain* it.

Today, military airplanes of amazing speed and power have been designed and developed through the teamwork of your armed forces and the U. S. aviation industry. Thousands are being built. They form a new generation of potent fighting aircraft, typified by the Navy attack bombers shown on the opposite page. Like other new U. S. military airplanes, these outstanding craft are designed to be second to none in performance, in quality and in safety.

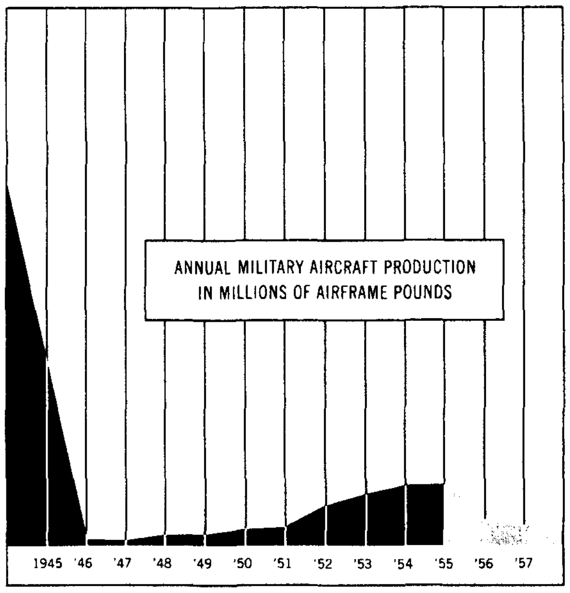
But important as it is, high production of these modern aircraft alone is not enough to sustain Air Power. As never before, continuous air strength depends upon continuous programs of research and development work in every advancing phase of aviation science. Along with production, these vital programs are more urgent than ever in the face of growing threats from behind the Iron Curtain.

America is now beginning to benefit from just such long-range programs in military aviation. If carried forward without wasteful stop-and-go interruptions, these well-planned programs can produce and maintain the strongest possible modern Air Power at the lowest possible cost to taxpayers . . . With such strength, lasting peace may one day be achieved.



CONTINUING RESEARCH by scientists and engineers is vital if America is to have superior Air Power in future years. Every advance in airplane performance—in speed, altitude, range or other capability—depends on data only research can provide. Problems of propulsion at extreme altitude, for instance, are probed in huge facilities like this new engine test chamber at Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's Andrew Willgoos Turbine Laboratory.

CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT brings higher performance, efficiency, and safety to airplanes, equipment and engines. For example, to build more power into jet engines, Pratt & Whitney Aircraft engineers developed "Waspaloy," a tough, heat-resisting alloy for turbine blades like those above. These blades can take high temperatures and withstand forces equal to the weight of 8 automobiles. The result is faster airplanes with longer engine life.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of the most modern aircraft, missiles and armament—all far more potent than World War II's best—is rebuilding Air Power from the weak level of 1947 toward a position of adequate strength. Estimated future production, if uninterrupted and backed by continuing research and development programs, will meet current air strength goals in 1957, and continue to keep air strength modern at minimum cost to taxpayers.

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"Any minute now," said Adam. "They were to leave Sandy Run at sunup, according to my information. Remember, Crawford, the kegs will be marked *Powder*. Do you know how to spell that word?"

"What word's that, Cap?"

"Powder."

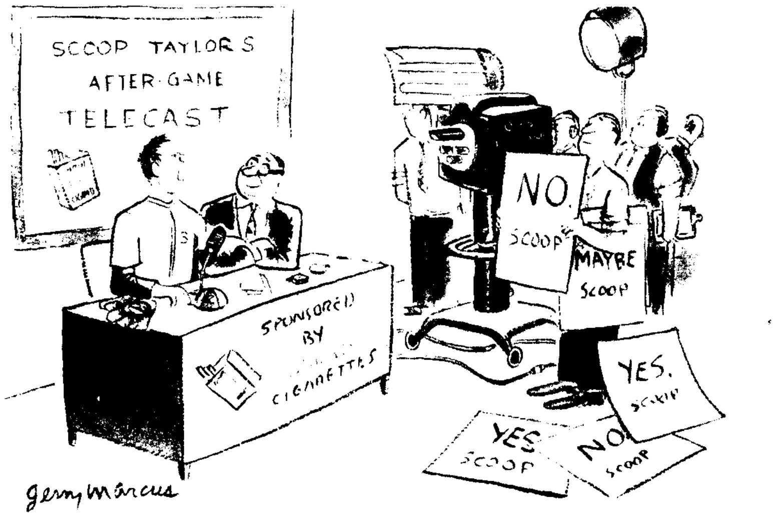
"Powder?"

"Oh, Lord," Adam groaned. "P-O-W-D-E-R, powder. Now repeat that."

"P-O-W . . ."

". . . D-E-R," Adam finished for him. "Now try it again."

George spelled and spelled until he was letter-perfect. The climbing sun grew hotter and there was a general coughing and grunting and wheezing along the line.



COLLIER'S JERRY MARCUS

IT SEEMED a long time to Rod, until a faraway sound reached his ears. Adam rose cautiously to his knees and peered out at the distant hill. "Pass the word," he said as he settled back down. "They're coming."

Rod felt a tightening of his belly muscles and his mouth grew dry, and he grasped the hilt of the sword. He still felt no love for the weapon, even after a day of carrying it about. A man could not warm to a sword as he could to a rifle or a musket. To get a redcoat in his sights and press the trigger would be the same as shooting a bear or a panther, while to sword-cut a man . . . But the British had killed Pa. Rod squeezed the hilt in his sweaty hand, and waited.

"O Lord," the Elder began to pray, "Thou didst send a plague upon the Israelites afore deliverin' them from bondage. Now, O Lord, Thy children the Amerikites be sore beset by a plague o' pesky Britonites. Help us to stand like men, Lord, 'stead o' runnin' like dogs. Help us to—"

"Stow it, Elder," Adam ordered. "Pray to yourself; we must have silence now. Pass the word—silence."

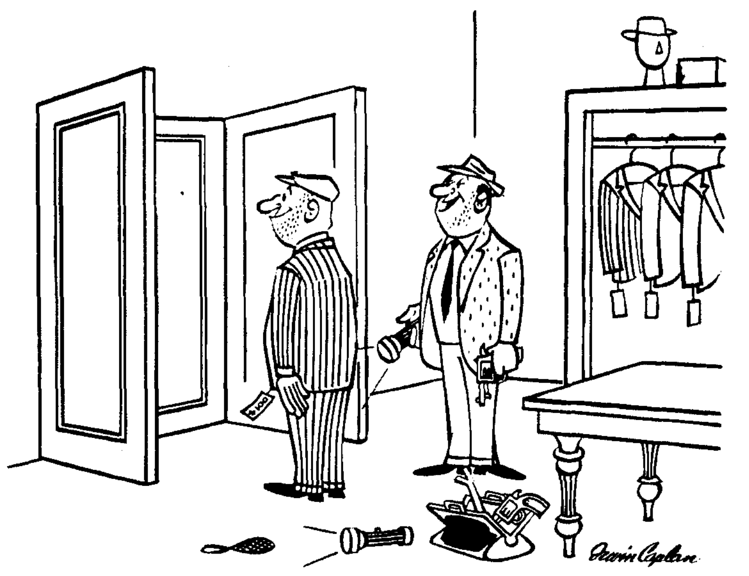
The soft hoofbeats of walking horses and the rattle of rolling wagons grew louder. Rod opened his eyes and looked at the ground beneath him. Six feet away a whispering began: "P-O-W-D-E-R, P-O-W-D-E-R." A red ant crawled up a stalk of broomstraw and down again, and up the other side and down. "P-O-W-D-E-R," the whispering continued.

The first dragoons were upon them. The air was filled with pounding hoofbeats and creaking wheels. Even with his eyes closed Rod seemed to see their shadows cross over him—long shadows with streaks of sunlight between. Dirt of the road kicked up by hoofs showered over him. One wagon had passed, two wagons, three wagons, and the ant was crawling on his hand, up his arm now, and he dared not move to get rid of it. Redcoats above him, red ants on him, and the ant was biting him. His left elbow was alive with the sting of it, as though resting on red-hot coals. Leather creaked, wheels creaked, chains rattled, scabbards rattled. The shadows kept passing over him, like clouds before the wind. He had lost all count of the wagons. He had lost all count of time. He grasped the sword tighter and lay still.

A piercing yell brought him to his feet. Something came up against him as he brushed the broomstraw from his eyes. Elder Blue was there, punching with his pike at a dragoon on a rearing horse. Rod saw Jonas Thompson across the wagon, his pole-lashed knife jabbing at the teamster. A pistol roared in the teamster's hand and Thompson fell away, and somewhere up ahead a horse screamed with pain.

The Elder's dragoon was on the ground and Adam Carr was coolly snatching at the harness of the wagon team. The teamster was reloading his pistol. Rod sprang for the left front wheel and it turned under him as the team backed, filled with terror. He was yelling senselessly, unable to stop, as he climbed the downward-turning spokes of the wheel. Then the spokes suddenly began turning in the opposite direction, tossing him up and over into the wagon. He came down with his sword on the teamster and saw blood spurt from the fellow's neck. He struck again and again. He could not seem to stop striking or yelling. The teamster fell limply back, revealing George Crawford in the rear of the wagon throwing kegs out onto the road.

Rod turned to see Captain Carr standing by the fallen wagon tongue and waving his musket in the air. "Leave off!" he was shouting. "Leave off and grab a keg of powder and run for the woods!"



"Forget about the price. The important thing is how it looks on you"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

A hundred yards up the road the fight was continuing, with wagons weaving about and horses rearing and pitching. Rod tore his eyes from it, and got back to the business at hand. He jumped down from the wagon and landed by the body of Jonas Thompson, lying there with his shirt staining red about the heart and his eyes staring up at the sky. Rod lifted his gaze from the dead boy and saw Adam Carr running by, hugging a keg to his belly.

"There's one left, boy," the captain cried. "Grab it up and run!"

ROD found the keg, hefted it and ran, the sword still clutched in his hand. A short distance from the road the Elder was down, and old John Deal had fallen across him. A flap of Deal's bald scalp hung loose, and blood was pouring down over his face and dripping on the Elder's beard.

"Is this you, Brother Blue?" John said. "I can't see a thing."

"Aye, 'tis me, Brother Deal. My peg leg's broke, and I can't hop in this broomstraw."

"Will you guide me, Brother Blue?"

"Aye, praise the Lord! Will you bear my weight, Brother Deal?"

Rod ran on by, looking back once to see the two old men stand and lock arms and move slowly forward. Ahead of Rod, George Crawford lumbered along, a sack of great size cradled in his arms. A powdery white substance trickled out from a corner of the sack, leaving a trail on the ground. Rod passed the puffing and wheezing George, and did not look back. Even had he looked, it is not likely he would have seen the words boldly lettered on the sack: *Officers' Hair Powder. . . .*

A soft drizzle of rain came with the dark, and the air grew chill in the hollow. Rod sat with his back against a pine, the sword on the ground beside him. The work of the morning had not changed him. He still felt no warmth for the sword. The oddly shaped weapon was a hated thing, like a snake. Captain Carr had promised him the next captured musket. In the meantime he must go on with the sword—but why? What had Pa known when he went to King's Mountain, more than that the war was coming too close? What did the men here in the hollow know, more than he knew himself?

Some of the men had built a fire, a small one that would not show above the rim. Rod left the tree and the sword and went to the fire for warmth and companionship. The men accepted him now, and that was a comfort. He sat down and looked about him at the forms faintly revealed by the glow. One man's forearm was swathed in a chawed-tobacco poultice, and other small wounds were visible here and there. Old John Deal had a rag about his head. The Elder sat and whittled on a new leg. But one dead and six slightly wounded, Captain Carr had proudly proclaimed, against six left for dead and many more wounded for the British mercenaries. And four full kegs of gunpowder now in the hollow, not to mention the hair powder!

"How you spell slop-head?" a man innocently asked.

"Aw, that's easy," another replied. "C-R-A-W-F-O-R-D—slop-head."

George Crawford's whiskery face grinned, but the sweat of discomfort was on his brow. "Well, now, boys, I'll tell you the truth," he said. "I knowed right off that sack didn't have no gunpowder in it. You see, I thought it was a sack of flour, and I . . ."

A howl of laughter smothered his remaining words. The men rocked and rolled with their laughter, and Rod even imagined he heard a chuckle issue from the beard-hidden lips of Elder Blue. A lull came, and George cast a doleful look at Rod.

"Boy," he said, "I sure wish I was home on Walnut Ridge."

The laughter died away and the talk resumed—mostly speculative as to the use they would make of their precious gunpowder.

An owl hooted and the soft rain fell, and the firelight shone on the faces of the men sitting about. Rod wished, as he listened to the talk, that Pa had told him more about the war. But Pa had never been one to talk about it. He seemed to think it was something far off, and no concern of theirs. What had caused this war to start in the first place? That was what Rod wanted to know. What was it way back there 'twixt the Whigs and the Tories, the Congress and the King, America and England? What was it in the beginning, like a man could read the Bible and see that in the beginning was the Word?

"Back there in the beginnin'," old John Deal said, as if in answer to Rod's unspoken question, "we'd get a newspaper about once a month, up from Charles Town or down from the North. I recollect one paper had the Declaration of Independence in it. Man, them was the finest-sounding words I ever did hear. Oh, it was *grand* the way them words sounded! I hung onto the sense of 'em, you understand, but I somehow can't remember the words. Sure wish I could."

A VOICE spoke up then from the deep night beyond the firelight. Rod knew it instantly as that of Captain Adam Carr.

" 'When in the Course of human events . . .' " the voice said, and the men sat still as statues as they listened. On and on Adam Carr spoke and not a man moved a muscle, least of all Rod.

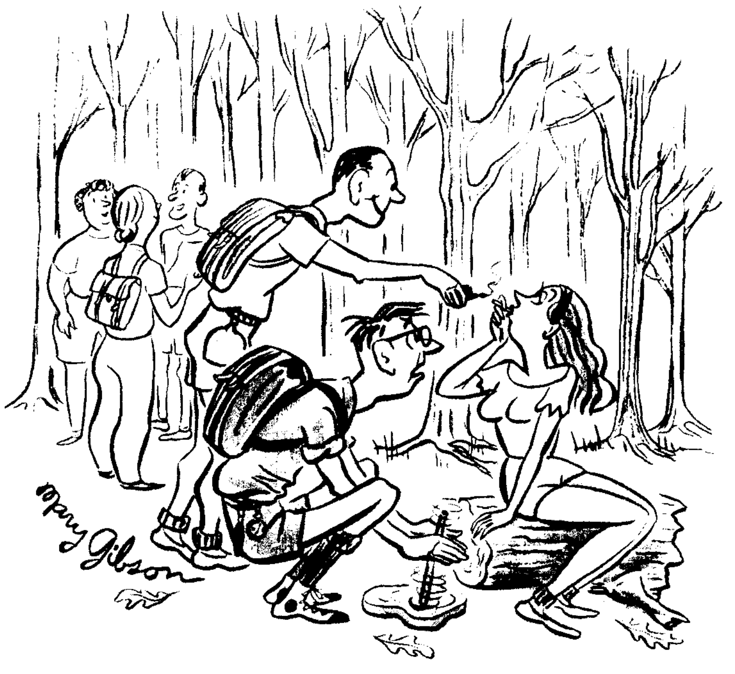
" 'He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people . . .' " The meaning of the words entered Rod as though they came light-laden with flame from the fire.

" '. . . we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.' " The voice ceased and Adam Carr wandered away.

The men looked at one another. "Lordy!" old John Deal exclaimed finally. "Cap Carr knowed every word of it—every word of it! Makes a man feel shame, it does."

Rod stood up and walked through the dark, back to the tree with the sword beside it. He ran his hand lightly over the ground until he touched the blade. He grasped the hilt and walked back to the fire, and sat down with the sword beside him. It had a right comfortable feel to the hand, that hilt did.

—JOHN A. LELAND



COLLIER'S "Oh, gosh, Maureen, couldn't you have waited another five minutes?" MARY GIBSON

On

hicago -
alifornia

55^{44}

Santa Fe

he Chief • El Capitan
an Francisco Chief

WHEN YOU GET THERE
...RENT A CAR

Big-League

Baseball-minded kids are lucky

W. KRAL
Pleasant Va
LOCAL

Practicing double play, Dick Anker wheels for peg to first as Mike Piccolo throws his 80 pounds into second base too late

Manager Mike Maietta, who works at General Electric plant, has handled every past all-star team. During tournament games, he calls every pitch with signals from the dugout

Slugger Barry Kramer attracts crowds when he bats in practice, is a top rookie prospect. He couldn't play last year. He went to camp

Little Leaguers

ive in Schenectady, where they have a way of turning out champs

A HALF-MILLION Little League ballplayers now are swinging into the homestretch of pennant races in the most surprisingly successful baseball program in the world. From the germ of an idea in 1939, organized baseball—twelve-years-old-and-under division—has grown into a global institution. This year, more than 4,000 Little Leagues of four teams each are in action. There are circuits in all 48 states, Canada and at U.S. bases in Germany, Guam and Korea. But no group anywhere can equal the competitive record of the Schenectady, New York, Little League, the current defending world champions.

In the championship play which gets under way after the regular season's end, each league is represented by an all-star squad selected by its managers. The teams compete in district, sectional and regional tournaments, with one loss meaning elimination. Then the eight regional survivors report to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where the Little League World Series is played in an atmosphere that's a cross between Milwaukee's County Stadium on a busy day and a boy scout camp.

In five years of play, Schenectady's hard-hitting, slick-fielding, gum-chewing all-star teams have never failed to win their district and sectional titles, and in the past two years have made it to Williamsport. On the first trip, they reached the final game, only to drop a 1-0 decision to a Birmingham, Alabama, nine. Last August, they whipped Colton, California, 7-5, for their eleventh straight tournament victory and the championship.

Major credit for Schenectady's success belongs to the 14 men on the League's active administrative force. Their regular duties range from fund-raising to raking up the ball field to teaching young charges how to hit-and-run. Tournament-wise, the officers had to start this year almost from scratch. Last season's all-stars were so riddled by age that of the 15 players only chunky Chuck Caputo, a 95-pound infielder-pitcher, was eligible this year.

Prospects are not all dim, however. Several boys are back who weren't quite experienced enough to make the championship squad. And a booming crop of 275 youngsters showed up last April at the champions' annual tryout camp. All-star manager Mike Maietta, a former minor-league outfielder, put the recruits through the same type of training he gives his regular players. There was batting practice—"eye on the ball, now"—intensive fielding drills, plenty of running. The youngsters were told to try to outspeed the opposition. "Always make your turn after a hit," Maietta counseled, "and if the fielder's slow, go for that extra base."

Most of the boys picked from the training camp were eight-, nine- and ten-year-olds, but at least one selection, Barry Kramer, twelve, stands a good chance of making the all-star team when it's named in mid-July. The first time Kramer stepped up in regular batting practice he hit three balls over the left-field fence 180 feet away.

"I don't say we'll win again," says Schenectady Little League president Arthur (Bud) Parker, "but we've got several plus signs going for us. The men in our program work, and the managers know baseball. But our most important asset is a winning tradition. Our boys know they're champs the day they put on their uniforms." —HOWARD COHN

League's imposing five-year collection of trophies was displayed opening day

Above: Lefty Lou Pisano pitches to four-foot-one, 68-pound outfielder Dick Gregoire. Left: Veteran Chuck Caputo, 12, is the only returning all-star

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI

The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

lamb!" she said delightedly when she unwrapped it. "Another lamb!"

Janey said, "Lambs are silly."

"They're not silly!"

"Quiet! Not another word!" Betsy said, coming into the room with a glass of water and medicine for Barbara.

Tom went downstairs and mixed Martinis for Betsy and himself. When Betsy came down, they sat in the kitchen, sipping their drinks gratefully while the children played in the living room and watched television. The linoleum on the kitchen floor was beginning to wrinkle, and by the sink it was worn through to the wood underneath. "We ought to get some new linoleum," Betsy said. "We could lay it ourselves."

"I heard about a new job at lunch today," Tom said. "Public relations. United Broadcasting Corporation."

"How much does it pay?"

"Probably a good deal more than I'm getting now."

There was an instant of silence before Betsy said, "Are you going to try for it?"

"I might."

Betsy finished her drink and poured herself another. "I've never thought of you as a public-relations man," she said soberly. "Would you like it?"

"I'd like the money."

Betsy sighed. "It would be wonderful to get out of this house."

THE next morning, Tom put on his best suit, a freshly cleaned and pressed gray flannel, and during his luncheon hour he set out to visit the United Broadcasting Corporation. As he walked across Rockefeller Plaza, he thought wryly of the days when he and Betsy had assured each other that money didn't matter. They had told each other that when they were married, before the war.

The hell with that, he thought. The real trouble is that up to now we've been kidding ourselves. We might as well admit that what we want is a big house and a new car and trips to Florida in the winter, and plenty of life insurance. When you come right down to it, a man with three children has no damn' right to say that money doesn't matter.

The United Broadcasting Corporation had a policy of giving all job applicants an interview, and Tom had to wait only about twenty minutes before the receptionist told him that a Mr. Everett would see him. Everett was a man about Tom's age and was also dressed in a gray flannel suit. The uniform of the day, Tom thought. Somebody must have put out an order.

"I understand that you are interested in a position in the public-relations department," Everett said.

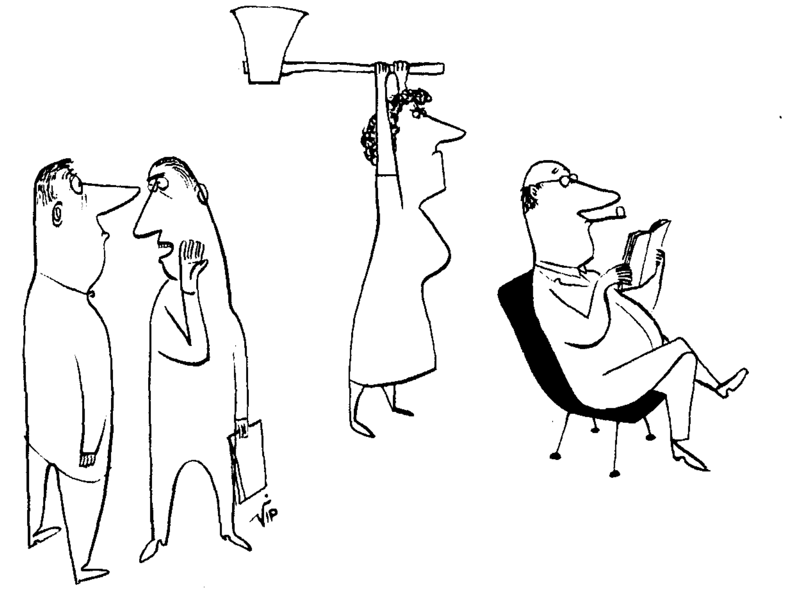
"I just want to explore the situation," Tom replied. "I already have a good position with the Schanenhauser Foundation, but I'm considering a change."

It took Everett only about a minute to size Tom up as a "possibility." He gave him a long printed form to fill out and told him he'd hear from the United Broadcasting Corporation in a few days. . . .

Five days later Tom got a letter from Everett saying an interview had been arranged for him with Mr. Gordon Walker for the following Monday at 11:00 A.M. Tom wondered whether he should tell Dick Haver, the director of the Schanenhauser Foundation, that he was looking for another job, but it would be embarrassing to tell Dick and then be unable to find one. Tom decided to delay seeing Dick until after he had had his next interview.

Walker's office was impressive. As soon as Tom saw it, he knew he was being seriously considered for a job, and maybe a pretty good one. Walker sat behind a kidney-shaped desk. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds. His face was as white as a marshmallow, but when he smiled, it was as though he had unexpectedly recognized an old friend. "Thomas Rath?" he said. "Sit down! Make yourself comfortable!"

Tom thanked him, and sat in the chair in front of Walker's desk.



"I'm afraid Filstrup is developing a split personality"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

"I've read the application forms you filled out, and it seems to me you might be qualified for a new position we may have opening up here," Walker said. "But first I'd like to ask why you want to work for the United Broadcasting Corporation?"

Tom was suddenly impatient at the need for hypocrisy. The sole reason he wanted to work for United Broadcasting was that he thought he might be able to make a lot of money there fast, but he couldn't say that. People were supposed to work at advertising agencies and broadcasting companies for spiritual reasons.

"I believe," Tom said, "that television is developing into the greatest medium for mass education and entertainment—"

"What kind of salary do you have in mind?" Walker asked.

"The salary isn't the primary consideration with me," Tom said, trying desperately to come up with stock answers to stock questions. "I'm mainly interested in finding something worthwhile to do. I have personal responsibilities, however, and I would hope—"

"I see," Walker said. There was a short silence. "Can you write?"

"I do most of the writing at the Schanenhauser Foundation," Tom said.

"That sounds fine," Walker said casually. "I have a little favor I want to ask of you. I want you to write me your autobiography. Nothing very long. Just as much as you can manage to type out in an hour. One of my girls will give you a room with a typewriter." He paused, still smiling. Tom said nothing. Walker continued, "Write anything you want, but at the end of your last page, I'd like you to finish this sentence: 'The most significant fact about me is . . .' "

"The most significant fact about me is . . ." Tom repeated idiotically. Then he stood up, said, "Thank you," and went out of the room.

A secretary led him to a small room a few doors down the hall in which was a typewriter and a hard office chair.

Tom tried to think of something to write, but all he could remember was Betsy and the drab little house and the need to buy a new washing machine. I have children, he thought—that's probably the most significant thing about me, the only fact that will have much importance for long. Anything about a man can be summed up in numbers. Thomas R. Rath, thirty-three years old, making seven thousand dollars a year, owner of a 1939 sedan, a six-room house and ten thousand dollars' worth of GI life insurance. Six feet one and a half inches tall; weight, 198 pounds. He served four and a half years in the Army, most of it in Europe and the rest in the South Pacific.

ANOTHER statistical fact came to him then, a fact that he hadn't thought about for a long while. It was the unreal-sounding, probably irrelevant, but quite accurate fact that he had killed seventeen men.

It had been during the war, of course, and it didn't seem real any more—it was just a small, isolated statistic that nobody wanted. His mind went blank. Suddenly the word "Maria" flashed into it.

Maria was a girl he had known in Italy during the war a long time ago, and he never thought about her any more, just as he never thought about the seventeen men he had killed. It wasn't always easy to forget, but it was certainly necessary to try.

Tom thought: The most significant fact about me is that I detest the United Broadcasting Corporation, but I want to buy a more expensive house and a better brand of gin.

That certainly wouldn't get him the job. He glanced at his wrist watch. He had less than half an hour left. What the hell, he thought. I was a damn' fool to think I wanted to work here anyway. Then he thought of Betsy asking, as she would be sure to, "Did you get the job? How did it go?" And he decided to try.

Anybody's life can be summed up in a paragraph, he wrote. *I was born on November 20, 1920, in my grandmother's house in South Bay, Connecticut. I was graduated from Covington Academy in 1937, and from Harvard College in 1941. I spent four and a half years in the Army, reaching the rank of captain. Since 1946, I have been employed as an assistant to the director of the Schanenhauser Foundation. I live in Westport, Connecticut, with my wife and three children. From the point of view of the United Broadcasting Corporation, the most significant fact about me is that I am applying for a position in its public-relations department, and after an initial period of learning, I probably would do a good job.*

He added his name and address, and walked into Walker's office. Walker was obviously surprised to see him. "You've still got fifteen minutes!" he reminded Tom.

"I've written all I think is necessary," Tom replied.

THAT night as soon as he got off the train, Betsy asked him, "How did the interview go? Tell me *all* about it!"

"I don't know," Tom said. "I'm one of about forty people being considered."

"You'll get it," she said. "I'm *sure*."

"Don't get your hopes up."

"I talked to a real-estate agent today," she replied. "He said we could probably get fifteen thousand for our house, maybe more."

"Damn it," Tom said, "aren't you rushing things a little?"

"It doesn't do any harm to *plan*, does it?" she asked with an injured air.

"You better just pretend nothing's happened at all," he said. "Then you won't be disappointed if nothing does happen."

But as things turned out, only three days later Betsy took a letter from the mailman, ripped it open, and immediately called Tom at the Schanenhauser Foundation. "It's here!" she said. "Walker wants to see you at eleven o'clock next Tuesday for another interview."

"Fine," Tom said noncommittally.

"Don't be stuffy," Betsy said. "I feel like celebrating. Tonight we're going to have steak and sparkling Burgundy, and to hell with the cost."

She hung up before he could object, and Tom knew it was time to talk to Dick Haver, his boss at the foundation.

Dick Haver was a tall, tweedy man who had been a college professor. "Why do you want to leave?" he asked.

"Money," Tom said. "I have three children and I need more money than I think I can make here in the immediate future. Also, I'd like a place where there would be more opportunity for rapid advancement."

"Don't make your decision too quickly," Haver replied. "I'll talk the matter over with some of the others

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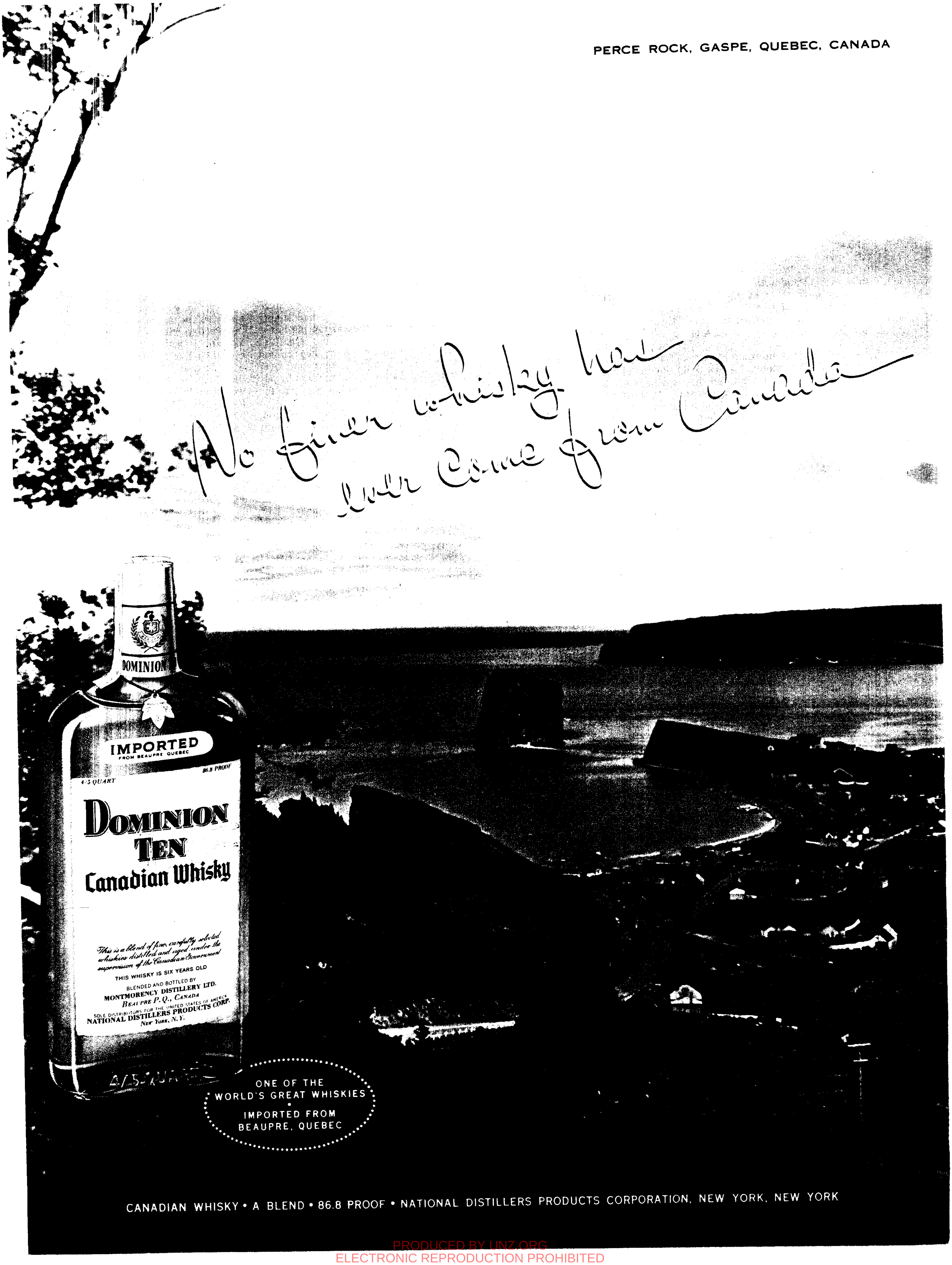
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here, and we'll see if we can do a little more for you. I'm not sure you'd like it over at United Broadcasting."

"Why not?"

"It's just a feeling I have," Haver said. "Think it over and make your own decision, of course."

"Nuts!" Betsy exclaimed that night when Tom told her about his conversation with Haver. "The old goat is just trying to hang onto you! He'll come up with an offer of some piddling raise you should have got two years ago, and every time you want another one, you'll have to threaten to quit!"

She sipped her sparkling Burgundy. "You know what you ought to do now?" she said. "You ought to go have a talk with Grandmother. After all, she might have ways of finding out whether Haver really will have anything big for you. Anyway she ought to know you're thinking about leaving."

EARLY Saturday morning he drove to South Bay alone, for by that time all three of the children had chicken pox and Betsy had to stay with them. When Tom approached South Bay, he got a serious feeling of homecoming, despite all the years that had passed since he had lived there. The great brick and stone mansions were not as well kept as when Tom had ridden his bicycle past them, but they still seemed comfortable and solid.

Stone posts marked the entrance of the driveway of his grandmother's house. Beyond them was the carriage house, which was bigger than Tom's home in Westport. And farther up the hill, on the highest point, was the old mansion itself, a tall Victorian structure with a tower at one end and a breath-taking view of Long Island Sound. The grass on both sides of the driveway had grown long. Looking at it, Tom remembered the days when it had been kept as carefully as a putting green; and he felt the first pang of the rising annoyance he feared every time he went there, the rage at his grandmother's refusal to sell the place, and her calm willingness to pour into it what little was left of the money she had inherited.

He left his car by the front door. Edward, a tall old man who long ago had served as butler and now acted as a man of all work, let him in. "Good morning, sir," he said. "Mrs. Rath is waiting for you in the sunroom."

Tom found his grandmother seated in an armchair. In her hand was a gnarled black walnut cane which looked almost like an extension of her withered fingers. She was ninety-three.

"Tommy!" she said when she saw him, and leaned eagerly forward.

"Don't get up, Grandmother," he said. "It's good to see you." He was shocked at how much she had aged during the last two months.

"You look tired, Tommy," she said.

"I feel fine."

"You ought to go riding more," she said. "The Senator always said riding is the best exercise."

There it was, her terrible projection of the past into the present, and her elaborate myth about the Rath family's accomplishments. "The Senator" was the phrase she always used for her dead husband, who had served one term as a state senator in Hartford during his early youth, and who had spent the rest of his life doing absolutely nothing.

"I've got a few things I want to talk over with you," Tom said.

"You mustn't get stout," she went on. "Your father never got stout. The Major was always slender."

"Yes, Grandmother," he said. His father had been a second lieutenant during the first World War. As far as Tom could make out from the dim echoes of rumor that survived his father, Stephen Rath had either quit work or been fired about two years before he was killed in an automobile accident, and before that, he had simply lived a life of leisure in the big house with his wife, mother and son. But according to the old lady, Stephen had been a great military hero, and over the years she had advanced him by her own automatic laws of seniority to the rank of major.

"I think I may leave the foundation, Grandmother," he said now. "That's what I want to talk to you about."

"Leave? Why?"

HOW difficult it was to explain to an old lady who had never earned a penny in her life, and who had never even bothered to conserve what she had inherited, that he needed more money! He said, "I may have an opportunity that's too good to turn down."

"Are you thinking of going into government?" the old lady asked.

"No—it's business."

"Your great-grandfather owned a fleet of twenty-eight vessels. Are you going into shipping?"

"No," Tom said. "This will be a little different, Grandmother."

"I'm sorry you have to go into business," she said soberly, "but I suppose it's necessary. Business is such a bore—the Major never could stand it, and neither could the Senator. But let's talk about something more cheerful. How do you think the place looks?"

"It looks beautiful."

"I hope that when I go, you and Betsy will be able to live here," she said. "I'm trying to keep it up for you. I don't want you to mention it to a soul, but I had to take a small mortgage on the place to have an oil furnace put in. Edward is getting old, and he can't shovel coal any more."

A furnace, Tom thought—I'll bet that the price of a furnace for this place would send all three of my kids through a year of college. He felt the old double, contradictory anger rising in him, the familiar fury at his grandmother for dissipating money that ordinarily would come to him eventually, and the accompanying disgust at himself for lusting after an old lady's money. He tried to feel the gratitude that, after all, was due to the person, who, after his mother had died, had brought him up, and paid for his education, and treated him with kindness and love.

Now Tom wondered whether he

Real Cool Course

Top: Students crawl through wooden arches to test flexibility of bodies. Center: They learn how to relax anywhere. Bottom: By lifting and balancing tenpins with eyes closed, students develop grace

MISS CHARLOTTE SELVER is a graceful lady who believes that many people have forgotten what they knew as babies—how to move and breathe naturally. To help them regain this lost knowledge, she gives courses in "body re-education" at New York's New School for Social Research.

The courses, Miss Selver says, enable men and women to lead a fuller, more vital life. In her studio-classroom, students walk, crawl, carry objects, relax and so on—and then, through self-analysis of their sensations, rediscover for themselves natural, less exhausting body movements and positions.

Natural breathing is one key to the good life, according to Miss Selver. This summer she is giving a special course entitled Breathing as a Conditioner, Especially in Hot Weather (10 lessons, $30). It shows students how to beat the heat by moving economically and refreshing themselves with nature's built-in air conditioner—breathing. For a serious student, the course should be a breeze. ▲▲▲

Miss Selver stresses gravity affects balance. Ball helps her make point. Below: Yawn is encouraged; it's relaxing

RAYMOND JACOBS

should try to work with the old lady's lawyer to straighten out whatever might be left of her estate. She had never mentioned money to him in all the years he had lived with her, except to say that it was a frightful bore.

"If you want any help, let me know," he said now.

"The bank was very nice," she said. "The important thing is to keep this house in shape for you and Betsy."

"I doubt whether we'll be able to afford such a place," he said. "Not many people can these days."

"Nonsense!" she replied. "Perhaps you'll be able to improve it. The Senator always wanted to add a wing. Come, and I'll show you where."

THE following Tuesday, Tom arrived at the United Broadcasting building at eleven to keep his appointment with Walker.

"Floor, please?" the elevator operator said. He spoke in a deep voice with a slight Italian accent. Tom glanced at him. He was a stout, dark-complexioned man about thirty years old with thick black hair. There was something startlingly familiar about the slope of his narrow shoulders and the deep voice. Tom stepped to one side to get a better look at him, but the elevator was getting crowded, and he couldn't see the man's face. "Floor, please?" the elevator man repeated.

"Thirty-six," Tom said. The man turned toward him, and their eyes met. The elevator operator's face was fat, almost round. His eyes were black and unblinking. He stared at Tom for several seconds. There might have been a quickly suppressed flicker of recognition, but Tom couldn't be sure. The elevator doors rumbled shut.

When Tom got out at his floor, he felt oddly flustered. Down the hall he saw a men's room and went there to wash his face and comb his hair before going to see Walker. It was absurd to attach such importance to a chance encounter with an elevator man. Even if it were someone he had known, what possible difference could it make?

A few minutes later Tom went into Walker's office and was introduced to a handsome, angular man named Bill Ogden. Ogden said almost nothing during the remainder of the interview. Apparently he was there to observe.

"We're prepared to talk in specific terms," Walker said. "I think I should begin by saying that this isn't just an ordinary job in the public-relations department we're considering. What we're looking for is a young man to work with Mr. Hopkins, the president of the company, on a special project . . ."

He paused, apparently expecting Tom to say something. "That sounds very interesting," Tom said. "Just what kind of a project is it?"

"Mr. Hopkins has been asked to start a national committee on mental health," Walker said. "He plans to get together forty or fifty national leaders from many different fields and devise a program to encourage people all over the United States to work for mental health."

"What kind of a program?" Tom asked incredulously.

"We don't know yet. Perhaps it will be something that would do for mental disease what the March of Dimes has done for polio."

"Sounds like a good idea," Tom said, realizing he was expected to register enthusiasm.

"What Mr. Hopkins wants now is a young man to begin helping him with research for the speeches he will have to make to kick the project off. Are you interested?"

"I certainly am!" Tom said heartily. "I've always been interested in mental health!" That sounded a little foolish, but he could not rectify it.

"This wouldn't be a very high-paying job," Walker continued. "We were thinking of a figure somewhere near seven thousand dollars."

Tom knew then that Walker had talked to Dick Haver at the foundation and learned what he had been making.

"I'd been hoping for more than that," he said. "Ordinarily, salary wouldn't be an important consideration for me, especially in connection with a job of this kind, but I have increasing personal responsibilities. I feel I should be making ten thousand dollars a year."

"Wouldn't that be quite a jump from your present position?" Walker asked bluntly.

"It would," Tom said, "but there would have to be considerable incentive for me to leave the foundation."

Walker glanced at Ogden.

"We don't have to make any decisions now," Ogden said, in a casual, almost bored voice.

Walker nodded. "Perhaps the next step would be to have him meet Mr. Hopkins," he said to Ogden, as though Tom were not in the room.

"All right," Ogden said.

"Could you have lunch with Mr. Hopkins at twelve thirty, day after tomorrow?" Walker asked.

"Certainly," Tom said.

"Meet me here, and I'll take you up and introduce you," Walker concluded.

Tom thanked him and hurried out of his office. When he got in the elevator, he glanced at the operator, but he had never seen the man before.

TOM thought Betsy would be excited when she heard he had a luncheon date with the president of United Broadcasting, but as soon as he stepped into his house that night he knew something was wrong. The house looked as though a herd of wild horses had stampeded through it.

"Betsy!" he called from the hall.

"Up here," she said in a weak voice.

He raced up the stairs and found her lying fully clothed on the bed. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"I feel awful," she replied. "Go see if the kids are all right."

He stepped into the room the three children shared. The beds were unmade, and a tangle of clothes and toys littered the floor. The three children were crouched over a glass of water paint. Pete was naked, and Barbara and Janey wore only underclothes. All three showed the ravages of chicken pox on both their faces and bodies, but they glanced up at Tom cheerfully.

"Momma's sick," Janey said. "We've been taking care of her."

"You're not very well yourself," Tom said. "You're supposed to be in bed."

"We're *painting!*" Janey said indignantly.

Tom got them into pajamas and bed before returning to Betsy.

"I went to sleep," Betsy said. "I was trying to keep an eye on them, but I went to sleep. They've really been angels—I told them I wasn't feeling well, and they've been talking in whispers all day."

Tom felt her forehead and found it was dry and hot. He searched through the medicine cabinet in the bathroom and returned carrying a thermometer. "Stick it under your tongue," he said.

While they were waiting the required two minutes, Janey suddenly

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called in a loud clear voice, "Daddy, is Momma going to die?"

"No," he said.

"Well, if she *does* die," Janey continued speculatively, "who will take care of us?"

"Don't worry about me, kids," Betsy said, taking the thermometer out of her mouth. "I'm going to be fine." She held the thermometer up to the light.

"What is it?", Tom asked.

"A hundred and three."

"Have you ever had chicken pox?"

Betsy groaned. "I must have had it."

"Do you remember having it?"

"Not exactly," she said. "I just assumed . . ."

WHILE they were waiting for the doctor, Tom told Betsy he had a luncheon engagement with Hopkins. "Who's he?" she asked.

"President of United Broadcasting."

"That's nice," she said weakly. "Oh, Tommy, I can't stand it. Chicken pox! Why didn't I get it when I was a child?"

"You won't be very sick," Tom said. "Now I'm going downstairs and pick up a little before the doctor comes."

He threw the dirty laundry down the cellar stairs, then went to the kitchen and mixed himself a Martini. Before he had finished it, the doorbell rang, and Dr. Grantland was there. Tom followed him upstairs.

"My head hurts and I have a temperature of a hundred and three and I feel awful," Betsy said. "Tom thinks I have chicken pox."

"Have you ever had it before?" the doctor asked.

At that moment the three children came into the room, their scabbed faces wreathed in smiles. "Are you going to give her a needle?" Janey asked.

"Heavens!" the doctor said. "You certainly have been exposed!"

"I guess I never had chicken pox," Betsy said grumpily. "Mother always kept me away from other children, and I never got anything."

"Are you going to give her a needle?" Janey repeated.

"Go back to bed!" Betsy ordered.

"I'll tell you a story," Tom said to the children. "Get in there now."

Before he had finished the story, the door opened, and Dr. Grantland came in. "I guess she's got chicken pox all right," he said. "About all we can do is let this thing run its course. Here are some prescriptions that will help a little. Make sure she gets plenty of rest. She should stay in bed for a week, maybe more."

Two hours later, when the children had had their supper and the house was cleaned up, Tom started telephoning to find a woman to act as housekeeper. Finally an elderly woman named Mrs. Manter, who was recommended by a friend, said that as a special favor she would come for sixty dollars a week, provided Tom would call for her in his car not earlier than nine in the morning and take her home not later than six in the evening. That would mean he would not be able to get to work until eleven in the morning and would have to leave the office at four o'clock in the afternoon, and it would also mean that the family budget would have to be scrapped, but there was no choice. He hoped Dick Haver wouldn't think he was just taking it easy because he expected to get a new job.

The next morning Mrs. Manter turned out to be a stern-faced farm woman about sixty-five years old who weighed at least two hundred pounds and had a voice without any volume control. Tom drove her quickly to his house, introduced her to Betsy, who looked dazed, and rushed for the train.

When he got to his office he explained to Dick Haver why he was going to have to keep the hours of the semiretired during the next two weeks.

"That's all right, Tom," Dick said pleasantly. "I understand. By the way, some of the people over at United Broadcasting called me up the other day to ask about you. Anything definite developed there yet?"

"I haven't made up my mind what to do," Tom said, figuring he'd better leave an opportunity to say he didn't want to go to United Broadcasting if Hopkins ended by not wanting to hire him.

"We'd like to keep you here if we could," Dick said. "If you stay here, you can expect fairly steady small salary increases. If you go there, it's extremely unlikely you'll remain in your present financial position for long—you'll either go up or down. I happen to know Mr. Hopkins."

So they told him all about the job, Tom thought. Probably he knows more about it than I do—a whole lot more.

"He's a fine man," Dick continued. "He's one of the few authentic business geniuses in New York today. But I understand that they don't really want you to work for United Broadcasting—they want you for some private project Ralph Hopkins is dreaming up. There are some dangers for you there . . ."

"What do you mean?" Tom asked.

"He might get sick of his project and abandon it—a man like Ralph Hopkins is always starting things, trying them out, and discarding the ones that don't work. If that happened, he might drop you—or he might let you try out at United Broadcasting. But the important thing for you to remember is that when you start work on a private project for a man like Hopkins, you don't have any clearly defined ladder to climb. You're just going to have to play it by ear, hoping Hopkins will not lose interest. You won't have any real profession—your profession will be pleasing Hopkins. And if you fail in that, the experience you've had with Hopkins won't necessarily prepare you for a very good job anywhere else."

"I can see that," Tom said.

"I think I ought to add," Dick said, "that if you leave, we'll have to replace you here, and it might not be possible for us to find a position here for you if you returned to look for a job." Dick smiled. "Make your own decision. Whatever you do, I wish you luck."

WHEN Tom got back to Westport that night he found the house spotless, and an enormous steak dinner in the oven awaiting him. But before taking Mrs. Manter home, Tom ran up the stairs to see Betsy, who was lying on a neatly made bed looking wilted. "How are you?" he asked.

"Exhausted," she said. "Just watching that woman makes me exhausted. She washed clothes by hand in the bathtub, and she scrubbed all the woodwork in the kitchen. She mowed the lawn. She made cookies. And the children mind her like trained seals. She tells them to keep quiet and they don't say a word."

"Maybe we can learn something," Tom said.

"The children are in their room now keeping quiet."

"I'll take her home," Tom said. "Can you manage till I get back?"

"I won't tell the children she's gone," Betsy said weakly. . . .

At seven the next morning Tom awoke with the knowledge that he had to prepare breakfast for the children, get Mrs. Manter, and go into New York to have lunch with the president of the United Broadcasting Corporation. He was dismayed to find that no freshly pressed suit was in his closet, and that the one shirt in his drawer lacked two buttons.

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "Oh, darn!" LARRY REYNOLDS

"Betsy!" he said. "I can't go in to see Hopkins looking like a bum!"

"I forgot!" Betsy replied. "Go down and get breakfast. I'll be pressing your gray flannel suit and sewing on buttons."

"Are you strong enough?"

Betsy struggled out of bed. "You don't have to be very strong to lift a button," she said.

By the time he was ready to leave for the city, Tom found himself surprisingly nervous at the prospect of meeting Hopkins. He felt almost the way he had before combat jumps during the war. "Wish me luck," he said to Betsy.

"You'll get the job," she said confidently.

That was the way she always was. During the war, her confident letters, which sometimes had arrived when he was certain he would never survive the next jump, had made him acutely lonely, and he felt the same way now, as he bent over and kissed her.

There's no damn' reason in the world to be nervous, he thought, later in the morning, as he walked toward the United Broadcasting building. But he wondered what Hopkins was like. What did a man have to be like to make so damn' much money? He's got something, something special, Tom thought, or he wouldn't be making two hundred thousand a year. What is it?

All I have to do is be myself, he thought. Just treat him like anybody else. I wonder what it's like to have all that money? I wonder what it's like never to have to worry about holes in the kitchen linoleum, and how to pay a woman to take care of your children when your wife is sick? I wonder what it's like to know there's plenty of money to send your kids to college? What's it like to be a success?

Buck fever, he thought—I've got buck fever. I've got my sights on the guy, and my hands are beginning to shake. The louse. Why shouldn't he like me? He may be tough all right, but I wish he'd been along with me a few years ago; I would like to have seen how tough he was when the sergeant opened the door of the airplane two thousand feet up and said, "Guess we're getting close, sir. Are you ready?"

THEN Tom was in the elevator, going up, high into the sky. He looked at the operator and was absurdly relieved to find it was not the man whose face had been so strangely familiar.

"Hello!" Walker said as Tom entered his office. "You're right on time! We'll pick up Bill Ogden and go on up to see Mr. Hopkins."

Ogden, looking more like a fashion plate than ever, led the way to Ralph Hopkins' office, a large rectangular room with big windows on two sides. The view of the city was breath-taking—the floor seemed almost like a platform suspended in mid-air. At the far end of the room, behind a huge rectangular desk, sat Hopkins.

He was small, not more than five feet three or four—somehow Tom had expected him to be seven feet tall. He was pale, slender and partly bald. His eyes were deep-set, the face narrow and the nose short like the nose of a child. His smile was curiously boyish.

"Hello!" he said, getting up from his chair and walking briskly around the end of the desk. "Good morning, Gordon! How are you, Bill! And you're Tom Rath! I certainly do appreciate your taking the time to have lunch with us!"

He moved toward the door, and after insisting that everyone precede him out, walked beside Tom to the elevator, talking incessantly. Gradually Tom found himself relaxing. It was ridiculous to be nervous with this friendly little man.

When they got on the elevator, Tom saw immediately that the operator was the familiar-appearing man he had seen before. The elevator man glanced at him, then looked toward Hopkins.

"Good morning, Mr. Hopkins!" he said in a deep voice, and shot down to the ground floor without any stops.

HOPKINS led the way across Rockefeller Plaza to another building, at the top of which was a club with a large dining room overlooking the city. They sat down at a corner table, and a waitress took orders for cocktails.

"I understand that Bill and Gordon here have told you something about the new project we're thinking of starting," Hopkins said when the drinks had arrived. "It all began when a group of doctors called on me a few months ago. They apparently felt that there is too little public understanding of the whole question of mental illness, and that a campaign like the fight against cancer or polio is needed. I was impressed by their statistics. Do you know that more hospital beds are occupied by the mentally ill than by all the cancer, heart and polio patients put together?"

"I've heard that," Tom said.

Hopkins smiled. "Now it's up to us to develop a program," he said. "What would you do?"

"Of course, I'm just talking off the top of my head," Tom began, "but theoretically I suppose we could urge people to donate more money for research on mental illness, we could try to get them to vote more state and federal funds for mental hospitals—"

"How would we do that?" Ogden asked in an unmistakably bored voice.

"We'd have to consult with a lot of people to determine that," Tom said. "I certainly couldn't tell you now."

Hopkins said reassuringly, "None of us can spell anything out at this stage."

Walker sat looking amused and saying nothing. Tom's nervousness was returning.

"I hear you live in Westport," Hopkins said to Tom. "I live out that way, too—I just got a place in South Bay."

"South Bay!" Tom said. "I was born there. My grandmother lives there."

"We just built a little place down by the water," Hopkins said. "It's a beautiful town, isn't it?"

He must have bought the old yacht club's land—I heard it was for sale, Tom thought.

"Stop in next time you visit your grandmother," Hopkins said. "We'd be delighted to see you."

He sounded as though he meant it. Tom suddenly saw himself and Betsy and the three children, all with the chicken pox, descending on the Hopkins household. What kind of wife did Hopkins have?

Throughout the meal, Hopkins continued to chat as though the luncheon were strictly a social occasion, rather than an opportunity for him to inspect a prospective employee. Before dessert was served, however, he glanced at his watch. "My!" he said. "I've got to be getting back to the office! Would you people excuse me?"

Before the others could stand up, he dashed toward the elevators.

"Coffee?" Walker asked Tom.

"Please," Tom said.

There was a heavy silence, while Tom wondered what, if anything, had been decided. What was the next step? Would Hopkins and Walker and Ogden all get together now and decide whether to hire him, and when would he hear?

"Cigarette?" Ogden asked.

Tom accepted one. Maybe Hopkins hadn't liked him and had kept up the friendly patter just to get through a difficult lunch. Maybe he would get a letter in a couple of days which would begin: *We tremendously enjoyed talking with you, but we're sorry to say our plans have changed . . .*

"Got to be getting back," Walker said. "Good seeing you, Mr. Rath."

He sounded friendly, but noncommittal. Ogden did not get up.

Maybe he'll tell me now, Tom thought. Maybe he'll just be frank and say, "I'm awfully sorry it didn't work out . . ." Still, how could he know what Hopkins had thought? He hadn't had a chance to speak to Hopkins. Maybe they have some signal, Tom thought. Thumbs down.

"More coffee?" Ogden said.

Tom accepted the coffee and waited. Ogden sat staring expressionlessly out the window, and for a long while said nothing. The tension mounted. Tom couldn't make up his mind whether Ogden were just being completely matter-of-fact about the luncheon, or whether this were an act of deliberate cruelty.

"We'll be in touch with you before long," Ogden said finally. "Meanwhile, I wouldn't count too heavily on anything. It's not entirely definite yet that we're even going to tackle this mental-health project."

"I understand that," Tom said, and hurriedly added, "I've got to be getting back to my office now—"

He almost fled from the table. When he thought of Hopkins, it seemed certain that he would get the job, for if Hopkins hadn't liked him, why would he have been so friendly? But Ogden had been careful to pave the way for a letter ending the whole thing. Anyway, I met Hopkins, he thought. He seems like a nice guy pretty much like anybody else. Whatever it is that makes him worth two hundred thousand dollars a year is certainly well hidden.

WHEN Tom got back to his office he found a memo on his desk saying that his wife had called and that it was important for him to call her back.

"It's your grandmother," Betsy said. "She fell and broke her thigh. At her age, Tommy, bones don't knit. She wants to see you, and you better go out there right away. I would have gone myself, but I still feel pretty rocky, and the doctor's with her."

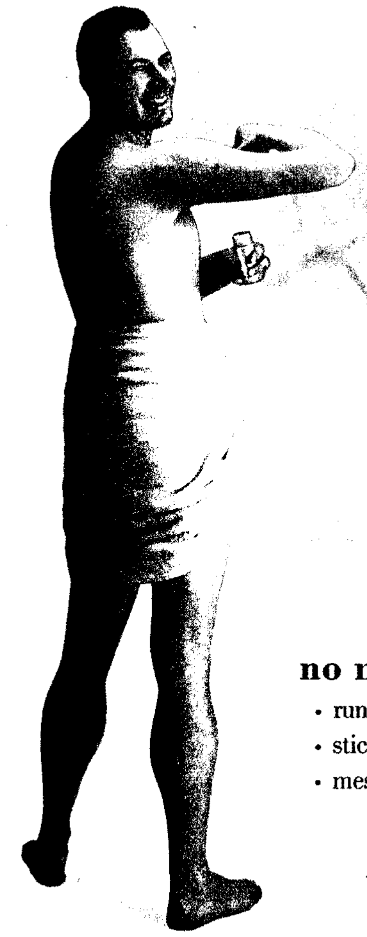
"I'll go right out," Tom said.

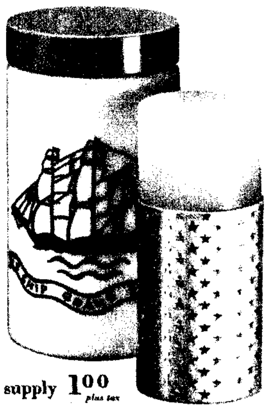
The next train to South Bay was a local one, which stopped almost every five minutes. The whole damn' world is crazy, Tom thought. Grandmother is hurt and probably dying, and she brought me up, and I should be thinking only the kindest thoughts about her, and I can't. She's lived ninety-three years, and it's all been a free ride. She's never cooked a meal, or made a bed, or washed a diaper, or done a damn' thing for herself or anybody else. She's spent at least three million dollars, and her only comment has been that money is boring. She's had a free ride for ninety-three years, and I'm damned if I'll cry about the end of it.

Yet to his astonishment he suddenly felt like crying. She doesn't want to die, he thought. I'll bet the poor old lady's scared.

As soon as the taxi let him out at the front of the big house, old Edward opened the door. "The doctor's in the living room, Mr. Rath," he said.

"Tell him to wait," Tom said, and raced up the stairs to his grandmother's room. The old lady was lying in the





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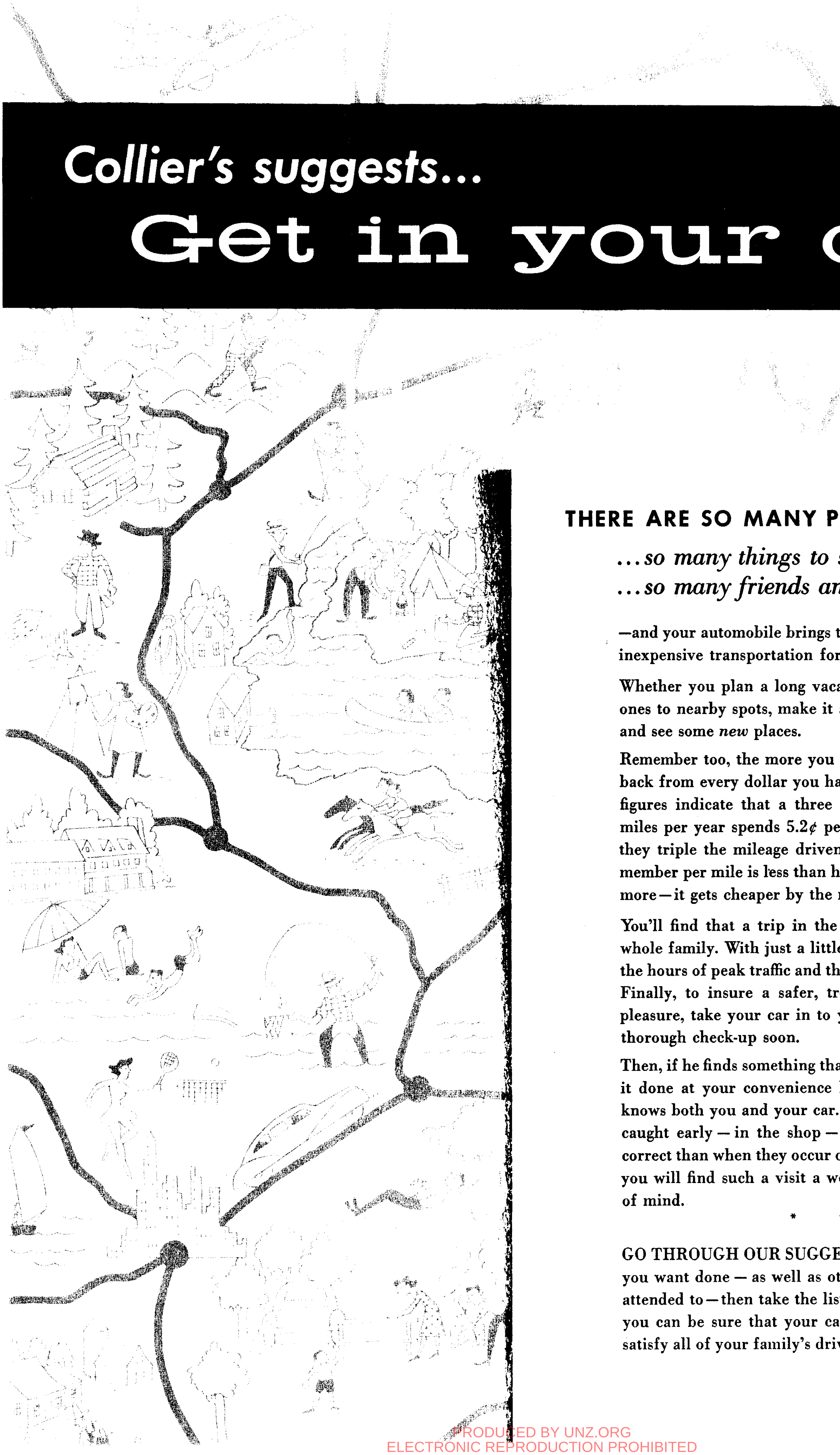

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* * *

GO THROUGH OUR SUGGESTED CHECKS—list the items you want done — as well as other little things you may want attended to—then take the list to your serviceman. This way you can be sure that your car is ready, willing and able to satisfy all of your family's driving requirements this summer.

and Go!

DRIVE MORE
... it gets cheaper by the mile!

COOLING SYSTEM

Don't kid yourself that leaving in old antifreeze doesn't do any harm. It does—rust inhibitors get worn out—cooling efficiency is reduced. Protect your investment in your car by cleaning the cooling system—and adding a fresh rust inhibitor. Check thermostat, fan belt and water pump.

LUBRICATION

Change to the recommended grade of summer oil for your car and local driving conditions. Get a thorough lubrication job done for easier handling—more comfortable ride—less wear and tear on vital moving parts. Replace the oil filter cartridge with a new one.

TUNE-UP

Invest in an engine tune-up—recover new car pep and response. Have spark plugs, battery, voltage regulator and generator looked at. Watch for old, worn wiring—it can rob your engine of a surprising amount of power. Check muffler and tail pipe.

TIRES, BRAKES, WHEEL ALIGNMENT

and balance require constant care and adjustment to guarantee peak performance—they make a world of difference in the handling of your car, particularly under long trip conditions. Brake linings and brake fluid level are your car's most important safety factors —be sure they are just right. Good tires pay off in peace of mind. Rotate tires. Replace worn tires to eliminate blowout and flat tire worries. The new tubeless tires pay off in added comfort and miles of trouble-free driving. Good shock absorbers are also most important, and a once-a-year check of the steering mechanism is common sense—now's the ideal time to have it done.

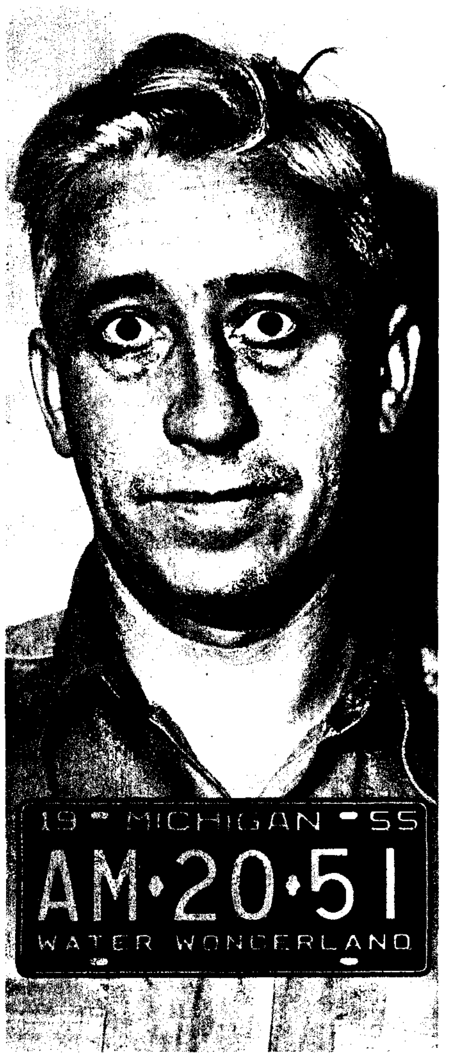
VISION and APPEARANCE

Windshield wipers, headlights and other lights should all be checked for perfect operation. Replacing worn floor mats and seat covers can give your car an entirely new and fresh appearance. And speaking of looks, it's the ideal time for a job on the finish whatever type you and your serviceman decide on—a clean shiny car standing in your driveway is a morale booster for the whole family.

* * *

So make a date with your serviceman soon. Tell him to give your car the "Collier's Summer Safety Check"—then *Get in your car and Go!*

GUILTY OF NEGLECT!



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precise center of the bed, propped up on pillows. She was looking out the window at the Sound. "I'm glad you're here," she said. "They're trying to take me to the hospital. I'm going to die, and I prefer to die here."

"I'll talk to the doctor," he said.

"The Senator died in this bed, and I want to die here too."

"I'll talk to the doctor," Tom said.

"Stay here. There's plenty of time. I've got lots of things I want to tell you and I may be asleep when you come back up. Do you know I've left everything I've got to you?"

"I didn't, Grandmother," he said. "I'm very grateful."

"There's not much," she said. "For the last ten years I've been living off capital. And there's a small mortgage on the house. You won't get much. Most of your grandfather's estate was lost long ago. I've always been sorry I couldn't do more for you."

"You've given me a great deal, Grandmother," he said.

"I want you to do something for Edward," she said. "He has to be kept in his place, but he's been loyal. He's old and should be provided for."

"I'll try, Grandmother," he said.

She closed her eyes. "How do you think the house looks?" she asked him drowsily.

"Beautiful."

"I have tried to keep it up for you," she said. "The west wing . . ." The sentence trailed off, and Tom saw she was asleep.

FLORENCE RATH died only eight days later—in the hospital—complaining not so much of a broken thigh and a fractured pelvis, as of the refusal of the doctors to obey her. Perhaps on the theory that she might be sent home if she made herself unpleasant enough, she made as much trouble as possible and constantly insulted everyone.

Never once, however, did the old lady complain of pain or show any fear of death. She made no attempt to solicit pity, and it would have been impossible to feel truly sorry for so imperious a figure.

She died in her sleep, two hours after Tom had left the hospital to go back to Westport. He had visited her every evening on the way home from work, after having arranged for a taxi to take Mrs. Manter home. When the hospital called him to say that the old lady had died, Tom said, "Thank you for calling," very quietly, and put the receiver carefully back on its hook.

"What is it?" Betsy asked.

"Grandmother's dead," he told her.

He went into the kitchen and got himself a drink. He was tired—for the last eight nights everything seemed uncertain. He hadn't heard a word from United Broadcasting. He had no idea whether his grandmother would leave even enough money to cover her debts. While she was in the hospital, he had asked her for the name of her lawyer, but she had refused to tell him until the afternoon before she died. The lawyer was Alfred J. Sims, a name Tom had never heard before in his life.

Now the thought that there was a large house with an old man in it who had worked for his grandmother half his life and who now presumably expected a pension from him worried Tom. The thought that Hopkins might decide not to hire him worried him, and the fact that Dick Haver seemed to be growing increasingly impatient over the whole situation worried him. Every day Dick asked him whether he had heard anything from United Broadcasting—he seemed to take a wry pleasure from the question. And beyond these worries, Tom faced accumulating small debts. Mrs. Manter's wages, the down payment on a new washing machine and the daily taxi bill had wiped out his cash on hand, and he was charging everything he could, from groceries to medicine. Soon there would be his grandmother's hospital bill and funeral expenses. He wondered how long it would take to settle her estate.

THE lawyer's house was a brownstone structure on Fifty-third Street in New York. Sims, a gaunt-faced man about sixty years old, was sitting in a wheel chair behind a desk littered with papers. "I'm glad to see you, Tom," he said. "Excuse me for not getting up. And excuse me for using your first name—I've known your family far too long to use anything else."

"I'm glad to meet you," Tom replied. He was staring at a photograph of a young man in a leather frame on Sims's desk.

"You recognize the picture?"

"My father?"

"Of course. Your father and I were good friends. We were classmates at college, and we were in France together." Somewhere in the back of the house a clock struck the quarter hour.

"Now about your grandmother's estate," Sims said, picking up a folder with a blue cover from his desk. "As I presume you know, you are the sole heir. And I presume you also know that there isn't much in the estate."

"How much?"

"This may come as something of a shock to you, but when the estate is completely settled, I don't think you'll have much except for the house. Also, there's a mortgage on the house, and there'll be an inheritance tax. And I suppose you'll want to do something about Edward."

"I'll have to see," Tom said. "But I don't understand it! Do you have any idea how much Grandmother inherited from her father and from Grandfather, and how she managed to lose it?"

Sims sighed. "What do you know about your father?" he asked.

Tom said, "I—nothing, really."

"He was delightful," Sims said. "He was possibly the most charming, talented man ever born. But during the war he had a nervous breakdown. In those days we called it shell shock. He and your mother went to live with your grandmother, and the idleness didn't do him any good. He asked your grandmother if he could handle her estate, and your grandmother thought it might give him confidence to let him try. He made some bad mistakes—that can happen to anyone. Your grandmother was patient, but he got panicky. He started taking long shots on the stock market and losing more and more. Finally your grandmother decided she had to take what was left of her estate out of his hands. The night she told him that, he started driving off somewhere and was killed."

"Was it suicide?"

"I don't know. He left no notes."

"Thanks for telling me all this," Tom said. "I don't know why, but I feel a lot better knowing. I'm glad Grandmother gave me your name."

"She knew you finally had to know. Anyway, there's nothing for you to be ashamed of. He was a fine man." After a moment Sims said, "I've prepared a dossier on the whole estate—a complete history of it, in fact. I'll have it typed up and mailed to you. It may take several months to get the will through the probate court. If you need cash in the meantime, I can arrange for a bank to give you a loan on the securities."

"I may need cash," Tom said. "I'm broke. And until the house is sold, things are going to be tough."

"Don't sell it too fast," Sims said. "Your grandmother has twenty-three acres of the best land in South Bay. It ought to be worth something."

THAT night when he got home to Westport, Tom found a letter from United Broadcasting asking him to come in on Friday at 11:00 A.M. The letter was signed by Ogden.

"That's good news, isn't it?" Betsy asked.

"I guess so."

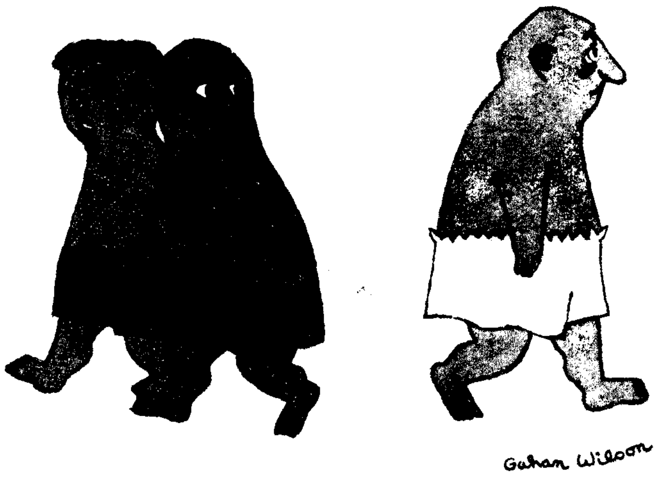
"You don't sound very excited."

"I'm confused," Tom said. He had already told Betsy about his conversation with Sims.

They both sat thinking about the necessity to make some sort of decision about old Edward, and how to sell the big house most advantageously, and how to keep it up meanwhile, and how at the same time to start a new job.

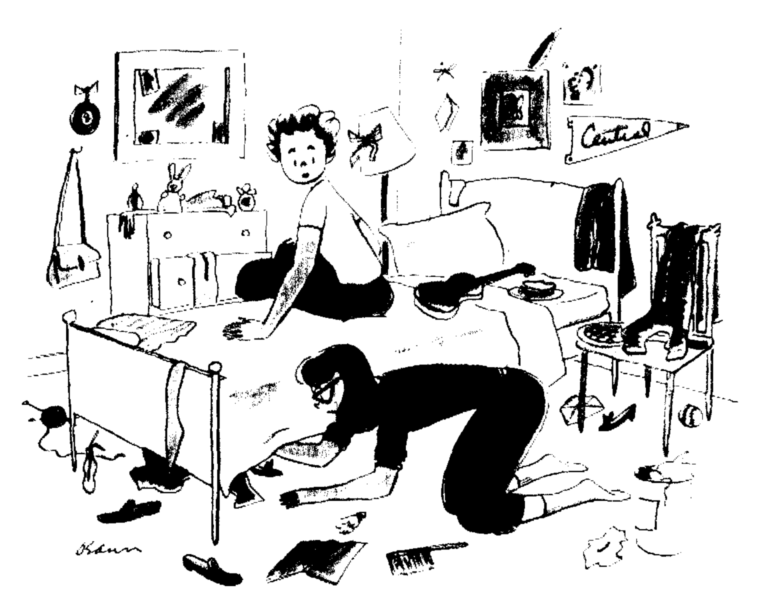
"You worry about United Broadcasting," Betsy said. "I'm feeling pretty well now. I don't need Mrs. Manter any more, and I'll make all the arrangements about your grandmother's house. Don't worry about it for the next month. I've already talked to Edward and told him we wanted him to stay on for another month, until we know what arrangements can be made. He's going to live there as a caretaker." . . .

The day after the funeral when Tom went into the United Broadcasting building, he did not think at all about



COLLIER'S "Most people tan. He greens" GAHAN WILSON

TIZZY



"I think I'll stay single. If one room is this much trouble, imagine what it must be like to take care of a whole house!"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

the familiar-looking elevator operator until he saw the man standing outside his elevator. Tom quickly walked into another and went up to Ogden's office.

"Have you made up your mind whether you want to work with us?" Ogden asked when Tom was shown in.

"I don't really know enough details to make a decision," Tom said. "We haven't discussed salary."

"We discussed it, but I guess we didn't reach an agreement," Ogden said casually. "I understand your salary at the Schanenhauser Foundation has been seven thousand a year. We are prepared to offer you eight."

Tom hesitated, visualizing himself going back to Dick Haver and saying he had decided not to go to United Broadcasting. Dick would probably let him wait a long while for a raise after that. Still, if Hopkins really wanted him, now was the time to hold out.

"I'm sorry," Tom said. "There is always a certain amount of risk in starting a new position, and I feel I should be compensated for it. I want ten thousand a year."

"We wouldn't feel justified in giving you that," Ogden said easily. "We don't like to quibble about these things, for we feel that if a man really wants to work for United Broadcasting, it isn't necessary. Nevertheless, we might stretch a point and give you nine thousand. I'm afraid we couldn't do more than that now."

IF I still held out, I might be able to get more, Tom thought, but he dreaded the possibility of another week's indecision. "All right," he said. "I'm very pleased to accept the position. I feel it will be a great privilege to work for Mr. Hopkins."

"Fine!" Ogden said. "Delighted to have you. Can you start in a week?"

"I ought to give the foundation at least two weeks' notice."

"We need you right away—Mr. Hopkins has a speech to prepare. I'll see if we can fix it up with Dick Haver."

"If Dick approves, it's all right with me," Tom replied. . . .

When Tom got home that night Betsy said that a man named Swanson Howard had come to the house that afternoon making an offer of twenty thousand dollars for Tom's grandmother's house.

"What on earth does he want it for?" Tom asked. "It's the biggest white elephant in Connecticut."

"He said he wanted it for himself," Betsy said. "But you'll hold out for more, won't you?"

"I don't know," Tom said, stretching out exhaustedly on the couch. "By the way, United Broadcasting hired me today. The salary's nine thousand, and I'm on a temporary basis for six months, and I'm supposed to start in a week."

"That's wonderful!" Betsy said. "Oh, Tommy, let's put this damn' little house on the market tomorrow! Everything's going to be wonderful for us—I can just feel it! And now I don't think you ought to sell Grandmother's house to that man. He's in too much of a hurry. With a salary of nine thousand we could afford to hold it for a while."

"I don't know," Tom said. Unaccountably, he felt depressed and pessimistic. "Suppose we turn down this offer," he said, "and suppose that after six months they tell me I'm through at United Broadcasting. And suppose we can't sell Grandmother's place. Then what do we do?"

"You can't look at things like that," Betsy said. "You've got to plan on things going all right. I've never seen you lose your self-confidence!"

"I haven't lost it, but maybe it's time we started being sensible. All we've ever thought about is getting out of this house. With nine thousand a year, we could afford more life insurance. Did you ever stop and think what would happen to you if I dropped dead some morning?"

"Don't think about it!" Betsy said. "I'd drop dead right alongside you. But what's got into you, Tommy? I've never heard you talk like this before!"

"I just think maybe it's time we grew up."

"All right, get some more insurance," Betsy said, "but when we sell Grandmother's place, we can still afford a better home."

"Can we? Let's say that after we take care of old Edward, we net twenty thousand dollars out of Grandmother's house. Let's say I hang onto my job, and over the years get a few small raises. Let's say, though, that in ten years I'm making fifteen thousand. How are we going to send the kids to college?"

"On fifteen thousand it would be easy!" Betsy said.

"Maybe—but we've never lived on a budget. We ought to figure at least three thousand dollars a year for each child at college. That's nine thousand a year, *after* taxes. That means we'll need thirty-six thousand dollars to send three kids through college. Could you take that out of my salary?"

"They wouldn't need three thousand a year."

"I needed it—fifteen years ago."

"You plan to live the rest of our lives *here?"*

"We could do worse. It's time we forgot the Rath family's dreams of glory, and *your* family's dreams of glory too," he said. "It's time we started being sensible."

"My family never had any dreams of glory!"

"Didn't your father borrow ten thousand dollars to throw that coming-out party where I met you? It was the most expensive damn' introduction in the world!" Tom said. "We've got to get that kind of stuff out of our minds. And now I'm going to bed."

HE HAD no idea how much later it was when Betsy awoke him by shaking his shoulders hard. "Go away," he said. "I'm asleep."

"Wake up!" she said. "I've got a wonderful idea! What we're going to do is to sell this house and move into Grandmother's house. Not for good, you understand—just until we can figure out what to do with it."

"That's wonderful," he said.

"Be quiet. Now you stop and figure, Tommy. We've got twenty-three acres in South Bay, the only twenty-three acres with a view anything like that. If we divided that land up, we might get a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Sure," he said. "But there are a few other things to consider. Things like zoning restrictions. Things like building roads, so people could get to their lots. Things like wells and sewers."

"Exactly," she said. "But if we were living in Grandmother's house, I could see the zoning board, and show contractors the place, and all the rest of it. And we could let Edward stay with us. I bet he'd rather stay right in the old house, anyhow."

"Talk about it in the morning."

"And there are even more possibilities! With all that land we could put up a whole housing development, one house at a time. Maybe we could make *more* than a hundred thousand!"

"I'm dizzy," Tom said. "To do that, you'd need capital. You'd have to know the real-estate business and the building business. And you should be able to devote full time to it. And in the end we'd lose our shirts. I know it."

"Look, Tommy," she said. "You're spoiled and you're licked before you start. You sneer at the United Broadcasting men, and everybody else. You think you're something special because a hell of a long while ago you were a good paratrooper. And now all you want is security, and life insurance, and money in the bank. You're scared because for six months you'll be on trial on a new job, and you always look at the dark side of everything, and you've got *no guts!"*

Suddenly, she broke into tears. "I

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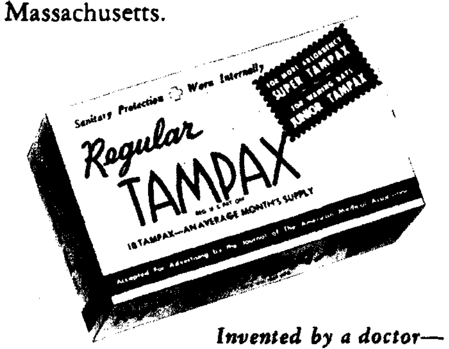
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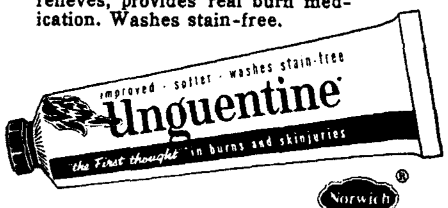
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love you, Tommy," she said between sobs. "I just had to say it."

For several minutes the room was quiet. "You're partly right," he said suddenly.

"I exaggerated," she said. "And, Tommy, you've got more guts than any man I ever saw. But since you've gotten back, you haven't really wanted much. You've worked hard, but at heart you've never been really trying. I haven't been really trying, either. From now on I'm going to change."

ON THE train the next morning it was both cool and quiet. Tom sank down in a blue plush-covered seat. He wondered what it would be like to work for Ogden and Hopkins, and he wondered whether Betsy's schemes could possibly turn out successfully. What would happen if he got fired by Hopkins and Betsy's real-estate deals turned into a fiasco?

"It doesn't really matter." The words came into his mind so clearly that he half thought someone had spoken them into his ear.

"It doesn't really matter." During the war that had been a kind of key phrase for him, almost a magical charm, an incantation. He had always been tense before a jump. He'd start thinking about how he'd never be with Betsy again, and about all the cold beer he was never going to drink and the rare steaks he was never going to eat.

The worst part of the whole nightmare had always come just a few minutes before the jump. A sharp image of a compound fracture of the right thigh would suddenly flash into his mind. During his first combat jump the man beside him had landed wrong and suffered a compound fracture of the right thigh. A long jagged splinter of bone had come through the trouser leg, and the man had sat there staring at it until someone had given him a shot of morphine. Tom had never seen him again, because the Germans had started moving in on them, and it had been necessary to abandon the man with the broken thigh, lying there doped up, still staring at the splinter of bone. Tom had never been able to forget it, and almost every time after that, he'd catch himself gripping his own right thigh a few minutes before he had to jump. It was at such times that this silly sentence would come into his mind, and he'd start to relax.

"It doesn't really matter." By the time he got to New York, he felt relaxed. What the hell is all the crisis about? he thought. After the whole damn' war, why am I scared now? But then, while he was walking up Forty-second Street to his office at the Schanenhauser Foundation, he saw a man with a leather jacket. It was an ordinary brown leather jacket with a sheepskin collar, but it nagged at Tom's mind—he had seen one like it somewhere a long while ago.

Trying to put the jacket out of his mind, he hurried along the street. While he was waiting to cross Fifth Avenue, a man standing beside him coughed. Then Tom remembered about the leather jacket—he remembered everything about it as clearly as though he had never forgotten.

It had been back in 1943. They had jumped from the planes just at nightfall, about a hundred men dropped behind the German lines to destroy a bridge. They had been supposed to land in a field near a woods and proceed without opposition to the bridge. But the Germans had been waiting; they had sent up flares and turned searchlights on the men dangling from the glistening white parachutes in the air. And those who survived had panicked as soon as they hit the ground. They had dashed toward the woods, running scared, big as snowmen in the searchlights and the flares.

Tom had gathered eleven men around him, lying on their bellies in the snow and the mud. There were he and Hank Mahoney and ten other men who had kept their heads and crawled in a wide circle and made the woods all right. Tom had ordered them to disperse and try to get back to their own lines by different routes, traveling in pairs because it would be just foolishness to let the Germans catch them all at once. He and Mahoney had gone together.

Shortly before dawn they had reached the edge of the woods and, shivering violently, had hidden behind an ice-glazed rock and looked out at two German sentries in leather, sheepskin-lined jackets, the dry collars turned snugly up around their ears. The younger and slighter of the two sentries had been coughing. With his right hand he had been negligently holding his rifle, and with his left he had been clutching his chest. The other sentry had been standing about twenty feet from him, his rifle cradled in one arm, watching his companion cough, and looking worried.

It had not been necessary for Tom and Hank Mahoney to talk. They had been able to crawl within ten feet of the sentries before jumping them silently—it hadn't been difficult at all, and only one small cry had been made. Tom hadn't even had to use his knife at first—he had choked the sentry to prevent him from shouting, and when he had taken his hands away, the boy had seemed dead. Tom and Mahoney had stripped the bodies of the warm clothes. They had been just about to leave the bodies lying stretched in the snow when the sentry Tom had choked groaned and moved one arm.

Hank Mahoney said, "Better finish him off, or he'll come to and rouse the whole camp."

Tom had knelt, with his knife in his hand, beside the sentry. He had not thought it would be difficult, but the tendons of the boy's neck had proved tough, and suddenly he had started to sit up. In a sudden rage Tom had plunged the knife repeatedly into his throat, ramming it home with all his strength until he had almost severed the head from the body.

"Come on," Hank Mahoney had said in a shocked voice. "Let's get out of here."

Trembling, Tom had stood up and followed Hank out of the woods.

It had taken them six days to get back, and upon rejoining their company they had been looked upon as heroes by the young recruits who replaced the men who didn't come back. There had been a young corporal of Italian ancestry who had wanted to buy the German jacket, and Tom had given it to him. Gardella, the corporal's name had been—"Caesar" Gardella, the boys had called him. He had had a deep voice.

Now, Tom suddenly stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. Caesar Gardella! That was the elevator man at the United Broadcasting building! And the leather jacket wouldn't be all Gardella would remember—he'd remember everything that had happened after that, the jump on the island of Karkow, and, before that, Rome and Maria.

MARIA. The time was December, 1944. The place, Rome. And everything was different. Tom and Mahoney and Caesar Gardella and all the rest of them had suddenly got orders to go to the Pacific, without even a day of leave in the States between wars. Tom had said nothing. I got through one war, he had thought. I won't get through another. The odds build up against you, sooner or later the odds catch up with you. If they're going to send me out to the Pacific, I won't come back.

"Anyway," Hank had said, "they say they're going to give us a week in Rome before we go; and it won't even be counted as leave. How much money you got?"

"I'm broke," Tom had said. His allotment to Betsy had never left him much.

"Don't worry," Hank had said. "I'm loaded. I got six hundred bucks I won in a crap game, and I'll give you half. This will be a week to remember!"

It had been a week to remember, all right. They had started in a small bar in the basement of a cheap hotel. It had been there he had met Maria, a pretty girl, eighteen years old, in a worn black dress and a coat that had once belonged to a soldier. Tom had looked at her and thought: When you've only got a week, you can't look around forever. He had walked over and sat down beside her. "Can I buy you a drink?" he had asked.

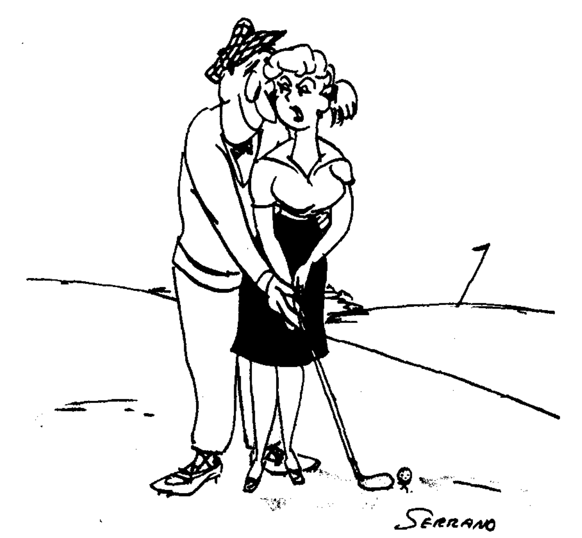
She had glanced up at him with a forced smile on her lips. "Thank you," she had said in a strong Italian accent. Her voice had been soft and timid.

"Well, I see you're fixed up," Hank had said. "I'm going to shove on."

Tom had sat beside Maria, sipping his sweet vermouth. I will not think of Betsy—I have a whole week, he had thought, seven days and seven nights, the amount of time the world was created in.

"What's your name?" Tom had asked.

The girl had shrugged. "Maria," she told him.



"Just teach me how to golf. *I know* how to wrestle . . ."

COLLIER'S JOSEPH SERRANO

"How about a meal, Maria? You like champagne?"

They had gone to a big restaurant with white table linen and waiters in dinner coats, as though there had never been a war at all. She had eaten greedily and drunk little. When the meal was over, and the waiter paid, she had quietly asked him to go to her room with her; he hadn't even had to hint at all.

He had lived with Maria for a week, shunning everyone he knew, and in that week he and Maria had built a small, temporary world for themselves, full of delights and confidences, a completely self-sufficient world, packed with private jokes, and memories, a whole lifetime with silver and golden anniversaries, Christmases and birthdays, fifty years compressed into a week. They had kept no secrets from each other. They had talked endlessly, discussing all troubles, all angers, all fears, and for that week, nothing had seemed very bad any more.

At the end of the week, Tom had said good-by to her and reported back to his unit, only to be told that transportation wasn't available yet and that he could live wherever he wanted as long as he checked in, or at least telephoned headquarters, every morning at eight o'clock. He had returned to her room, and it had been exactly as though he had returned from a long absence, the young husband coming home from the wars: they both felt that way, they had both experienced all the happiness of a reunion, without the awkwardness that follows long absence.

He had lived in the room with her, thinking that each day was the last. There had been forty-nine last days, and the greatest pleasure in the world had been to walk back to her room from the restaurant where he made his telephone calls at eight o'clock in the morning, shivering a little in the dampness, and to hear her say delightedly, "Not yet?"

During those forty-nine last days, they had grown old together, patient of each other's weaknesses, and they had even acquired old family friends, men in bars who nodded to them and recognized them as a couple who belonged together, old ladies on street corners who addressed Maria as a married woman, respectable as themselves. And in particular, they had acquired one friend, almost an uncle, or perhaps a brother, a melancholy man who owned a bakery where hot coffee was served, a wonderful place to have breakfast. The man's name had been Lapa, Louis Lapa. They had got to know Louis well and on one occasion had even invited him to visit them in their room, and they had had a quiet family evening together, with Louis admiring Maria's beauty the way a friendly brother or uncle might admire the beauty of a young wife.

THEY had had many friends, other Americans living with Italian girls; one of them had been Caesar Gardella. His girl's name had been Gina—she was a cousin of Maria's or some sort of distant relative. Tom and Caesar and Gina and Maria had sat drinking together on several evenings. But after seven weeks, the sergeant at headquarters had told Tom he had to hurry, transportation was available—the plane was due to leave in three hours. Tom had raced back to Maria's room, and it had been then she had told him she thought she was pregnant, she wasn't sure, but she thought she probably was. There had been no recriminations. She had asked nothing, and he had denied nothing. She, knowing he was married, and knowing he was flying to the Pacific, had assumed he could do nothing much for her and had been surprised and grateful when he borrowed five hundred dollars from his friends and gave it to her, along with a jeepful of canned goods and cigarettes and chewing gum, all of which was worth a great deal.

"If you are pregnant," he had said, will you have the child?"

"God willing," she had replied, and he had been glad, absurdly glad that he was leaving a child behind, even if it were to be a child with no father to care for it. It was better than to die and leave nothing, as though he had never been born.

But of course he hadn't been sure about the child; it had been only a possibility. He had been sure about nothing as he boarded the plane and sat in the hard, uncomfortable bucket seat, waiting to take off for the long flight to the Pacific. How strange to think that he might have a child, never to see, never to hold, but a child just the same!

After the war, perhaps I shall go back to Italy, if I go anywhere at all, he had thought. If I go back to Italy I shall betray one person, but if I go home to Betsy, perhaps I shall betray two. He had decided on the plane that if he survived the war he would go back to Italy, at least to see how Maria was making out.

THE flight that took them from their base in the Pacific to the island of Karkow had seemed far too short. It had been comparatively comfortable to huddle in a bucket seat under a blanket with the engine droning drowsily. The island had looked no bigger than a pebble on the ruffled surface of the sea. At what had seemed to be only a few inches from the pebble, about twenty tiny-appearing ships had lain; and from both the ships and the island puffs of smoke, occasionally lighted by pale flashes of flame, had floated upward. The planes carrying the paratroopers had circled at a high altitude, waiting for the ships to finish their bombardment. Suddenly the smoke from the ships had stopped. A squadron of bombers had roared in low over the island, and the whole place had seemed to explode into smoke and fire.

"Boy!" Gardella had said. "This isn't going to be so bad! By the time we get down, there isn't going to be anybody alive!"

But when they made their jump, there had been Japs everywhere. There had been no clear line of battle, only a melee, the Japs and paratroopers all mixed up together. And as Tom had known would happen, a lot of the green troops had been afraid to fire, for fear of killing their own men. They had frozen, and Tom had crawled from his gully, rounding up his men, cursing at them and shoving their guns into their hands.

Hank Mahoney had been behind a rock, near the ravine where Tom had landed, and there had been three Japs with a mortar just to the left of him. Tom had found Gardella, and the two of them had got part of the company together and had just managed to clean out the Jap mortar when Mahoney ran out from behind his rock. Tom, barely seeing a moving figure out of the corner of his eye, had whirled and thrown a hand grenade. "No!" Gardella had yelled, just too late. In the instant while the grenade had been poised in mid-air, and Mahoney had still been

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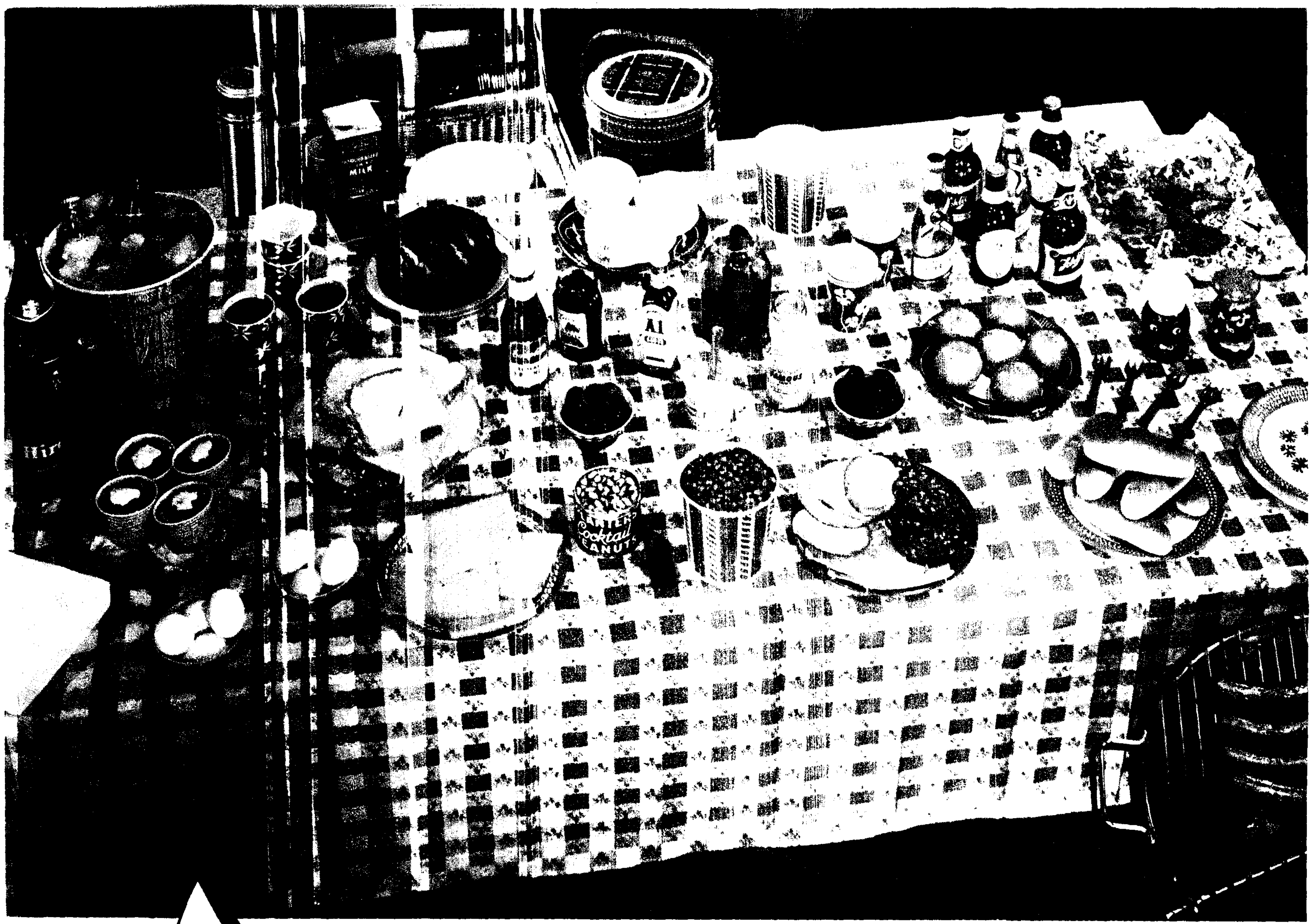

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amily's fun this summer.

running, like a schoolboy about to receive a forward pass, Tom had seen who it was, but then the grenade had exploded, Mahoney had crumpled, and at the same time a machine gun had opened up on Tom and his men. Tom had motioned to Gardella and the others to withdraw to the shelter of a nearby shell hole. He himself had flattened his body against the earth and had crawled over to Hank.

Mahoney had been lying on his belly, and no injury had been visible on his back. "Hank?" Tom had said. There was no answer. Tom had put his hand under Mahoney's arm and turned him over. Mahoney's entire chest had been torn away, leaving the naked lungs and splintered ribs exposed. His face had been unsoiled and serene. Perhaps that, in addition to the panic-stricken torrent of self-accusation, had contributed to Tom's madness.

Picking up Hank's blood-drenched body, he had run, cleverly dodging from rock to rock. When confronted by a cave full of Japs, he had carefully propped Hank up in a shell hole and under heavy machine-gun fire had crawled to within fifteen feet of the mouth of the cave and tossed in two hand grenades. When the smoke and dust had cleared, he had gone into the cave with a knife, finding six Japs dead and one half alive. With grim pleasure he had finished that one off and calmly returned to Hank's body. Picking it up like a child, he had continued across the island. He had fought his way almost to the beach on the opposite side when it occurred to him that he didn't know where he was going, for there was nothing on the beach, and no doctors had yet been landed anywhere on the island.

Carrying Hank's body into a pillbox that had been cracked open by bombs, he had knelt astride it and had committed his ultimate act of agony and madness: he had tried to give Hank's pitifully torn body artificial respiration. He had had no idea how long he applied artificial respiration, but after a long time he had become aware that the shooting outside the pillbox had stopped. The whole island had suddenly hummed with silence. Picking up Hank's body, he had run to the top of a knoll. "Medic!" he had shouted. "Medic! Medic!"

NOW, in his office in the Schanenhauser Foundation, Tom wondered whether Caesar Gardella had gone back to Rome to marry Gina as he always said he would, or whether he had simply returned to New York when the war was over and tried to forget the whole thing, as Tom had. And most of all he wondered whether Gardella had recognized him. It was strange that there was only Maria to worry about, Tom thought—certainly Caesar wouldn't hold the death of Mahoney against him. It had been an accident—Caesar had certainly realized that. Probably Caesar wouldn't even remember Mahoney. But if Maria had a son or a daughter, and if Caesar told her where Tom was, that conceivably could be quite another thing. A birth usually has more consequences than a death.

Suddenly Tom's telephone rang. It was Dick Haver calling from the office across the hall. "Tom, can you step in here a minute?" he asked.

"Mr. Hopkins telephoned me a few minutes ago," Dick said when Tom came in, "and asked if I could let you start work over there next week. I take it you've reached a decision."

"I was going to tell you this morning," Tom said.

"I understand. I told Hopkins that so far as we were concerned, you could start work over there right away."

Tom didn't like that at all—Dick hadn't made him sound very valuable. "All right," he said reluctantly. "And I certainly appreciate everything you've done for me here."

"We don't have to say good-by," Dick said. "Let's have lunch together once in a while."

TOM went back to his office to clean out his desk. There are a few things I've got to get straight with myself, he thought. The fact that Caesar Gardella is running an elevator over at United Broadcasting doesn't make any difference at all. It changes nothing. The past is just as it was, and I can't get myself into a state of nerves every time I step into an elevator. My nerves have held out until now, and I guess they'll keep on holding out. Whether Caesar recognizes me or not doesn't make any difference. I've got nothing to be ashamed of, or at least, no more than I had before I knew Caesar was running an elevator. Maria held nothing against me. We understood each other. I wonder if she had the child, he thought. I wonder if Caesar knows. If he recognized me, why didn't he say anything?

No, Tom thought, I mustn't go on like this. Between peace and war a clear line must be drawn. The past is something best forgotten; only in theory is it the father of the present. In practice, it is only a wildly unrelated dream, a chamber of horrors. And most of the time the present is unrelated to the future. It is a disconnected world, or it is better to believe it that way if you can, and an elevator man has no business popping up to form a connecting link. The past is gone, Tom thought, and I will not brood about it. I've got to be tough. I am not the type to have a nervous breakdown. I can't afford it. I have too many responsibilities. This is a time of peace, and I will forget about the war.

It is necessary to forget it, Tom thought. They ought to begin wars with a course in basic training and end them with a course in basic forgetting. The trick is to learn to believe that it's a disconnected world, a lunatic world, where Thou Shalt Not Kill and the fact that one has killed a great many men means nothing, absolutely nothing, for now is the time to raise legitimate children, and make money, and dress properly, and be kind to one's wife, and admire one's boss, and learn not to worry and think of oneself as—what? That makes no difference, he thought—I'm just a man in a gray flannel suit. I must keep my suit neatly pressed like anyone else, for I am a very respectable young man. If Caesar recognizes me, we might go out and have a drink together, and that would be that. It doesn't make any difference whether he recognizes me or not. It is ridiculous to live in fear of an elevator man. I will go to my new job, and I will be cheerful, and I will be industrious, and I will be matter-of-fact. I will keep my gray flannel suit spotless. I will have a sense of humor. I will have guts—I'm not the type to start crying now. I can't be.

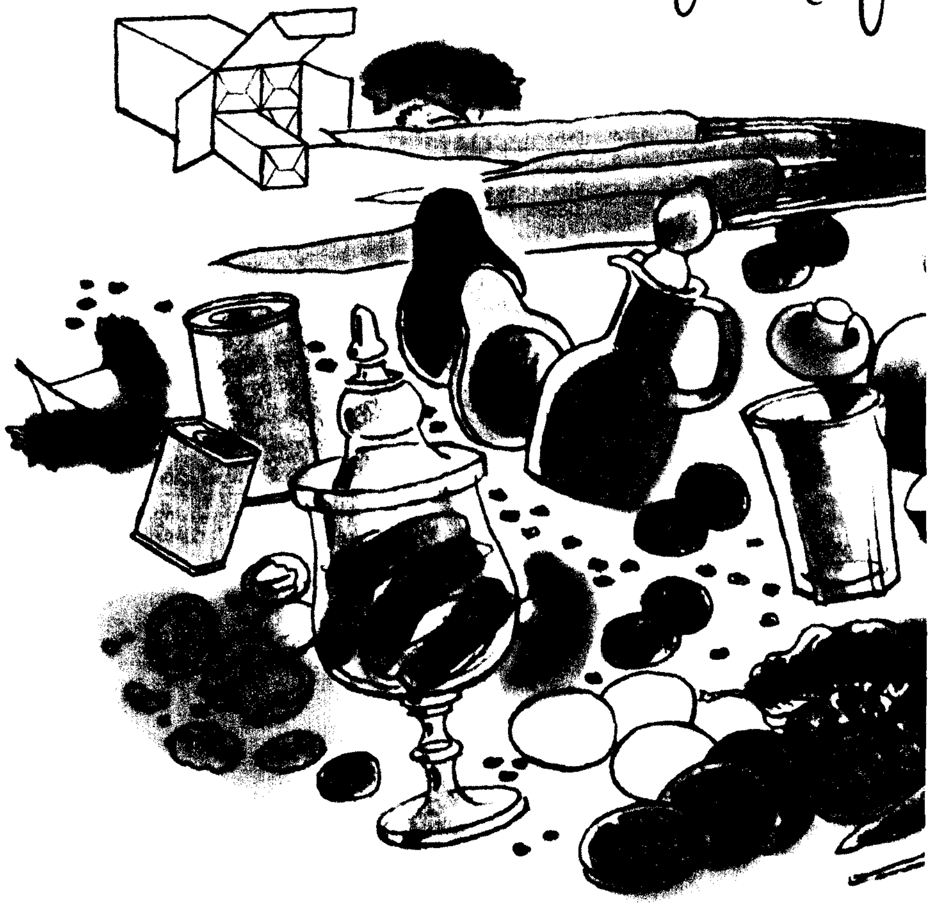
An hour later Tom stepped into the United Broadcasting building. The elevator operator who took him up to Ogden's office was a thin boy not more than eighteen years old; he was not a man to fear. —SLOAN WILSON

(This is the first of three parts)

Right at home, you can fix food fi

FRED LYON

The author serves *pilaf* to Mr. and Mrs. Burgess Meredith and daughter Tala, three, at his San Francisco restaurant, Omar Khayyam's. They are eating famous Mardikian ham and eggs



By GEORGE M. MARDIKIAN

WAKE UP-

NO MATTER what's cooking someplace else, we can cook it better here in America. Our restaurants are the finest in the world. Believe it or not, Paris herself cannot match the French cuisine of New Orleans. Once I traveled down the boot of Italy from the Alps to Sicily, yet I never ate a pizza half as delicious as the one I could have ordered in a little Italian hole-in-the-wall of a pizzeria, a few blocks from my home in San Francisco.

I've dined in the home town of the great gourmet, Omar, the Tent-Maker. It is a very authentic place. It reeks with sheiks. But may I be the uncle of a camel if I can't serve a tastier, more authentic Persian meal in my own Omar Khayyam's restaurant a block away from San Francisco's Union Square.

"Hold your dromedaries!" you say. "That's great—if you're a millionaire, or happen to own a restaurant. What about us poor folk, who have to eat at home every night?"

Well, my friends, you have a point there. That is just the reason why I am coming to your rescue. We all know that dinner at home can become humdrum and repetitious. But it doesn't have to stay that way. Never has there been such a supply of superb frozen, canned and fresh foods, such a wealth of domestic and imported herbs, spices and delicacies, such a variety of gleaming, push-button kitchen equipment for you to use and enjoy. Take advantage of them. Wake up—and eat!

To help you, I'm going to let you in on a culinary secret. I believe I speak as an authority. I've spent 32 years studying the food habits of Americans. As a traveler, I've eaten my way around the world twice. I pack no Fifth Amendment avoirdupois; every one of my 235 pounds will testify in a loud voice that I am a pushover for good cooking. And, I might add, during World War II and again in the Korean war period, I served as an adviser at the front with the Army, teaching GI chefs how to cook "the way Mom used to, back home."

I'd like to show you housewives and you menfolks who enjoy the art of cooking as amateur chefs that eating at home twice or three times a day can be an exciting experience, instead of a wolf-and-run process or a commonplace chore.

How He Was Cured of Using a Script

A radio producer once told me that my real genius is not cooking at all, but putting the right word in the wrong place, and the wrong word in the right place. I've never used a script since. So forgive me if I let myself go, and ramble all over the kitchen—

What's that you're saying? Before I start rambling, what is the secret?

Well, I will tell you. I believe, and all my experience cries out that it is so, that simply by adding a little more imagination and a little love to your cooking, you, your family and your friends can dine as well in your own home as those who eat regularly at Antoine's or Omar Khayyam's or Leone's or any other fancy restaurant in the land.

And here are a baker's dozen or so of recipes, exotic and otherwise, that I hope will prove what I say. If they don't, I will eat marinated crow à la Omar for dinner every night for a week. Maybe, to make it real punishment, I will eat the crow unmarinated.

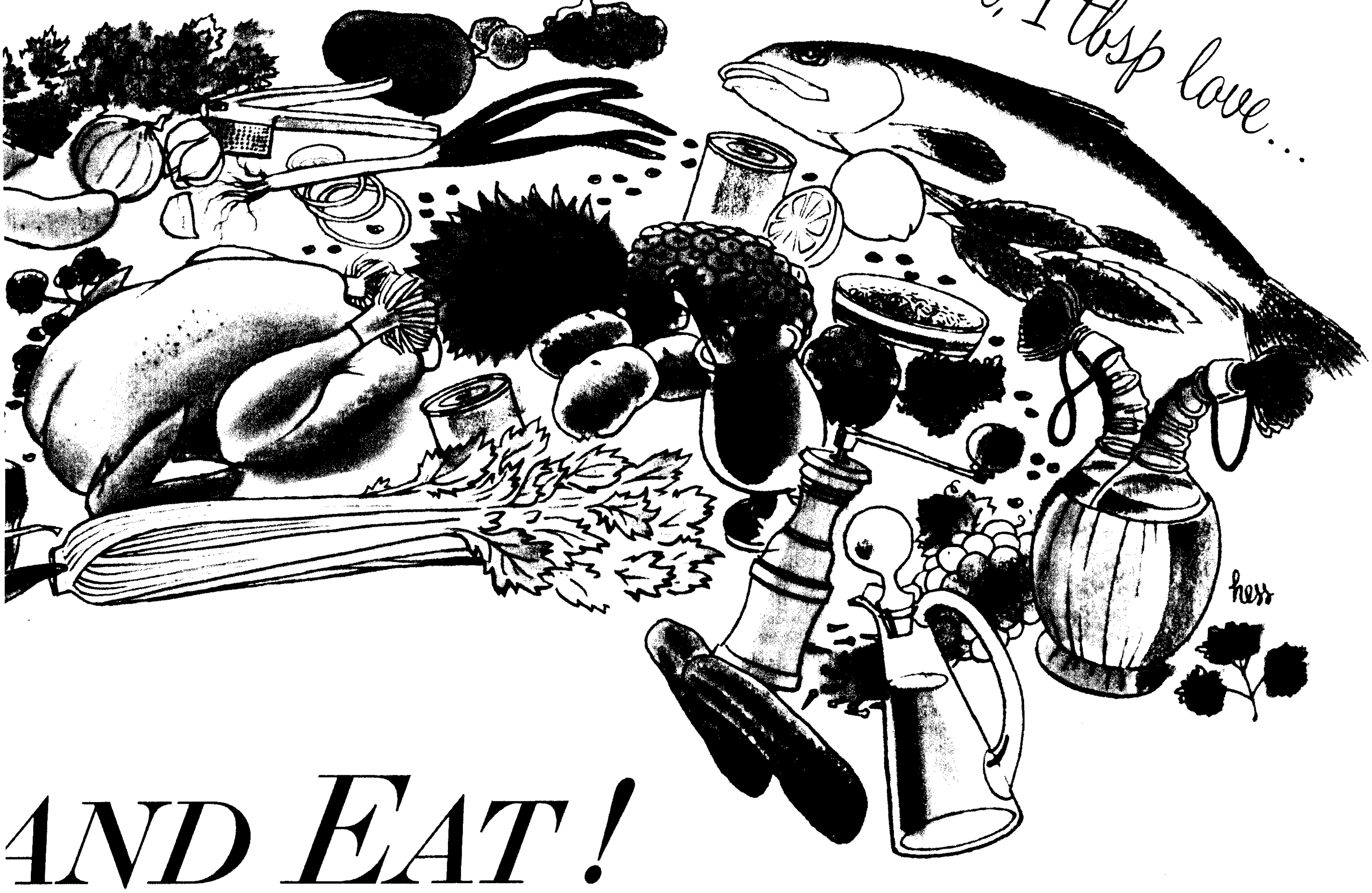
More often than not, despair and necessity force you to think of new combinations of old ingredients.

Once I had to produce an unusual soup in a hurry. I looked along my cupboard shelves. Can after can stood there, ready and waiting. What should I use? Tomatoes? Carrots? String beans? Lentils? Lima beans?

I seemed to hear one of them speak up. "Use me! Use me!" I scanned them again. It was my old friends, the lentils.

I am very partial to lentils. They symbolize abundance and are a holiday dish in all parts of Central Europe. In fact, they were the favorite dish of Francis Joseph I, the Emperor of Austria, who loved lentil stew more than any other dish. And I have made many delicious salads out of lentils, too, just by chopping up some fresh onions and parsley, and adding some tomatoes and

r a gourmet. Just add 1 tsp imagination, 1 tbsp love...



AND EAT!

oil and vinegar, and mixing them all with lentils.

But in this emergency, I saw that the only soup on hand was canned mock turtle. So I opened a couple of cans, and added one can of my lentil friends. Then I chopped some nice fresh parsley, and put that in the soup, too. For a foreign flair, I added a dash of curry. Then, when it was rich and hot and aromatic, I set it before my guests.

"You have out-Escoffiered Escoffier!" one cried. Another swore it was a variation of a delectable Malayan broth that he had once tasted on a round-the-world cruise and that had haunted him ever since. While they argued, I smiled, and passed my bowl for a second helping.

I learned a lot about ingenuity in the Army. As food consultant to the Quartermaster General, I visited the vast kitchen of the American base at Darmstadt, Germany. With me was my assistant and the European Command's chief of food service, Colonel Patrick H. Buckley. It was a few minutes before the evening meal. The head cook was tearing his hair out.

"What's the trouble?" Colonel Buckley asked.

The air turned blue. The cook had promised

MASON WEYMOUTH

George Mardikian serves wife of Gen. W. G. Wyman on Mardikians' anniversary. Mrs. M. is seated, pouring tea. Brightly lettered potato-salad cake is noted Mardikian specialty

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COLLIER'S **"George! You're not giving it a fair trial!"** AL ROSS

the boys apple pie. Now he discovered there wasn't enough shortening.

Colonel Buckley, a graduate of the Army Cooks' and Bakers' School at the Presidio of San Francisco, thought for a moment. He caught sight of a lot of heavy custard cups stacked on the kitchen shelves. "How much shortening have you?"

"Half as much as I ought to have."

"Use your custard cups," Colonel Buckley said.

The cook blinked. "Custard cups!"

"Make little individual pies—deep-dish. Then all you'll need is the top crust."

That night in the dining hall the entire company ate Colonel Buckley's deep-dish apple pies. There was only one thing wrong. They were so good, they made everyone homesick.

Sometimes a substitution can work the miracle of transforming an old dish into a new one. Let me tell you what happened many years ago in the house of an imam, or Mohammedan priest, who lived in my native Armenia. One of the staple foods of Armenia is the lowly eggplant. The most popular eggplant delicacy is named for this particular priest. It is called Imam Bayeldi, which means, "The priest fainted."

According to the legend, the imam loved eggplant cooked with meat. Now the imam's young wife was very fond of entertaining. One afternoon, she entertained later than usual—and forgot all about a trip to the butcher's. Picturing her husband's wrath, the little woman was terrified. But then she collected her wits. She found some onions, peppers, parsley and tomatoes, chopped them all up together, stuffed the eggplant with them instead of meat, and stuck it in the oven.

The Imam Demands "the Usual"

When her husband came home, he sat right down at the table. "My dear," he said grumpily, "I have had a hard day at the mosque. Please bring me my eggplant stuffed with savory meats."

"Yes, master," replied his wife, with downcast gazelle eyes, and she placed before him her counterfeit. Then she stepped back, crossed her fingers and stood in the corner. Her husband sniffed the fragrant aroma. "Allah be praised!" he said. "I have married the best cook in all Islam."

He started eating. He ate and ate. Finally he ate so much he couldn't move. He just lay down beside the table and closed his eyes in blissful sleep. Some friends came in and saw him. "What happened?" they asked.

"Imam bayeldi," his wife replied. And so the dish was named.

Many are the times that I've served this dish at gourmets' dinners. It is one of the favorite dishes of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—Imam Bayeldi, invented by a resourceful housewife who found herself in a pickle. Here is how you can do it. Take:

2 large eggplants
1 pound onions, sliced
½ pound green peppers
½ cupful chopped parsley
½ cupful olive or peanut oil
1 pound tomatoes, or 1 No. 2 can solid pack tomatoes
4 cloves garlic (optional)

Cut the eggplant into quarters, making eight pieces altogether. Salt and let stand until the pieces start to perspire. Meanwhile, prepare the stuffing made by the imam's wife: slice the onions, garlic and peppers and sauté them lovingly in the oil. When these are soft, add the tomatoes, parsley, salt and pepper, and cook for two minutes.

Now, wash the eggplant, cut a slit down the center of each segment and stuff it with the cooked vegetable combination. Place them in a roasting pan or pot, add two cups of water, cover the utensil, and bake in the oven at 350 degrees for an hour. Then they will be ready for your family. But don't you—or anybody else—eat so much that you faint!

When cold, Imam Bayeldi may be served as an appetizer or salad.

A few years ago, I had the honor of preparing a dinner for the Wine and Food Society of Los Angeles. The dinner took place at the Jonathan Club, where they eat off gold-plated plates. The theme of the dinner was, "A Night in Armenia." I arranged all my menu accordingly, but when it came to the salad, I was up against it. I racked my brain for something different, something unique. While I was pacing the kitchen floor, my eyes fell on some freshly cut spinach. It was that wonderful, deep green. It smelled of rich loam and sunshine. Drops of water sparkled on it, like diamonds. I asked myself, "Why not?"

That night, some of the world's most fastidious gourmets ate a salad of raw, fresh spinach that had been marinated, delicately and for the briefest of moments, in oil and vinegar. Each serving was wrapped with care in a lettuce leaf and tied with dill in the form of a little roll, or pack. A breadstick tipped jauntily from the end of each roll. Over it all was a smooth, subtly flavored Louis dressing.

All of them demanded the recipe. "What do you call it?" asked Phil Townsend Hanna, the author and food expert. "Immigrant's Pack Salad," I replied.

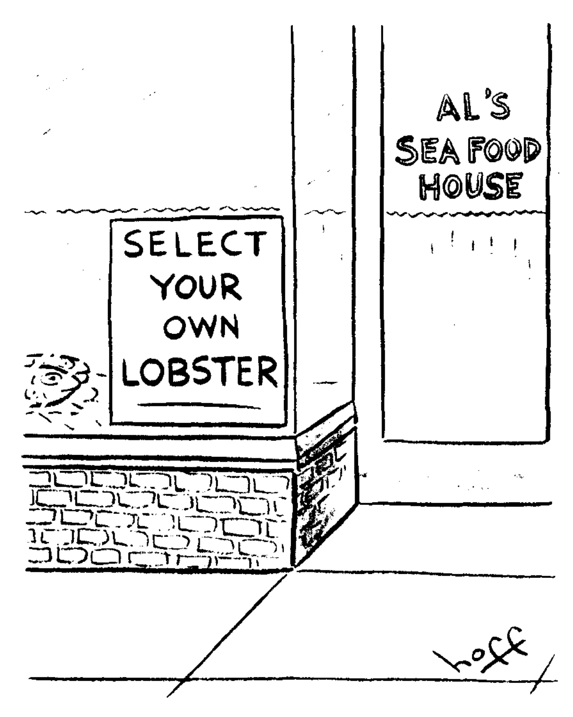
"What in the world made you think of it?" he asked.

"Some fresh spinach leaves lying on my kitchen table," I told him. "And what could be more appropriate? An immigrant's pack was all I had on my back when I arrived in America."

Try it sometime. If you're anything like my customers at Omar Khayyam's, you'll agree that it's a refreshing change from the old stand-by, lettuce salads. Today, 99 per cent of all the salad we serve is raw spinach salad.

Here I go off the track again, but during the war some of my closest friends accused me of buying salad oil from the black market. How else could I get such a dressing for my raw spinach salad? They were amazed when I let them in on my secret ingredient. It was yoghurt! We of Armenian descent call it *madzoon.*

Never, when it was so hard



COLLIER'S *"Ouch!"* SYD HOFF

to get, did I use a drop of oil in my salads. I just mixed *madzoon* with a little paprika and ketchup, which gives it an exotic appearance and an Oriental tang. You can make it even more piquant with some powdered mustard, or a dash or two of Worcestershire.

Beat all this together into a rich, creamy blend, and you have an oilless dressing, one that is zestful, eye-appealing and healthful. Doesn't this once more prove our point? Take a little ingenuity, some spirit of adventure, blend in a willingness to let yourself go a little—and you've created something new and distinctive.

When Ike Is in Culinary Mood

President Eisenhower himself can improvise like a professional in the kitchen, when he feels like it. Several years ago, a copy of my cookbook, Dinner at Omar Khayyam's, encouraged him to try *madzoon*. Then, in 1951, when he was chief of the Allied Command, Mrs. Mardikian and I visited him in Paris. It was fine to see him looking so well. His cheeks were ruddy. He was smiling and relaxed.

When I mentioned his appearance, his eyes twinkled. "Maybe the lunch I eat has something to do with it."

"What do you have for lunch?"

"*Madzoon*—and raw carrots. General Snyder, my physician, tells me it's the healthiest lunch in the world."

"But don't you have trouble getting a daily supply of *madzoon?*"

Again those blue eyes twinkled. "Not the slightest. I make it myself."

Now, I could put down here the recipe for *madzoon*, but conditions in your home town very likely have nothing in common with those of General Eisenhower's postwar Paris. You can undoubtedly buy it—as yoghurt—at your grocery store, or have your milkman leave some on your doorstep in the morning. Just for the fun of it, why not order some, and make *madzoon* dressing for your salad tonight?

Something to watch for is a real inner urge to improve a dish, to do it better. This urge often leads to daring variations on recipes that otherwise are tried, true—and trite.

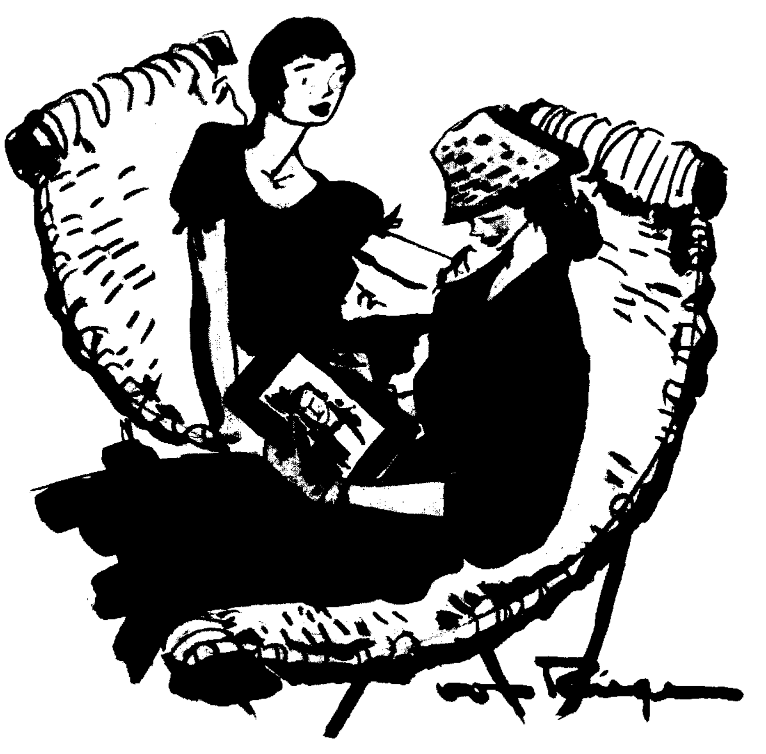
In 1922, a few days after I arrived in the U.S. from Armenia, I went by train from New York to San Francisco. Unable to speak or read English, I couldn't make out any of the items on the menu—except for potato salad which is written almost the same in Armenian—*patates salata*. I didn't have the nerve to order anything else. For seven days, I ate potato salad—and not very good potato salad, at that.

Afterward, when I had my own restaurant in Fresno and then in San Francisco, I always tried hard to glamorize and make something special out of potato salad. It was a challenge—to try to create a delicacy out of this drab, mealy stuff that I had devoured all the way to the Golden Gate.

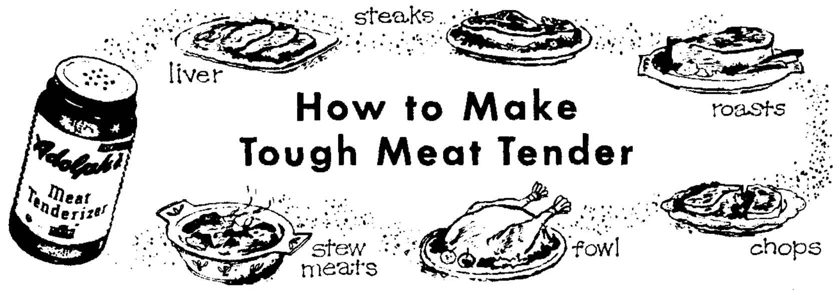
I conducted experiment after experiment, and finally I developed a potato salad that people never forget. If Omar were alive today, he would demand a side order of it, to go along with his famous loaf of bread and jug of wine and girl friend, beneath the bough.

Every year, I give a Champagne Supper on the opening night of the San Francisco Opera season. Right there beside the caviar, at this white-tie-and-tails and mink-stole affair, sit great silver bowls of my special potato salad, with the message of the evening written across them in colored mayonnaise. Last summer, many friends and I met with Mr. Herbert Hoover on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. Instead of a cake, which anyone could have, I prepared a large buffet dish of my potato salad. On it, my wife, Naz, wrote in colored mayonnaise, "Happy Birthday, Dear Chief." It was the *pièce de résistance*. Here is the recipe:

1 pound firm, fresh potatoes
2 hard-boiled eggs
1 teaspoon salt
White pepper to taste



COLLIER'S "He's just a stuffed shirt, but it happens to be stuffed with money" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



Reprint from June, 1955 Reader's Digest

How to Make Tough Meat Tender

With a shaker of saltlike crystals you can now make the less expensive and tougher cuts of chuck, rib, round, and flank steaks so tender they can be broiled like filet mignon!

The secret is Adolph's Meat Tenderizer, a pure food product which contains a vegetable ingredient from the tropical papaya melon. Long a jealously guarded secret of professional chefs, it was quickly acclaimed by enthusiastic food experts, home economists, doctors and dieticians as one of the most valuable benefits to modern cooking and nutrition of this decade. Adolph's improves the tenderness and flavor of all meats (beef, pork, veal, lamb), fish, poultry and game. Tests prove that cooking time and shrinkage are reduced as much as 30%.

The less expensive beef cuts, while not as tender, are equally nutritious and often more flavorful than costly porterhouse, sirloin and prime rib. With Adolph's these economy cuts can now be broiled or oven roasted! When cooked this way, they retain more natural juices and vitamins.

Today, housewives all over the world use Adolph's whenever they prepare meat. With it they serve more meat, more often, and in a greater variety of ways without increasing food budgets, and with Adolph's it costs less than a penny to make a pound of meat tender.

It's easy to use Adolph's. Simply sprinkle all surfaces of meat evenly and pierce deeply all over with a fork. Don't be afraid of losing juices; Adolph's actually helps to retain them. Allow meat to stand at room temperature one-half hour for each one-half inch of thickness before cooking. And remember—meat prepared with Adolph's will cook in less time, so don't overcook!

Thanks to this kitchen magic, tender steaks are now within everyone's budget and tough meat is no longer a problem. Food stores everywhere sell Adolph's both Seasoned and Non-Seasoned. Ask your grocer for Adolph's new meat recipe cards—they're free!

To satisfy wide interest in the varied uses of this product, a series of informative booklets are being prepared. The first two covering roasting and freezing meat with Adolph's are obtainable free on request. Write Adolph's, Box 1203J, Burbank, Calif.

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¼ cup vinegar
1 pimiento (chopped fine)
⅔ cup mayonnaise
1 small onion, sliced
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Boil potatoes in skins. When cool, peel and cut in quarters. Then slice or dice. Add vinegar, mix well and let soak. Slice onion and pour salt over it. Then squeeze out all the juice, and wash away salt with cold water. Mix the onion with potatoes; add pimiento, eggs, salt and pepper, parsley and mayonnaise. Mix it all together well and let it stand in the refrigerator for some time before serving.

Once, on my inspection tour of American Army bases in Europe, I visited the 88th (Blue Devil) Division at its base in Gorizia, northern Italy. The colonel commanding the base really sounded off. It was fine for food experts like me to show up and tell them what to do, but how would they feel if they had to cook a meal with revolting things that nobody liked?

"Rice!" he sneered. "Pah!"

What the poor fellow didn't know was that I had made a fortune back in San Francisco by serving my customers rice *pilaf*. He went on complaining. "Canned pears—pah!"

Beside us stood the Blue Devils' commander, the late Major General Bryant E. Moore. I said, "General, if it's all right with you, I'd like the colonel to give me a list of these revolting things." The general agreed.

"Fish! Pah!" the colonel ranted. "Canned creamed corn! Pah!"

Challenge to an Irate Colonel

"Colonel," I said, "I personally will cook tomorrow night's dinner for all your officers and food-service men. I will use nothing that is not revolting. And there won't be anything left on their plates. That is a promise."

"Beets," the colonel growled. "What the hell can anyone do with canned beets?"

I opened half a dozen large cans of beets and emptied them into a big pot. Then I sliced 10 or 12 onions into rings, and hard-boiled and shelled some eggs, and dropped them all into the beet water. Then I took several handfuls of whole spice, wrapped them in gauze and dropped them into the pot. Finally I poured in some vinegar and let the beets settle all night.

The next evening, each serving had six or seven slices of beets, crowned with onion rings. Over all were the sliced, hard-boiled eggs. These were now a lovely tricolor, tinged on the outside to deep red, then a ring of snow white, then the yellow of the yolk.

Instead of boiling or baking the fish, I grilled it to a crisp, flaky gold. And instead of simply warming up the despised creamed corn, I grilled it into tasty corn fritters. With the rice, I cooked a wonderful *pilaf*. *Pilaf* is so good, so nourishing and such a different way of preparing rice, I have to tell you how to make it. For the average family serving, you need:

2 cups long grain rice
1 cube (¼ pound) butter
4 cups broth
Salt and pepper

Melt the butter in a pot, add the dry rice. Braise well until the butter begins to bubble. Make the broth by dropping two chicken or beef bouillon cubes into four cups of water. Melt the cubes and heat the broth until it is boiling hot. Then mix it with the rice and add seasoning. Stir well, cover the pot and put it in the oven. Bake at 375 to 400 degrees for 30 minutes. Then remove, stir it up well, put the cover back on, return it to the oven, bake for another 10 minutes—and your delicious rice *pilaf* will be ready to serve.

When it came to the Blue Devils' dessert, I got some chocolate-pudding mix, made a very soft pudding and poured it over the individual dishes of chilled canned pears. This actually changed their texture. Then I made some ice-cream mix into a kind of whipped cream and squeezed it from a pastry tube into snowy rosettes atop each serving. Finally, I quartered bright red maraschino cherries and stuck them into the whipped cream.

Well, everyone was amazed with the dinner and loved it. When the dessert was over, I turned to the colonel. "Colonel, if this creation had been served to you at Omar Khayyam's, I could call it Pear à la Omar and charge you a dollar for it. Here in the Army, you can get it for nothing."

I had proved my point, and the colonel and I became the best of friends. Sometimes, what you have to put into recipes must come from the heart.

This reminds me of a modern Armenian dessert with a curious origin It is called *Imrig Halva,* and you would never guess in a million years that it is made of Cream of Wheat.

In the Caucasus after World War I people by the thousands were starving All the world forgot that these people had no food—all but the Americans They came to our rescue. I was working in the supply department of the American Near East Relief in Alexandropol. An immense shipment arrived from New York. Tons of Cream of Wheat. The recipe on the package said serve it with cream and sugar.

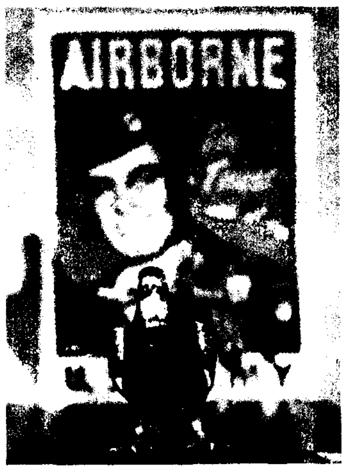
Cream and sugar! We didn't know whether to laugh or cry. We had on our hands two- and three-year-old children who had never in their lives tasted either one. So here was all this health-and-life-giving American cereal that would go to waste unless we could think of some way to serve it up. We finally found it—*Imrig Halva.*

½ cup butter
2 cups Cream of Wheat (or farina)
3 cups simple sirup or diluted honey
(1 cup sugar or honey to 2 cups water)
¼ cup pine nuts (optional)

Melt butter; add Cream of Wheat or farina, and pine nuts. Braise well, stirring constantly to prevent burning. When delicate brown, add sirup. Beat with a wire whip so that no lumps can

The Army Still Needs Pigeons

Otto Meyer shows how to use parachute, two-bird containe



GI Joe, most famous of all living pigeon heroes, saved 1,000 British soldiers from death during World War II

NOBODY has ever really figure out what makes the homin pigeon behave as he does—wha makes him return so unfailingly t his loft home and how he manage to navigate so accurately. But, n matter what the explanation, to th United States Army Signal Corp this homing instinct makes him a important cog in the military machine.

Remarkable as the advances i modern communications technique have been, there are occasions whe radio, radar and telephone simpl can't do the job. At such times, th Signal Corps still entrusts its messages to pigeons.

At Fort Monmouth, New Jersey where the Signal Corps yearly prepares 2,000 officers and 8,000 en orm. Pour into a buttered baking dish, cover and bake for 35 minutes at 400 degrees. Remove from oven, stir well once more and bake for another 10 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

This beautiful dessert, created in this desperate emergency, should teach you never to sell Armenian ingenuity short. Marco Polo is supposed to have discovered noodles in China. He could have eaten them on his way to the Far East—in Armenia, where they had been a native dish for centuries before his journey to China.

While we're in that part of the world, here is "a spectacular" with which to dazzle your friends. I discovered it at an elaborate dinner given in Calcutta by Sir John Hananian, a wealthy member of a prominent Armenian-Indian family. You will see that even in a complicated and exotic recipe like this, there is room for Yankee ingenuity. It s called Calcutta Curried Chicken.

1 cup salad oil
½ cup finely diced celery
1 cup (about 2 medium-sized) chopped onions
1 cup (2-3 medium-sized) chopped, pared and cored apples
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons curry powder
2 two-pound frying chickens, cut up
5 cups boiling water
Salt and pepper
4 tablespoons butter
2 cups rice

Warm a half cup of the oil in a frying pan. Stir in the celery and onions, and cook for 20 minutes. Then add the apples, sprinkle in the salt and curry powder, and stir and cook slowly for almost an hour. It is my feeling that curry has to be cooked, and cooked, and cooked some more. Now, in the biggest frying pan you have, heat the rest of the oil, and fry the chicken to a pale golden brown. Then pour in the curry mixture, add one cup of boiling water, season with salt and pepper, cover and cook 30 to 45 minutes.

Now, melt the butter in a 2-quart, flameproof dish. Stir in the raw rice (as for rice *pilaf*) and cook for 5 minutes. Then add the remaining 4 cups of boiling water, one teaspoon salt and about ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cover the dish and bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes. Then remove the cover, stir the rice well, put the cover back on and bake for another 15 minutes. By now the rice should be tender, and all the moisture absorbed. Pour the chicken and the sauce over the rice, and serve. There's enough for six.

There was an added, tantalizing flavor here that I had never tasted in curry before. I went over the recipe item by item with Sir John. It was the apples! The first time I made Calcutta Curried Chicken in my own kitchen in San Francisco, I got all the other ingredients ready, then found out that there wasn't an apple in the place. I went ahead with everything else, just as I have given it here. Then, about five minutes before the sauce was due to be finished, I took down a can of apple sauce from the cupboard shelf, and emptied it in with the celery and onion and curry powder. Sir John himself could not have told the difference. It was truly a meal for a maharaja.

Tribute to Inventor of Tin Can

Yes, there come times in every cook's life when he—or she—pays tribute to the memory of that culinary immortal, the inventor of the tin can. I, for one, have even done this before breakfast. And if you begin the day with Ham and Eggs El Rancho Silverado, you will, too.

Guests visiting my ranch on the Silverado Trail in St. Helena, California, love to go to the henhouse in the morning and collect their own eggs for breakfast. When they get back to the ranchhouse, I put a pat or two of butter into individual frying pans. Into each pan go three thin slices of boiled ham. Over the ham, I carefully break two fresh eggs. Then I put lids on the pans, and set the burner at medium.

(The yolks of very fresh eggs almost always drop into the pan intact. Did you ever wonder why restaurant chefs never seem to miss when you order fried eggs sunnyside up, and why, when you try to make them at home, all you have to do sometimes to spoil a yolk is breathe on it? Here is the secret: the chefs break the eggs into a bowl first, *then* slide them into the pan. If a yolk runs, they put that egg aside, for other purposes.)

Meanwhile, out of sight and under a hot broiler, I have an open casserole filled with that great American delicacy, baked beans right out of the can. Sprinkled over the top are one or two slices of bacon, chopped fine.

You have to be careful with eggs. You have to be tender. You have to romance them. I even sing to them. But the heat must not be too weak, or too strong, and you must watch tenderly over them, and listen for them to say, "Take us. We are just right."

Then carry the pans, still covered, to the dining-room table and set them before your guests. It is a breakfast fit for a king. Make a ceremony out of it. Lift, just barely, the rim of the lid. Let them hear the ham sizzling. Let them sniff the fragrance that has won more hearts than Chanel No. 5.

Finally, to cap the climax and make them your friends forever, go to the kitchen and return with the bacon-flavored beans, simmering happily in their sauce. Let them keep the beans on side dishes, or spoon them over their ham and eggs. Either way, it'll be unforgettable.

Add to all this, within easy reach, pyramids of hot, fluffy biscuits, lots of butter, a pitcher of sage honey and endless pots of black, steaming coffee.

The chances are 100 to one a meal like this will have your family bursting into song. A love ballad to the cook? Perhaps. Oh, What a Beautiful Morning? Maybe. But my guess is they'll be singing, There's No Place like Home.

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sted men for subsequent service, n important feature of the training rogram for all is an introduction to igeons. To familiarize the officers nd men with the birds, lectures and emonstrations on their capabilities nd handling are given as a required art of the course.

For the pigeons themselves basic aining is no cinch. Their primary courses in aeronautics include training to fly faster (they average 45 miles an hour) and to fly farther (one precocious Monmouth trainee covered 715 miles in less than 24 ours). Graduates are ready to parachute in special containers (along with other supplies and equipment) from planes flying at altitudes up to 0,000 feet.

According to Otto Meyer, technical adviser to the United States Army Signal Corps, in charge of the Pigeon Breeding and Training Center at Fort Monmouth, there are only about 1,500 pigeons in active service at the present time. This is a small percentage of the 54,000 that served with the Signal Corps during World War II. But Meyer and other authorities are not worried about this dwindling of the ranks. Standing by in the lofts of fanciers and enthusiasts all over America, a reserve corps of 100,000 pigeons is ready for action. In time of emergency, the birds will report for duty within three days of notification, just like everybody else.

—DANIEL DIXON

ELLIOT ERWITT

A fancier himself, Meyer lectures on the merits of the pigeon

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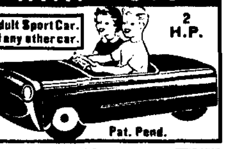

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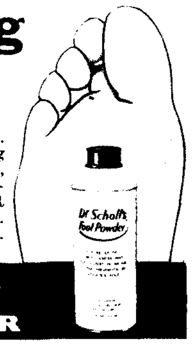

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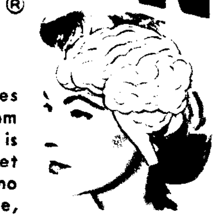
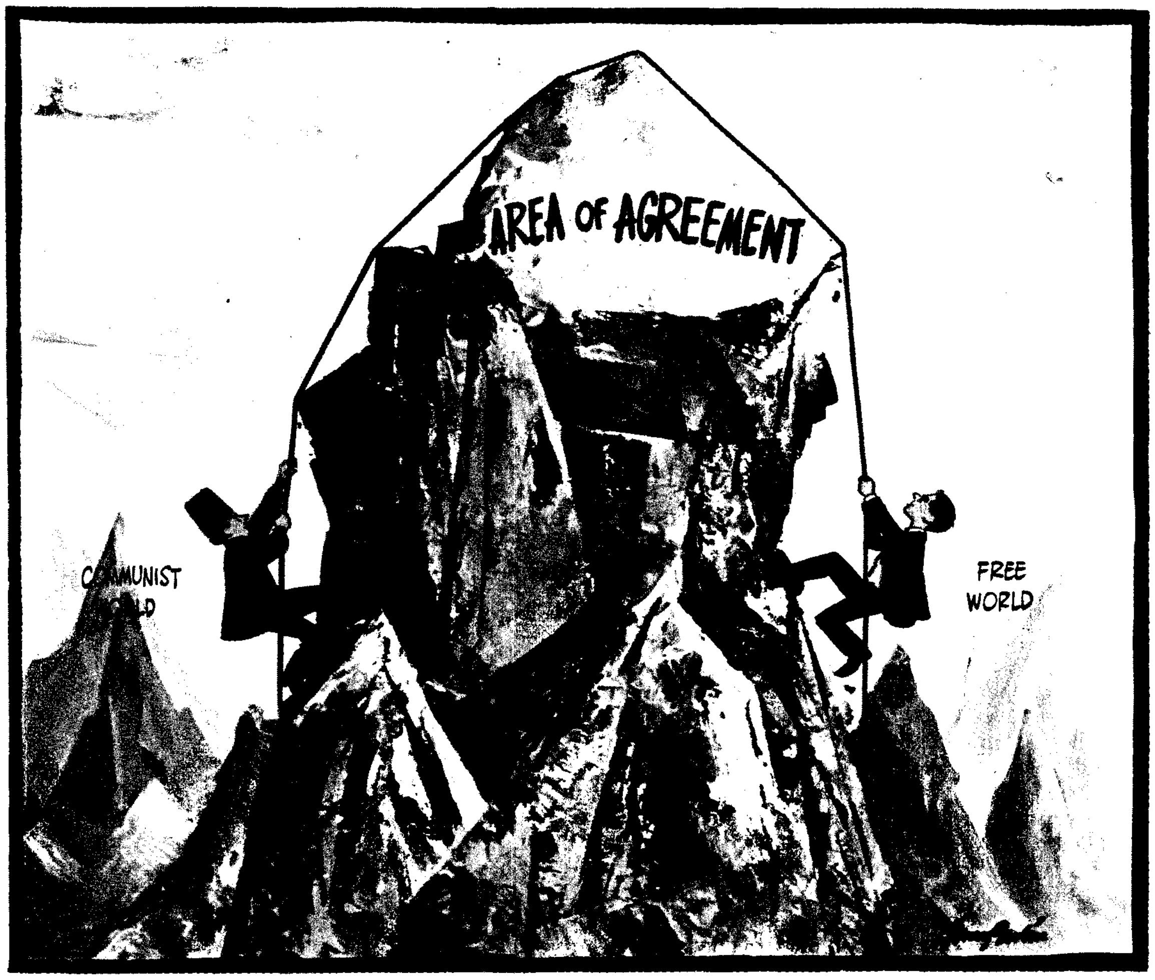




HARRY DEVLIN

A View of the Summit

THE PROSPECTIVE SERIES of face-to-face meetings between the political leaders of the free world and the Soviet Union poses the most critical challenge that has faced American leadership in the ten years of the cold war.

Until now the task, for all its profusion of details, has been clear-cut in its larger aspects. The challenge was to stop Russia. At the outset the Soviet Union not only possessed the physical power to roll across Western Europe in a matter of weeks, but her political agents seemed for a time on the verge of collapsing both Italy and France by subversion and making them fiefs of the Kremlin.

At that time the United States saw what had to be done, and did it—magnificently. Speaking with an authority based upon two potent resources—a monopoly of atomic weapons and the world's most powerful industrial plant—we gave Russia to understand that if she moved on Western Europe she would involve herself in a war which we were prepared to fight to the end. At the same time we applied our immense resources to rebuilding the economy of Western Europe, and cementing and arming a military alliance capable of neutralizing the Soviet threat on the European continent.

These goals have now been achieved, and the first concrete acknowledgment came with Russia's agreement to sign a treaty, pull back her troops, and set Austria free. Along with this development came the new Soviet disarmament proposal, which had the usual quota of hooks and gimmicks but which at least offered a tentative basis for fresh negotiations.

In lieu of any accurate assessment of Soviet internal weaknesses, economic and political, no precise definition is possible of Russia's net strength at the moment; but it is safe to assume that the democracies will enter the approaching conferences in a position, for the first time, to negotiate from strength equivalent to that of the Russians.

These circumstances, of themselves, suggest the necessity for a new posture on the part of the United States as the free world's leader. Diplomatically, we are now in a position to seize the offensive. We have the chance, for the first time, to make a case for the practical necessity of peace with the prospect that the other side will see the point. It is a point which is underscored by Russia's own extensive research into the nature of nuclear and thermonuclear weapons. Russia's leaders now have, by the testimony of their own eyes, the unarguable knowledge that nobody can win an atomic war.

But President Eisenhower, in approaching a "conference at the summit," has responsibilities of leadership that go far beyond the areas of politics and military strategy.

All four principals will attend the conference as chiefs of government; Mr. Eisenhower, alone, will attend as chief of state—the responsive representative not only of the United States government but of the American people.

And as the responsive representative of the leading people of the free world, he bears an extraordinary responsibility as the symbol and the repository of the hopes of free people everywhere—and not alone of those who are now free, but of those hundreds of millions more who yearn for freedom.

At the summit conference, and all the conferences to follow, this human factor of hope must be accorded the respect, the dignity, the voice it deserves. Without it there would have been no United Nations Charter, reaffirming mankind's "faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person"; no impetus toward peace, to carry a divided world through these first ten terrifying years of the atomic age, back to San Francisco for a historic anniversary, and on toward the conference at the summit. Had hope not been exerting its universal force, behind as well as outside the iron curtain, no Russian leader would have journeyed to San Francisco this year; none would attend the conference at the summit.

Respect for that hope requires that the prospects at the summit and beyond be appraised conservatively and realistically; for hope is fragile as well as durable, and the summit will produce no miracles, no reversals of human nature, no sunburst of peace.

But it can be hoped that at the summit meeting and those that are to follow, there will be earnest exploration of the whole range of the differences that divide the Communist world from the free world, and a separation of those differences which are reconcilable from those which are not.

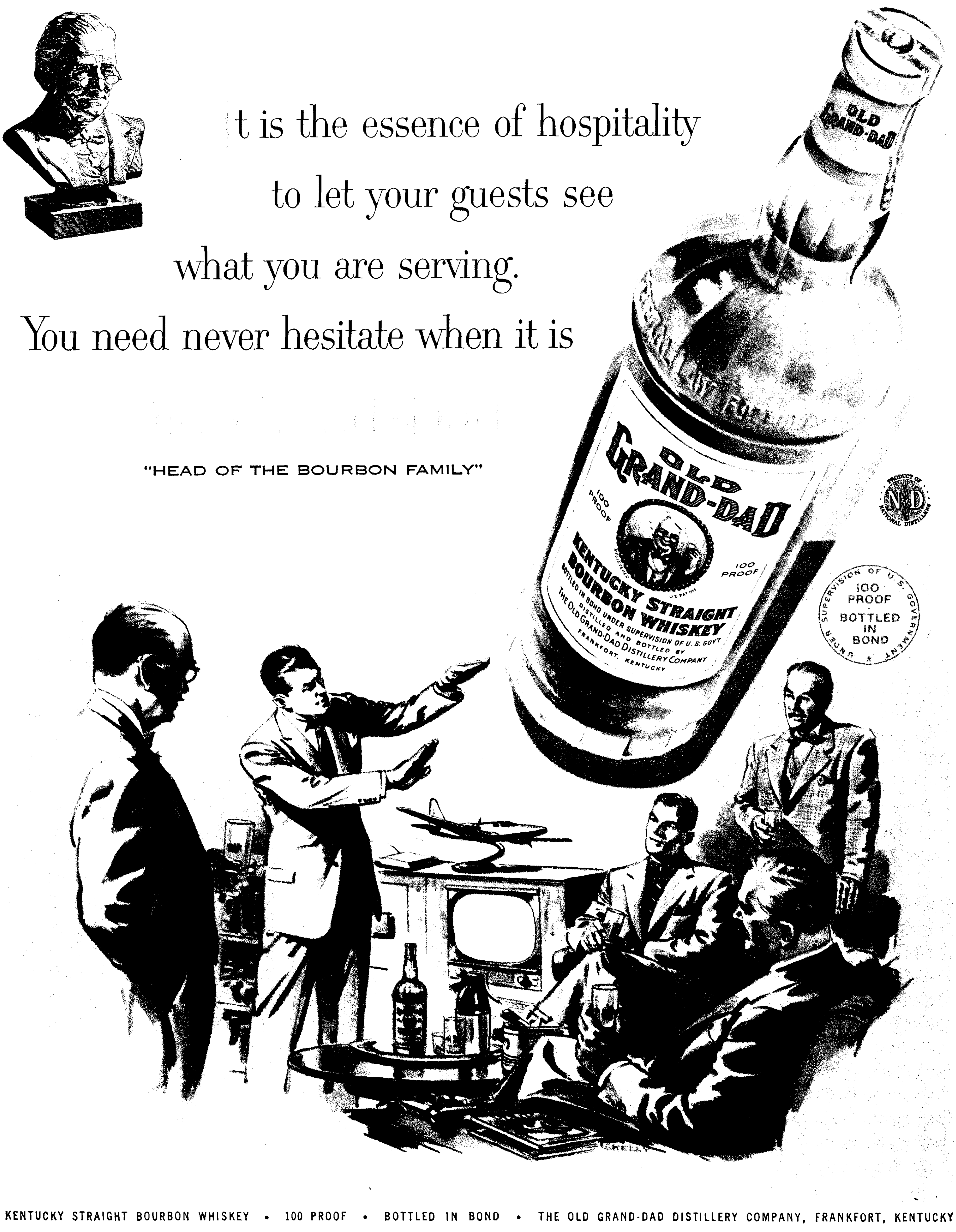
Cynical, godless Communism can never be reconciled with the philosophy of freedom and human dignity, but under the grim shadow of the weapons of obliteration it may well be possible to find areas where hard, practical considerations dictate reconciliation—areas of difference where settlements can be made which advantage both sides.

Precisely where such areas exist—if they exist at all—cannot be known in advance, but at least some possible avenues of approach have come into sight. The maintenance of 175 Russian army divisions and upwards of 80 European satellite divisions has become increasingly burdensome to the hard-pressed Soviet economy. The diversion of the lion's share of industrial capacity to the production of armaments has not only distressed a population hungry for consumer goods, it has had a depressing effect upon the weakest point of the Soviet economy—agriculture. Russian farmers like to convert their produce into goods; where there are no goods to buy, there is scant incentive to produce. That is one important reason for the worsening Soviet farm crisis—and the Russian leaders must know it.

So the Russians might be ripe for some limited demobilization and an arms cutback; and it is possible that the free world could discover some matching concessions which would lighten its own burdens without in any way weakening its relative position. At least, it is an area to be explored—a possible area of reconciliation—and others might present themselves.

The discovery of even the smallest such areas would crown the conferences with success. For it would constitute a positive step toward peace, and leave room for hope to flourish—hope, and the law of eternal change, which can in time open fresh doors to peace which are not now in dimmest prospect.

This limited degree of optimism toward the forthcoming conferences is not only warranted, it is made mandatory by the fact that there is no future, for anyone, in pessimism.



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